

THE
VISITOR.

By SEVERAL HANDS,

Published by

WILLIAM DODD, M. A.

Chaplain in Ordinary to his MAJESTY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

Printed for JAMES WILLIAMS, in Skinner-Row,

MDCCCLXVIII.

THE
VISITOR.

By General Hand.

WILLIAM DODD, M.A.
Clerk of the Court.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

Printed by W. M. W. in the Strand.
1800.

To the RIGHT HON'OURABLE
GEORGE GRENVILLE,
First LORD of the TREASURY,

In grateful Acknowledgment of Fa-
vours conferred,

And in just Testimony
To his Distinguished Virtues,

These VOLUMES are Inscribed,

With all due Respect,

By his most obliged

and devoted

humble Servant

West-Ham,
April, 1764

The Editor

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE GREENVILLE

First Lord of the Treasury,

In grateful Acknowledgment of the
Favour conferred,

And in full Testimony

To his Distinguished Virtues

These few Lines are



With much Respect

By his most obliged

and devoted

Friend & Servant

The Editor

Vol. 10

Advertisement.

MOST of the following essays, under the title of *The Visitor*, made their appearance in the *Ledger**; in which the editor was induced to write, by a friendly disposition, towards some of those, who first embarked in that paper. It gave him great pleasure, to find these pieces so well received by the public: For, as they were principally upon serious subjects, he could not fail to collect a good inclination to such subjects from that favourable reception. This rendered him the more ready to comply with the solicitations of those who desired to see *the Visitor*, preserved in volumes: especially, when he considered the debt he owed to those ingenious friends, who had been so kind as to assist him in the undertaking. Two volumes therefore of select papers are now presented to the reader; most of them upon serious and important topics, and such as the editor flatters himself will repay attention. Yet, that they might not be wholly devoid of amusement, some are admitted on entertaining subjects; and the whole, it is hoped, will afford the reader satisfaction. The editor has the less doubt of it, when he recollects, which he does with peculiar pleasure, the ingenious friends who have lent him

A 3

their

* In the years 1760, and 1761.

ADVERTISEMENT.

their aid; some of whom he is not allowed to mention. It must be left to time, if haply these papers shall survive, to point out their essays. It has been but lately discovered that Lord *Hardwicke* was a writer in the *Spectator*. The ancients never sacrificed to heroes, till the sun was set.

But tho' he may not mention some, yet he must be permitted to inform the public, that the very sprightly papers from *Selima Secker*, were written by an amiable young lady in the country, Miss *J--n--n*, whose lively pen constitutes the least part of her excellence. Those marked with the letter N. would, without any signature, have discovered their judicious and sensible author, whose compositions would do credit to any work, and must be acceptable to every reader: the editor must always think himself peculiarly happy in his friendship, and rejoice to have any of his work, recommended by the joint labours of so distinguished a writer. For the papers signed T. we are obliged to Mr. *Thompson*, than whom few men think more deeply, or more justly: the editor's worthy friend, the Rev. and ingenious Mr. *Duncombe*, claims the paper signed *Crito*: and to Dr. *L-----*, he is obliged for many useful hints, and the papers marked H. and S. Of the rest, generally speaking, those without signatures, as well as those signed M. were written by the editor; who, in this enumeration of his friends, must not withhold from Mr. *C----- of Upton*, that tribute which



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

which is justly due for his good assistance, and for the kind part he has taken in this publication. Let the success of which be what it may, the editor will always enjoy a heart-felt pleasure in the reflection, that his endeavours, however feeble, are sincerely and uniformly exerted in the cause of virtue and religion: that he diffuses no malignant poison to disturb the peace of the community or of individuals: that vice and folly are the only objects of his hate or ridicule: and that the great wish of his heart, and, he trusts, the main end of his life, is to be, and to do good to the utmost limits of his little power.

N. B. The paper signed *J. B. Senex*, was received by the post, from an unknown correspondent.

THE





THE
VISITOR.
NUMBER I.

By PHILANTHROPY CANDID, Esq;

*Præclarè Socrates, hanc viam ad gloriam proximam,
et quasi compendiariam dicebat esse, si quis id age-
ret, ut qualis haberi vellet, talis esset. CICERO.*

WALKING in my garden the other
morning, and amusing myself with the
pleasures of rural privacy,

*Marking how spring
My tended plants;
How nature paints her colours; how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweets;*

I was interrupted in the delightful employ by the
approach of two gentlemen who had stolen upon
me

me before I was aware, my worthy friend Mr. *Manysbeets*, the bookseller, and his coadjutor, Mr. *Fairtype*, the printer. "Welcome, gentlemen, quoth I; what hath brought you from the busy world and the bustle of trade to this sequestered vale, this silent abode of retirement and solitude?" They bowed and they smiled: "Sir, we have taken the liberty to pay our respects to you: we have long had a desire to visit *Candour-hall*, of which we have heard so often, and so much: though we find it, indeed, a place of greater elegance and pleasure than we even imagined. Bless us, what a charming prospect! how beautiful the Garden! and the House, why it is very noble, though it seems somewhat antient." "Somewhat antient truly, gentlemen; it hath been the seat of our family time immemorial. Do you chuse to enjoy with me the air and the garden, or shall I have the pleasure to conduct you within doors?" "As you please, sir; but possibly our business," said Mr. *Fairtype*: "Your business, gentlemen,—not a word of that, I hope, in this place, which is devoted to other purposes. You have left your business behind, I trow, in the city." "Why, sir, to say the truth, it was business which brought us down hither—Pardon us, good sir—but we are petitioners"—And then they both removed their hats once more from their heads, bowed somewhat more low than at first, and smiled somewhat more expressively. "Nay, gentlemen, your hats I pray to their proper places; not a word of business or petitions, or ought besides, till that be done—Well, and now then for this same petition." "Why, sir, the LEDGER"—"True, quoth I, the LEDGER is a very good and useful paper; I take it in, and value it much. This declaration of my



my real sentiments, I soon found, gave them high delight: we touched the right string; for again they bowed, again they smiled, and expressed a vast opinion of my wisdom and sagacity. "But, sir," said they, you could serve the LEDGER still more than by your good wishes: you have a *pen*, sir—I am sure I would take great care to be very correct, said Mr. *Fairtype*: and as for me, observed my good friend the bookseller, I would keep the name of the author a most profound secret; and I can keep a secret, let me assure you, sir; and moreover, when you had written as many *essays* as you please, I would be careful to reduce them to elegant volumes."

The matter thus opened, half the work was done; and I shall not indulge my readers curiosity with the multifarious excuses and difficulties urged by myself, against engaging in the proposed design. Suffice it to add, that the *bookseller* and *printer* got the victory over the *author*;—at this who will wonder? and drew from me a promise to furnish out lucubrations at my leisure, for the *emolument* of the *public*; or in other words, for the private profit of their well-planned paper the *Ledger*; in which, it seems, my *learned* and *wise* labours are to stage themselves to the general eye.

But after the whole affair was well nigh settled, two things occurred, which were pregnant with difficulties; and which indeed we *hardly* surmounted. The *title* of our paper in general, and the *subject* of our first number. Mr. *Manysheets* was of opinion, that a *good title* was of infinite consequence: he seemed to suggest that a good title was even better than good matter. For, said he; a good title will often carry through bad matter: whereas a bad title often mars and damns the

the best matter upon earth. We were extremely uneasy upon finding almost every *title*, however insignificant, usurped by our predecessors of immortal memory; and Mr. *Fairtype* pushed back his peruke with much chagrin and in gloomy silence, to find not only the *author* but the *bookseller* posed. At length, "Gentlemen, quoth I, the incident of your coming hither will furnish a title. From you, my good *visitors*, call we our paper the VISITOR"—"An excellent hint verily," quoth Mr. *Fairtype*; his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Under this title, continued I, we may convey our sentiments with propriety enough; and not be out of our way, whether we *visit* public or private life; whether we attend the court or the city, the camp or the stage; the church or the conventicle; the chamber of sorrow, the social fire-side, or even the shop of the bookseller."

"But for the first number; all the world will form their judgment from the first number." "Nay, then, replied I; they will surely do wrong. The family of the *Candids* never act thus. But be satisfied on that head. I am resolved respecting the matter. I will take a step different from all my brother writers in this way. A bold attempt it may seem, but not therefore less pleasing. You were kind enough, Mr. *Manysheets*, to promise inviolable secrecy. Sir, we will not desire it. I will put my name to our *paper*, and our first number shall contain some account of myself. Other *essayists* may study to conceal themselves; and with mighty art shroud themselves in darkness from the public, that they may break out at length into sudden and shining celebrity. We will be more ingenuous. You are welcome to my name: and I flatter myself it will
not

not disserve your paper." Of all the bows hitherto given, on this occasion I received by far the lowest. "Oh! to be sure, they jointly observed; to be sure, a real name is of the utmost use;—and then, sir, a gentleman like you, of such fortune, family, and reputation: we can never express sufficiently our obligations." But, sir, what if you was to be so kind:—you have a ready pen—we can amuse ourselves here in the garden: it will not take above half an hour: and we should be mighty glad to convey home with us the first *Essay*, that we might shew it to our partners; and begin as soon as may be. We presume on your goodness, sir; but we hope you will not find us ungrateful."

I was once again overcome by the importunity of these gentlemen, and left them in the garden while I retired to my study, with an intention to write some account of myself and my family: but falling insensibly into an introduction, after I had written two or three pages, my two friends, rather keen with impatience, came gently tapping at my door, to enquire, how it flowed? "Oh! well, very well, gentlemen, replied I; enter and hear." Upon which I read to them, what hath gone before; and, "Behold, said I, an unexpected first *Essay*—Take it and print it, and tell the public that our next shall contain a proper history of the *author*, with whose family it hath always been a rule "to read with attention: to weigh without prejudice: to be deliberate in decision: forward to approve, slow to condemn: since temerity in censure indicates at once weakness of judgment, and want of candour."—Whilst not only for an *author*, but for all mankind, my family used to observe, in the words of the writer, prefixed to this *essay*,

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that "the surest and shortest way to fame, was always to endeavour really to be, what you wish, to be esteemed."

This said, they seized my paper: and behold, gentle reader, it waiteth upon thee, with all due deference: courting a favourable reception, from thy benignity and politeness.

NUMBER II.

By PHILANTHROPY CANDID, Esq;

*Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace:
His country next; and next all human race:
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind,
Takes every creature in, of every kind:
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.*

POPE.

THOUGH it is a maxim of prudence to speak little, if at all, of ourselves; yet we find a strange propensity in human creatures to indulge this subject, and to make themselves "the little heroes of a tale." Moralists, and possibly with much truth, have attributed this practice to no very commendable motive. And I, who am not unconscious under what predicament it is classed, should the rather for that reason, perhaps, be studious to avoid it. But the honourable testimony, which my own heart bears me, of my perfect freedom from that disingenuous motive, nay, my certain assurance of the influence of a principle diametrically opposite, renders me regardless of a censure, which I cannot deserve; as I speak of myself, only with a view to advantage others. Without further

N^o 2. THE VISITOR. 7

ther preface then, I proceed according to my promise in the former paper.

Among the last instructions given me by my good father, full well do I bear the following in mind: "my dear *Phil.* (said he) the honour of our house will very soon devolve upon you; it has been my care to support it: and my posterity, I flatter myself, will have no cause to condemn me. As to temporals, you will find the estate improved; and *Candour-hall* you are sensible is in decent repair. As therefore you will have the less engagements on these accounts, you will be able to attend more circumspectly to such things as immediately concern the reputation of our house. It is no small pleasure to me, that the very *sight* and *repetition* of your names will at all times remind you of your duty; and suggest the relation you bear to mankind. Act agreeably to it and be happy. Consider yourself as a *citizen* of the *world*; and deem nothing which regards *humanity* undeserving your notice. Active in the cause of *virtue*, shew *vice* her deformity in the mirror of your own amiable practice; and rather strive thus to force her, covered with shame, into the shades of darkness and oblivion; than to combat her with the weapons of morose severity, and to endanger yourself in the rough plain of malevolent harshness. I would not have you by any means, forget either the *family* of your mother, or the christian name which your grandfather was pleased to give me: for an attention to these will at all times properly direct your conduct and keep your vessel clear of any extremes."

My father's christian name was *Judgment*, and well had he merited the appellation, even if it had not been involuntary imposed upon him in

infancy : his whole life manifested the most *judicious* conduct; and the family of the *Candida*, through his wise measures, rose much in esteem. But never, in my opinion, and I believe in his own, did he more signally discover that cardinal excellence in the human mind, than when he made choice of the lady, whom I am so happy as to call mother, for the partner of his heart and bed. She was the eldest daughter of an ancient family, which has lived generally in near neighbourhood, and great friendship with our own: the name of the family is *Cbrestotes*; and the name is well known, though of English sound, to be derived originally from a Greek word (*Χρησολης*) which seems to express pretty nearly what we mean, by the word *good-nature*: and indeed, as if their name influenced their manners, they are commonly called, and universally known by the title, (a truly honourable one) of “*the good-natured family*.”

I cannot attempt to give any description of my mother. Figure to yourself the fairest and best-natured nymph you know or ever saw, and it may give you some idea of her. Nay, rather figure to yourself *beauty* and *good-nature* in a female form, and that is she. In her twentieth year my father unloosed her virgin zone, and I was the much-loved son of their first embraces. My good old grandfather, who had some peculiarities, insisted upon giving me my name; and accordingly, by his appointment, I was called *Philanthropy*: “for, said he, from the happy union of *Judgment* and *Good-nature*, the noblest humanity, the most unaffected candour, and the most rational love of *man* will proceed.” Thus my worthy ancestor prognosticated.

The

The tenderness of my parents suffered them to omit nothing which they conceived likely to advance my happiness or utility: and that affectionate, yet wise fondness, which they continually discovered, so wrought upon my mind, that the ties of nature were soon strengthened by the approbation of reason; and my judgment beheld with the highest reverence and esteem, those whom my heart loved with the most endearing affection.

At the usual age I was admitted a member of *University college* in Oxford; to which body, for many years, our family hath been attached; and for a reason, (as we have a tradition amongst us) to the soundness of which I will not by any means subscribe; but as it seems it was the notion of one of my forefathers, who preferred that *college* for its name; and conceived it more adapted to the genius of our family, than any of private appellation. "For I, said he, according to the motto of my arms, profess myself *civis mundi*: and *University college* agrees well with a *citizen of the world*, and an inhabitant of *Candour-ball*." In consequence, however, of the old gentleman's choice, this is become our family college; and thither have I lately sent my nephew; who, by the way, will be useful, if in our future lucubrations we shall think fit to visit that seat of the muses.

Having finished my studies there, my parents, though reluctantly, indulged my strong desire of travel; and with a worthy and ingenious clergyman, who now makes me happy with his company, and whom I have preferred to the rectory of my parish, I made the grand tour, and surveyed foreign countries: not without some useful attention, I hope, as well to the men and the manners, as to the ruins, pictures, wild beasts, and burning
B 3 mountains,

mountains, &c. Much is due to my prudent companion, for what improvement I made, during my absence from home: and it is not improbable, but he may be persuaded, if his parochial duties will admit, to favour me with an essay now and then, which I am sure will be much to the satisfaction of my readers.

The illness of my honoured father hastened my return from abroad sooner than I intended. He lived to see me, but survived not long after. I was then obliged to enter into a new scene of life: and, at the solicitation of my mother, who ardently wished to see me settled, I paid my addresses to a neighbouring young lady, who gave me her hand, and became

My life's companion and my softer friend;

mistress of my heart, and wife of my choice with whom I have now passed several years of serene felicity; but of whom I shall say no more at present, as possibly my fair readers may hear of her hereafter.

It is my pleasure to reflect, that I have happily maintained thus far the credit of our family; and it may be said, I believe, with some truth, that our house was never in greater reputation than in this age. We have had indeed, like most other families, strange vicissitudes and much variety. Sometimes *Candour-ball* hath been as it were deserted and depopulated, and the very walls almost rated to the ground. Again it hath reared its head; and the antient fabric, at present, under my father's care and my own, looks tolerably neat and strong. My eldest son, a promising boy, often tells me, that, if he survives me, he will beautify and decorate it still more highly.

Though

Though I always spend some of the winter months in town with my family, yet my principal residence is at my seat in the country : and as my distance from London is not great, and my gates are always open to my friends, I am seldom disgusted with the weariness of solitude, happy as I am in the frequent visits and very entertaining converse of the most worthy and the most instructive. Personages of every rank are kind enough to pay a regard to me : many noble *lords* of high distinction are fond of visiting *Candour-hall* ; and indeed some of them have done me the honour to suggest some very valuable improvements of the edifice ; as have also some right reverend and respectable *bishops*, as well as others of the clergy, whose visits are always particularly acceptable to me, and I am never better pleased, than when they will indulge me with an hour's familiar chat in my study. To say the truth, I am fond to cultivate their acquaintance, as their enemies, as well as the enemies of our family, have sometimes represented them as no great friends to our house : but my present experience fully confutes all such invidious suggestions.

These connections render me no stranger to what passes in the great or smaller world ; in the more retired walks of musing science ; or the more thronged haunts of active business. Hence the labours of the learned are before me, as well as the schemes of the benevolent. Each of which I am always forward to encourage ; and my reader must have noted, that no public act of general good can be pointed out, in which I am not a very principal person concerned. I must be allowed to mention two particularly wherein I have been an especial instrument ; and which I mention with the more satisfaction, as they have met with such
 general

general approbation. *Philantbrophy Candid* will be found a distinguished promoter of the subscriptions for the relief of the *French prisoners*, and for the assisting our *gallant countrymen abroad*. Indeed it was moved to make me *chairman* and *treasurer* in both those committees; but I declined it, as I like not that kind of popularity. I love to do good, let who will run away with the *honour* of it.

The dispositions which I have received from the care of my parents, are such, that as I enjoy myself the greatest bliss and composure of soul; so my sincerest desire, and my most zealous endeavour is, to diffuse the serenity I share, and to augment, all I may, the felicity of those, whom I have ever been taught to esteem as men, as brethren, and as fellow creatures.

P. S. I must beg my reader to bear in mind, that a certain writer, who has assumed the name of our family in a late work, hath grievously imposed upon the public; for I cannot find, by tracing his pedigree, that he is at all allied to our *house*; nay, I think, I may say, with great safety, that there is not one drop of the blood of the *Candid*s in the *Optimist*. I take him to be of a *meagre French* family, very *sour* and *misanthropic*.

NUMBER

NUMBER III.

To the VISITOR.

—*Their various labours they sustain,
A decent competence for age to raise,
And then retire with indolence and ease.*

FRANCIS'S HORACE.

S I R,

TWO philosophers there were, in the antient world, who contemplating *Life*, in different points of view, express in a very different manner, their sentiments: the one ever laughing at the egregious follies of man: the other, with greater humanity, as it seems, declaring his sorrow for their vices, by continual weeping. Every day presents us occasions, either for sympathising with the grief, or partaking the merriment of these philosophers. To the contemplative eye nothing appears more extraordinary or irrational than the conduct and pursuit of those who are so proud of their *rationality*. As a moralist, you propose to consider and to correct these absurdities, we presume. And with this view, I beg leave to point out a glaring defect, which placed as I am, in a country retirement, strikes me with greater force, than it can those of you, who traverse the crowded streets of the vast metropolis. Your paper * too, calculated principally for the advantage of commerce, and peculiarly dedicated, as I conceive, to the service of the trading world, will be the most proper vehicle to convey my remarks, and may be a means, perhaps, to bring them before *their* eyes, whom most they concern.

For

* Alluding to the *Ledger*.

For the object I have in view, is what men commonly call *country retirement*: retirement from business: a matter doubtless highly necessary, under proper restrictions. But it is to be questioned, whether, as too commonly conducted, it may not prove a delusive phantom, seducing men under the false glare of happiness, into much misery and disquietude. Every man, endued with rational faculties, was certainly designed by the sovereign creator, to fill up some station, and to discharge some duties in life. It is incumbent upon every man, to act agreeable to this opinion; and in whatever rank he is stationed, honourably to fulfil the obligations of his place. But as man owes a duty superior to all merely worldly respects, to himself and his eternal interests, there can be no doubt, but a seasonable retirement upon all proper occasions is indispensably requisite: and towards the close of life, when a man has done his business, if I may so say, there is no reason, why he should not be dismissed from the public stage, for the better ordering his private and most important concerns.

When a man retires with this view, and dedicates the remains of existence to the retrospect of past life; to the serious review of former transactions: to the service of God, in rational piety, the improvement of his mind, and the preparation of his soul for that tremendous futurity—which, alarming thought, is eternal!—When these purposes, and these resolutions lead a man from the hurry and tumult of the world, to the calm and quiet scenes of privacy and contemplation, we hesitate not to pronounce such a retirement as honourable, as it is useful; subservient to the best interest of rational creatures, and productive of the happiest consequences.

But,

But alas! how rarely is this the case: how seldom do we find *retirement* sought upon these principles! Every man is busied and toiling with this end in view, "at length to be quiet, to leave off business, and enjoy himself." Amidst the numbers that are fatally deceived, and for ever prevented from executing their procrastinated purposes; some are fortunate enough, as they deem it, to attain the desired end; and satisfied with gain and with public engagements, they relinquish the latter, to reap in rural felicities the sweet conveniences of the former. The necessary hurry of removal, fitting up the country-house, planning the little garden, contriving the rails *tout Chinesse*, and erecting the summer-house, by way of smoaking-room, in the *Gothic* taste: these and the like weighty concerns serve well at first to engage the attention, and nothing is so charming as the country! Oh! how happy, and how excellent a thing is *retirement*! But soon the fairy vision vanishes; there is no more to be done; and the poor man is left to all the vacuity of an uncultivated mind; unaccustomed to reflection, a stranger to mental enjoyments, and reflective thought; equally insipid to rural employments, and diversions, he begins to feel the heavy load of himself; and wonders whence it comes, that with every means and with the full purpose of happiness, he is not, he cannot be happy. To kill poor time is now the grand object of his wishes. But time moves slower, while he is most earnestly wished to quicken his even pace.

Behold! this master of himself sleeps, and rises, walks and yauns, and eats, and drinks, and yauns, and sleeps, and rises, and walks. Oh! what a comfort to him is your *Public Ledger* and such faithful intelligencers, over which he may dose away

away the tedious hour. What a comfort every lazy, idle neighbour like himself: but above all, what a comfort, the club, and the fortunate house of entertainment near him! yet all this is insufficient. The void still remains: and amidst the wonder at his want of comfort, Death comes hastily on; and he is forced from the stage, before he has learned how to live properly upon it.

My old neighbour and acquaintance Jerry Love-the-flesh is full in my view, while I write. Alas, poor Jerry: it is but a few days since we attended him to the grave, (a place of all others Jerry liked the least:) and that after having enjoyed him amongst us but a short time. Fifty years had our honest friend trod the walks of trade, and with a very fair character amassed his thousands. But as his business lay somewhat in the drinking way, he had been unhappy enough to treasure up some unpleasant disorders too—which lying a little hard upon him, Jerry opened his mind to his wife; and told her, that as they had no children, he resolved to leave off business and retire. His wife felt much uneasiness of conscience to leave so good a business: especially as they had no friends or relations to put into it: however, under the smiling hopes of being a country lady, at length she gave her consent.

Jerry had but one disturbing qualm: and that was, quitting the honour and dignity, and the seats of the common council: for he had arrived at admission into that respectable body. A severe fit of illness at length, after long delays, fixed the resolution. And now behold Jerry and his wife handsomely drest, in the country church, for the first time, in order to give their neighbours notice, that they saw company. The company came, and the visits were returned. But the returns again were slow. The days hung heavy. Only fortunately

nately for Jerry, a good public house was distant about half a mile, known well by many worthy Cits, by the celebrated sign of the Cat and Bagpipes. Thither Jerry retired, soon as breakfast was done, to read the news; thither retired Jerry soon as dinner was over, to smoke his afternoon pipe: ever sweet and charming to his ear was a call to the Cat and Bagpipes; there to live and die was Jerry's utmost wish. Nothing but the little tittle tattle of the village, and his own wealth and importance filled Jerry's mind or dwelt on his tongue, and having for near two years thus enjoyed the sweets of retirement, at length, amidst a complication of disorders, our worthy neighbour departed; and left no vacuity in any man's wishes or any man's hopes.

Reflect upon such retirement, and lament.—I forbear to pursue the subject: perhaps upon another occasion, if you'll permit me, I may shew the necessity of better retirement: and I have some pleasure in observing, that I can give you in a worthy friend, a perfect example of *such a retreat from the world, as becomes a man and a christian.*

I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

H.

NUMBER IV.

To the VISITOR.

*See from his mother earth God's blessing spring,
And eat his bread in peace and privacy.*

MASON.

S I R,

A Genius, like Hooker's (for the saying verified by the excellent poet above, was that great man's) such a genius might well relish the privacy of retirement, and the walks of solitude. Self-furnished, he could never want a fund of contemplation: and his mind, like a fountain ever flowing, yet never exhausted, must have supplied him with a perennial source of intellectual gratifications. But how few are formed like him for retirement; and what a contrast to the seclusion of such a man from the world is the dereliction of public life and labour, which we made honourable mention of, under the sanction of Mr. Love-the-flesh's example? Few need live long in the world, especially in our part of it, and want instances of mistaken retirement like Jerry's. But what then? Shall we seclude the toilsome tradesman from the view of that which animates every endeavour, and draw a sable veil over that sparkling hope, which so brightly gilds the gloom of his deepest perplexity? Far be such a malevolent attempt from us. Rather let us wish to lead him from delusive prospects to real possession; and to conduct him from a flattering hope to a substantial enjoyment.

Retirement then we hesitate not to pronounce, is not only commendable, but highly necessary; but that retirement must be entered upon with proper

proper motives, in proper time, and with proper means, in order to give the happiness, to confer the profit expected from it.

If a man's motive for retirement be solely to indulge sensual gratifications, and to enjoy the luxury of wealth and of indolence : to separate himself from the business, the better to pursue the pleasures of the world ; he acts a part unworthy a rational being, and degrades himself from the rank of an useful member of society, to that of an encumbering, useless excrescence, deforming the body. But, when conscious of his dependant state, and future expectancies, when awakened to a serious regard for immortal concerns ; and convinced, that the hurry of the world, and the tumult of unwearied application to earthly attachments, much indispose the mind from proper attention to divine considerations ; when moved by such reflections, a man resolves to quit the public stage, and to retire, that he may gain a better knowledge of himself, his God and his duty ; the resolution is as noble, as the performance of it will be happy ; and every thing, that can dignify human nature, rises up at once to advise and applaud it.

But before even such a man enters upon the new scene ; sequesters himself from the thronged walks of business, and covers himself in the embrown'd state of obscurity ; let me advise, that he first explore his own disposition ; that he first make a trial of himself ; and for some weeks, in order thereto, let him leave the world, and dedicate himself to his intended solitude. Perhaps this trial may convince him, that he did not well know himself ; that he hath not a sufficient fund of self-satisfying reflection ; nor a sufficient re-

lish for rural occupations to dissipate the languor of loneliness; to avert the weariness of vacuity.

Happy in the knowledge, he may prevent the ill consequences, which would have arisen from a too hasty step; and by retaining some connections with the world, which may serve to occupy a degree of regard and of time, he may reap all the pleasures of retirement, while he is diverted from no valuable purpose, by the indispensable incumbrances of large worldly connections.

And this perhaps is the best method for those gentlemen to pursue, who have all their life long been engaged in the hurry of commerce, and the frequency of business. Sure I am it is the best method for the generality of them to pursue; whose minds, unaccustomed to a continuity of reflection, nay, and on many accounts incapable of it, will soon grow torpid and muddy; and cause them either to fly to the relief of drinking, or to sink in uneasy melancholy. But if, while with rational attention they seek retirement, they retain at the same time some attachments, which may engross such a regard, more or less, as they shall find themselves disposed to give; they may, with good grounds, expect the best fruits from their secession; and may hope, that self-reflection will become every day more pleasing and more profitable.

As we would wish to see men retire with such views, so we think that they should not too long delay the design: life is short, and the business we have to do in it great and important; and of such a nature, that if it be left undone here, we are ruined irretrievably. What will it avail us, to defer our purpose another and another year, till we have gained such a sum, or effected such
a worldly

a worldly scheme? Have we enough to supply our own wants, to furnish our families with every necessary means of well-being; we are more wealthy than princes: indulging the desire of more, is only indulging a disease, which the more it is fed, the more it encreases. Besides, there is something ungenerous in consecrating the remains of a ruined constitution and shattered health to the deity, while we have been dedicating all our youth and strength to the service of the world.

Mistake me not, as if I supposed, a man could not live in the world, and serve his maker sincerely: far be such a suggestion from me. I am convinced of the contrary by pleasing experience; but I am reasoning in respect of one, who has too much neglected that great concern, and has retirement now in view, on that account principally. And such we would by all means, exhort not to defer too long the important purpose; but while yet the mind retains its vigour, and the body its health, let them by all means, if they wish to improve retirement, hasten to its shades, and lay before them the serious plan of themselves, of the end of their being, and the means to attain it; and with due application set themselves to the earnest practice of those virtues, which will render their grand *Retirement* from the world less painful and perplexing.

“ It is this (says the excellent Dr. *Sberlock*) which makes retirement from the world so necessary, and so useful; not merely to ease our bodily labours, and to get a little rest from business, to dissolve in sloth and idleness, or to wander about to seek a companion, or to hear news, or to talk politics, or to find out some way to spend time, which now lies upon our hands, and is more un-
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easy

easy and troublesome to us than business was. This is a more dangerous state, and does more indispose us for a happy death, than all the cares and troubles of an active life: but we must retire from this world to have more leisure and greater opportunities to prepare for the next: to adorn and cultivate our minds and dress our souls like a bride, who is adorned to meet her bridegroom.

When men converse much in this world, and are distracted with the cares and business of it: when they live in a crowd of customers or of clients, and are hurried from their shops to the *Exchange* or the *Custom-House*, or from their chambers to the bar! and when they have discharged one obligation are pressed so hard by another, that at night they have hardly spirits left to put up one prayer to God; nor any time for it in the morning: and the Lord's day itself is thought more proper for rest and refreshment, than devotion: what dull, cold apprehensions must such men have of another world, and after all the care we can take, how will this world insinuate itself into our affections, when it employs our time and thoughts: when our whole business is buying and selling, and driving good bargains, and making conveyances and settlements of estates? How will this disorder our passions, occasion feuds and quarrels, give us a tincture of pride, ambition, covetousness? So that there is work enough after a busy life, even for very good men to wash out these stains and pollutions, and to get the taste and relish of this world out of their mouths, and to revive and quicken the sense of God and of another world.

This is a sufficient reason for such men to think, when it is time to leave off, and if not wholly

wholly to withdraw from the world, yet to contract their business, and have the command of it, that they may have more leisure to take care of their souls, before they have so near a call and summons to death; but much more necessary is it, when death is even at the door, and by the course of nature we know that it is so.

It is very proper to leave the world before we are removed out of it, that we may know how to live without it, that we may not carry any hankerings after this world with us into the next; and therefore it is fitting, that there should be a kind of middle state between this world and the next; that is, that we should withdraw from this world, and wean ourselves from it, even while we are in it; which will make us more easy to part with this world, and more fit to go to the next. But it seems strangely indecent, unless the necessities of their families, or the necessities of the public call for it, and exact it, to see men who are just going out of the world, who, it may be, bow as much under their riches as under their age, plunging themselves over head and ears in this world; courting new honours and preferments, with as much zeal as those who are but entering into the world. It is to be feared, such men, think very little of another world, and will never be satisfied with earth, till they are buried in it."

This quotation, I fear, has exceeded the bounds allowed me: and I must beg leave to postpone the conclusion of the subject to your next Saturday's paper. For that day's paper seems the most proper vehicle for such contemplations; as it may serve to awaken the attention of some, who take it with them in their post-chaise to their country-retreats; and may lead them on the sabbath to
some

some reflections, which they do not chuse to find in the church. I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

RE

NUMBER V.

To the VISITOR.

*In honourable ease, and rural bliss,
The remnant of his days he softly past,
Nor found they lag'd too slow, nor flew too fast;
He made his wish with his estate comply;
Joyful to live; yet not afraid to die.*

PRIOR.

SIR,

TH^{O'} the poets have spoken of it with a kind of enthusiastic rapture, yet few men are formed for absolute solitude: such is the construction of human nature, that torpor and lassitude will invade the sublimest genius, if left to all the loneliness of a sequestered retreat. To render solitude tolerable, even to great minds, it must be qualified with several necessary adjuncts. Much more then will they be requisite for the solitude and retirement of that order of men, who have engaged our former speculations; and concerning whom we have determined:—that to retire from the world, with a proper motive, the motive of self-recollection, and dedication to the supreme; and in proper time, before age hath benumb'd the faculties, and absolutely riveted the sentiments; is both useful and becoming

becoming; productive of the best consequences, and agreeable to the best reason.

But least disappointment should meet and distress them in this last scene, it is necessary, that they be supplied with such aids, as will conduce to render retirement satisfactory. I have advised, that ere the resolution be absolutely fixed, a short time be assigned to probation; in which, if they perceive themselves ill-qualified for the privacy of perfect abstraction, they will do well to retain some proper connection with business and life. If otherwise, let them pursue their resolution with activity, and apply to every proper method of improvement. As we suppose the improvement of life, and the service of God the grand motive of retirement; in such a case, these important concerns must be imagined to occupy no small portion of time: to which we may add, the due attendance to proper and serious reading and meditation. But the mind will not bear a continued and intense application to these; especially a mind unaccustomed to deep speculations. There is need, therefore, of some other attachments, which may amuse and give motion to the tardier foot of time. Amongst these, nothing seems to promise the retired greater contentment, than the pleasing amusement of the garden, and the cultivation of their little fields. This is as rational as it is instructive. Health will be invigorated by the exercise; piety will be exalted by the reflections, which every herb, fruit, and flower will inculcate. A taste for the delights of the garden should be brought into retirement with every man; or, by all means, be learned by him there. Happy the man, in solitude, who hath some knowledge, however superficial, of the politer arts, especially music and drawing & music

music in particular will dissipate many a drowsy idea, and calm many a desultory thought. Drawing, or painting will innocently and gratefully employ many a vacant moment. And easily as a small knowledge with these is attained, one would marvel, that any man should omit to attain them; or that any parent, who is able, should fail to give to his children an early acquaintance with them. No man ever regretted the knowledge, many have much bewailed their ignorance of them.

A serious resolution to review life, an earnest and sedulous endeavour to serve God; a tolerable attention to books; a taste for innocent rural amusements; the pleasure of the garden and the field especially; and some acquaintance with the politer arts, music, drawing, the microscope, telescope, &c. are means, with which, whoever is furnished, he may enter upon solitude with a satisfied mind; and may rest assured, that retirement will open to him a scene of chaste and enrapturing delights: custom will soon make this life more sweet

*Than that of painted pomp. He'll find the woods
More free from peril than the anxious world:
While this his life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.*

Such my worthy friend Benvolio finds it. His character will exemplify every thing that I have said, or could wish to say on the subject. Early and deeply engaged in a dangerous profession in life, he met with good success, though attended with a variety of perils, and distinguished by several signal acts of providence. These made strong and lasting impressions upon him. In conformity

to which, he resolved to relinquish the hazards of trade soon as possible; though fortune seemed to smile, and promise him greater advances: and therefore, long before the decline of life, with a decent competency, and a proper provision for his family, he left the tumult of the world, and pitched his little quiet tent in a pleasant village on the banks of the Thames; determined to dedicate his future life to the more private devotions of piety, and the unwearied practice of benevolence. And he hath now for near fifteen years continued, the pleasure and the envy of his neighbourhood. Wherever you meet him, serenity smiles on his forehead; and chearfulness lives in his eye. The calm sunshine of his heart diffuses and unspeakable pleasantness over his countenance. Temperance waits on his board; and health mantles on his cheek, pleased to attend, where exercise and temperance hold uninterrupted stay. He rises with the sun, and salutes with vivacity, undiminished by age, the early dawn; and, after the duties of religion, betakes himself generally to some appointed and pleasing toil in his garden. Happy in a wife of similar temper and disposition, more social concord and dearer amity is no where to be found. Together, with grateful praises, they elevate their souls to the Lord of eternity: together they partake of the salubrious health of the fields: together they go, with unremitting feet, to the temple of God. Not austere and morose, they enjoy with freedom, the friendly intercourse of society; and all their vicinity are as much pleased with their company, as charmed with their manners.

For acts of benevolence you are always certain of a patron and assistant in Benvolio; the weeping
eye

eye of affliction ever departs from him dried up; the throbbing heart leaves his house freed from its anxiety; solicitude and misery seldom quit him unrelieved. In short, he seems only to live, that he may impart felicity and diffuse consolation far as he is able, and to the utmost circumference of his sphere. Never have I heard him complain of the tediousness of time, or groan beneath the irksomeness of lonely seclusion. On the contrary: "Time, saith he, is alarmingly short and fleeting; great need have we to husband well the precious minutes, which are to determine our eternal lot:—Minutes, of which we live so few, properly speaking, so few redeemed from sleep, and the necessary avocations of life. So many too as we have mispent in early days, should make us anxiously cautious to redeem them, by better husbanding the present." In this view, he is most exactly conscientious in the disposal of his time; he who would be rich in time, he often observes, must be as frugal of his minutes and the smaller portions of it; as he who would be rich in worldly wealth, must be of his smaller and inconsiderable sums. No wonder, that with a pleasing sensation and heroic fortitude such a man looks forward to futurity; and awaits without the gloom of terror or the trepidation of doubt, the solemn stroke, which separates at once from all earthly dependences, and admits into an unalterable, ever-during state.

Happy Benvolio, object of my highest admiration, far more to be envied in thy little dwelling than the titled noble in his palace of cedar and vermillion! sweet is thy slumber! undisturbed thy repose! Peace builds her halcyon nest in thy conscience! cheerfulness and health dance round thy board;

board ! Convinced of the upright integrity of thy doings, of the consequent approbation of thy God, hope builds for thee her towering airy in the blissful realms on high ; Faith points out, with steady finger, the infallible road ; and cherub-eyed benevolence leads thee smiling along. Happy Benvolio ! who would not wish to retire and to live like thee ! *Sic ob sic juvat vivere, sic perire !*

Ye children of the world, break the shackles of disingenuous slavery ; learn the real estimate of human life ; consider the importance of eternity ; follow the example of Benvolio : Be wise ; retreat with becoming propriety. And over your most frequented apartment engrave that solemn admonition, so well fitted to close these reflections : *What shall a man be profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ;*

If these reflections may be acceptable to you Sir, or any ways serviceable to the public, it will be a sufficient pleasure to

Your humble servant, &c.

H.

NUMBER VI.

Let reason, and let virtue faith maintain:

All force but theirs, is impious, weak and vain.

L. LYTTLETON.

WE have Societies for propogating the gospel abroad, as well as for promoting Christian Knowledge at home; calculated for the best ends, and conducted by gentlemen of the most respectable characters; and Protestant Charity Schools have been set up in Ireland, the effects of which, it is hoped, may be salutary; though without the best management, and due inspection, those advantages, which may be supposed, will not arise from them. Need, however, there certainly is of the most exact and conscientious regard to them, if we would wish to unite our fellow-subjects in that kingdom to us in the Protestant faith, and remove the evils which may always reasonably be suspected from their bigotted attachment to Popery. And surely it well deserves the attention of those pious Societies, which we have just mentioned, to extend their beneficent endeavours towards the illumination of those who, so nearly allied to them in a social tie, are yet in all the darkness of superstition and error.

The late tumults in Ireland naturally lead every reflecting man to serious thoughts on the state of that kingdom: and as it appears beyond a contradiction, that had our enemies succeeded in their design, religious zeal would have animated numbers to have joined their side: it seems that even in a political view, nothing is of greater consequence than the abolition of

such

such intemperate zeal, and the introduction of a better and more pacific faith. I am sorry to observe, but truth is prevalent, that the tenets of the Romish church are such that we can never expect any fidelity from its devotees; as that church can dispense with the most solemn oaths, the faith of its votaries must ever be equivocal; and as its votaries are known to have such an attachment to their church, that every tie must be dissolved, before that can be loosed; we may reasonably presume that they will not be backward to unite in any probable and plausible attempt, where the watch word is "God and the Church." The Irish nation hath verified this, more than once.

But what, you may say, is to be done in such a case? The Protestant religion forbids all degree of persecution; and admits no weapons or arms to be employed, but the persuasive ones of truth and reason. These, are the weapons, these are the arms, I wish to be employed; and that with all zeal in this cause. Clergymen of known reputation and approved abilities, should be encouraged to go thither: clergymen who would labour in the vineyard, preach and catechise diligently: men of whose earnest regard to christianity no doubt should be had; not such as gape for the stipend, and leave the flock to the tuition of a Popish priest. It is to be hoped, and greatly to be desired, that all who have preferments to dispose of in Ireland, would conscientiously so bestow them, as to have good grounds to expect that protestantism, by the zeal of the *labourer*, would daily gain the ascendant. And permit me to add, that if our future lords l——ts would make it a point to take with them *such* chaplains, and prefer them to bishopricks; we might hope to see

that kingdom and church in a far better state than at present. Every man who has any true love for his country, will, we are satisfied, make it his study to find out such ; and not take a man as chaplain, merely because he is a friend, or relation, or a man whom he wants to advance, without any the least consideration of his qualifications, moral or mental. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

We are pleased to reflect that some noble lords have been spoken of as hereafter to enjoy this high dignity, of whose patriotism and other virtues there cannot be a doubt ; and by the channel of your paper, intended to communicate useful hints, we earnestly wish to commend an attention to this most important particular ; which in all human probability would lay a happy foundation of the most desirable union ; and this concerns us much as men, as Protestants, and as Britons. A few Bishops, like Bishop Bedell*, would be of universal utility.

Before I close my remarks, I must beg leave to say, that I do not mean to reflect on any man. If stipends and revenues solely are considered by the clergy, without a view to the future salvation of the people committed to their charge, then the clergy dishonour and disgrace themselves. I reverence the venerable body ; and I sincerely wish they were all venerable. However, let us hope that the very best will be henceforth assigned to this difficult but necessary post ; we may, then perhaps, soon see a more pleasing coalition. Then faction and fury, rebellion and massacres need not be apprehended ; and an endeavour after such a work is worthy that eminent charity, which so honourably characterises our present prosperous days. My best wishes are with those who shall
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* See the Life of Bishop *Bedell* by Bishop *Burnet*.

use their influence to that end, as they will have the best wishes of all good men.

NUMBER VII.

By PHILANTHROPY CANDID, Esq;

*That I was born so great, I owe to fortune :
And cannot pay that debt, till virtue set me
High in example, as I stand in title :
Till what the world calls fortunes gifts, my actions
May stile their own rewards—*

Sir JOHN DENHAM.

A Distinguished nobleman, very nearly related to our family, did me the honour to take me in his coach to the late solemn and august assembly at *Westminster-Hall* : an assembly, which no man could have viewed without the most exquisite pleasing sensations, had not the mournful occasion damped every impulse of joy. Unhappy e—I ! called for such offence to the bar of to venerable a tribunal ! condemned to appear as a criminal, where his rank should have placed him as a judge ! The dreadful sentence was heard with awful silence ; and me thought almost every person present seemed to be wonderfully impressed on the melancholy occasion. I leave it to other writers * to enlarge on the ceremony : this may employ the pens of Journalists. It was on another account, that I introduced the subject ; it was to lay before my readers, and my noble ones especially, the remarks, which my illustrious relation made to

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his

* This has been done in the Ledger of *Monday, April 21, No. 86.*

his son, as we returned home together; which gave me so much satisfaction, that I took the first opportunity to recollect them: and which if I deliver not with his elegance, and in his order, the reader must attribute it to the defect of my memory.

We sat silent some time, after our entrance into his coach, mutually reflecting on what we had seen; when his Lordship broke the silence, and addressing his son, a youth of the first parts and most engaging qualities. "It gives me pleasure, lord ***, said he, to perceive you are not unaffected by the sad, but solemn sentence just now passed. The sight you have beheld, and the decision you have heard, my lord, deserve well a large place in your most serious reflections, and in your perpetual remembrance. Let superficial observers take notice of the gaiety of dress, and the splendor of appearance: you, my dear lord, (whose mind you can testify, I have laboured to form with the utmost care; and of whom, not merely thro' parental affection & trust, I have ventured to conceive high hopes) you will derive from hence the best instructions, and gather fresh motives to stimulate your virtue and honour.

You have seen in the unhappy e—rl at the bar, that it is not mere title which constitutes the noble; that it is not accidental circumstance of birth which conveys nobility; that it is not the rank which can exempt either, from offence or from punishment.

That you are born of noble blood, is not so much your merit as your happiness: your *happiness*, if you dignify your birth by a suitable demeanour; if superior in station, you shew yourself superior in conduct. An exalted birth, so far from relaxing the bonds of duty,
binds

binds them more strongly : so far from unloosing, it doubles every tie of honour, and enhances every obligation to virtuous and praiseworthy actions. Where these are found, the nobility of birth greatly brightens their lustre : where these are wanting, the nobility of birth only renders infamy more infamous.

Flattered from the cradle, and attended with a crowd of sycophants, young noblemen are frequently apt to conceive of themselves much more highly than they ought. They are led to fancy themselves of a race superior to the rest of mankind : *privileged* from the common ties, and scarcely subject to the common evils.—But of these pernicious defects in education, I have taken care, my lord, that you should have no cause to complain. Lectures of humanity have from infancy been read to you ; and you consider yourself, I am persuaded, as elevated by birth to pre-eminence, only for the purpose of pre-eminence in example.

Without such example your *birth* will add no real dignity to you ; nor will it serve at all to silence the voice of public reproach ; or to repress the slow and moving finger of scorn from pointing at you. Nor in a nation of liberty like ours, can the highest rank, or most distinguished place deliver from the demand, or save from the impartial decision of justice. I am grieved that the present times enable me to hold forth to you more than *one* instance of this truth ; that not only in the unfortunate e—I whom we have just left, but in one of much higher abilities, and much fairer expectations, you may see, my dear lord, how vain is the boast of birth ; and how unavailing the titled ancestry, without the dignified and becoming deportment

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God knows, I mention not this to press a fallen man, he has my pity; I sympathize with his family. But your welfare and honour, my son, is near to me; and examples of this kind properly considered, may be no less advantageous than the view of more shining characters, than the nobler prospect of distinguished merit.

It is a pleasure to me, that the present times afford no small harvest of the latter: and I flatter myself, that the many excellent patterns before you, will animate every laudable principle in your soul. Come not behind your cotemporaries: but, happy in the first rank of honour by birth, labour to be first, my lord, in the rank of glory.—You know I could easily produce from the annals of our own house, examples sufficient to enkindle the most generous ardor—

Te pater Aeneas et avunculus excitet Hector,

You know I could speak of those, great in the cabinet and in the field, to whom we owe much of our honour; and whom of consequence we are bound to imitate, if we would preserve fresh and fair, the splendid coronets, wherewith they have encircled our brows.

Nay, and beside,, we owe, my Lord, a peculiar duty to our country, in whose welfare our station eminently interests us; and whose welfare, be assured, will ever best be preserved by the virtue and merit of her nobles.

It is a high satisfaction to reflect, that, as in this realm of freedom, vice, however dignified, will not pass off undisgraced: so neither will virtuous actions ever lose their due meed, or want that honourable acknowledgment which stimulates

lates so forcibly to them: virtuous actions, and a patriotic conduct, will, amongst us, of themselves ennoble. And for my part, much rather would I stand the first ennobler of my obscure family, by generous and commendable deeds, than appear at the end of the most respectable pedigree, an insignificant barren bearer of titular nobility.

Let that be your ambition, my lord. Remember, that as a man, humanity becomes you; as a noble, the nicest honour, and most virtuous conduct. Dignify your high rank, in private, by making your superior place and influence the happy means of dispensing superior good to mankind: in public, consider yourself as the servant of your country; and shew by the generous sensibility of your mind, and your strict attachment to the interests of your king and his dominions, that you are not more a Noble by *birth* than by *disposition*.

There are certain crimes to which some minds are at an almost impossible distance: of which sort, with respect to yourself, I doubt not is that for which the unhappy E—l is to suffer. But remember, that all vice is gradual; and the greatest monster in guilt was once a trembling beginner. The first sallies of *passion* are to be curbed, and checked in their rise! it is an unmanly and disgraceful evil: it degrades the man inexpressibly: and gives all who see you vanquished by it, a strange triumph over you.—And as to passion, so to the intemperance of *drinking*, the very first inclination is to be cut off in the bud.—But I enlarge not upon this, as your lordship, I am convinced, is even free from the temptation.—And I am happy (then while the tear of affection filled his eyes, he took Lord ***'s hand) I am happy, my dear son, in noting your amiable disposition: only let me add briefly (for I perceive we draw
near

near home) do not think it sufficient to be free from gross vices; I would have you eminently virtuous. To which end, cultivate the most awful regard to the Sovereign of heaven, whose dread behests it much becomes the highest as well as the lowest to obey. Remember that you live not for yourself: remember that your high rank cannot prevent your appearance at a bar—nay start not, my lord, for *you* must one day stand to be tried at a bar, must one day be present at a court, infinitely more solemn and tremendous, than that which we have this day seen: the decision of which is of all others the most important, for it is irreversibile, and it is eternal.

*There can be no shuffling: there the action lies
In its true nature; we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence.—*

There superior rank will be so far from conciliating favour; that the grand rule of the court is, “To whom much is given, of him much will be required.” And there of necessity the amplest distinctions of birth, of honour, of place, of preferments, will be expected to shew the most commendable productions, and to offer the fruits of fairest esteem, and most pleasing acceptance.”

NUMBER VIII.

To the VISITOR.

—Your bounty is beyond my speaking:
But tho' my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you;
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
My fervent soul shall breath forth prayers for you;
That heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
The grace and goodness you have shewn to me.

ROWE.

SIR,

THOUGH I can scarcely hope that my mean and unadorned essay can be worthy a place in your paper, yet I am prompted to strongly by gratitude, that I must make the attempt; and should esteem it particularly kind, if you would enable me to spread as extensively as I can my present felicity, and the blessed source of it.

Without further preface, Sir, I must inform you that I am one of those, who owe life, salvation, happiness; every comfort and every hope, to that happy place the MAGDALEN-HOUSE. Believe me in what I deliver; for I do assure you in the most solemn manner, that it is the strictest truth. I was amongst the first who sought that hospitable dwelling; and alas, it makes my very blood run chill, to reflect upon my situation, when admitted into that house. Good God, was there ever such an object of pity and distress! Abandoned by every friend I had; abhorring my dire business, but obliged to continue it for bread; almost naked; broken-hearted; without a roof to receive me; without

without an eye to pity me; without any kind christian to look on and rescue me. People, Sir, think, that no hard usage is bad enough for *us* in that state: but indeed, if they knew all, they would not think so. For as bad a creature as I might seem, I would have given the world to have been employed in any honest means of livelihood: though there was a time when I should have thought servile employ much beneath me. But, alas, times were sorely changed, and my affliction was greater than could be fancied. If you indulge me by printing this, perhaps, when I can get a little time, I may send you some short account of my misfortunes, to shew that we are not *all* such objects of every body's worst contempt and insults. But I beg pardon for running from my subject; women's pens, Sir, are not used to order.

In my calamitous distress I applied to the *Magdalen-House*; and I was received with all that humanity which distinguishes the worthy managers of it. I fancied and foreboded every good to myself, when, on the day of admission, I perceived many of the gentlemen wipe their eyes while I was relating some of my early miseries! For alas, Sir, though I am old in grief, I have yet seen but nineteen years! It is impossible for me to describe, as I ought, the comforts I found in that house. I was neatly cloathed, satisfactorily employed, and had such provisions as the very best would be contented with. But these were small to the comforts abounding to my mind: the divine instructions I have heard in that *chapel*, which I must always think a little heaven (the door to heaven, I am sure it has been to me;) those instructions will never be erased from my mind! They have calm'd my troubled soul, and convinced me that
my

my repentance will not be in vain; that my resolutions of virtue, through grace, will not be ineffectual. Resolutions! Oh, Sir, can it be possible that any of us who have so much experienced the miseries of vice, can ever return to it again! This, I think, must be impossible.

To speak of every thing commendable and humane in the house, would exceed my present limits. Nothing, surely, can be calculated better for the relief, the comfort, the information, of poor unhappy girls: and the gentlemen act like fathers indeed. Satisfied with my behaviour, our worthy and never-enough to be applauded *treasurer*, was so kind some few weeks since as to inform me, that if I chose to accept it, a place offered tolerably advantageous, and he would recommend me. I desired his, and our incomparable matron's advice; and in consequence of that, have accepted it. I was fitted out with all things proper and decent, much beyond my wish or expectation; and am happily situated with a worthy lady, whose amiable behaviour makes me perfectly blest; and be satisfied, my whole study shall be to please her; and to shew myself sensible of those divine mercies which I have experienced, in the deliverance of both body and soul from death.

Now, Sir, all I wish is, that this may be known for the satisfaction of those concerned in this noble charity: whose humane breasts it must fill with pleasure, to think they have redeemed a poor girl from the depth of misery: a girl not yet twenty: who lives happy and peaceful through their bounty; lives to pray for and to bless them every day! May the Lord of heaven crown them with all their heart's wishes: and increase the number of *those* daily, who are friends to this glo-

rious design. To the advantages of which, not myself only, but numbers already are witnesses. *Polly **** is a comfortable instance. This charity has saved her poor mother's life: with whom she now lives: and I would fain have persuaded her to write to you.

I believe I should have deferred it myself, something longer, if it had not been for an accident, which happened last night; and which determined me in my purpose: as I was led to hope, that, perhaps this notice in your paper may be seen by some unfortunate *girls*, who may be curious to read a letter from one, unhappy enough to have been of their number: though thank God, by miracle almost, rescued and saved. And great need there is for thanks. For as I was about to tell you, Sir; last night, as I was going cross our square on an errand for my mistress, a poor creature, in a sad hollow tone, begged me, for Christ's sake, to give her a bit of bread. I turned to look at her, and she was almost naked, with a tattered blanket thrown over her, and an old handkerchief tied about her head; she asked very pressingly, for a piece of bread, only a crust, any thing to relieve her hunger. I thought I knew something of the voice: and taking her to the next lamp, —Blessed father, can I ever enough express my horror and surprize! I was ready to drop down! For it was *Nancy ****! who came into the *Magdalen* sometime after me: but her sad temper would not permit her to stay there: so that the gentlemen, after having long waited her better behaviour in vain, (for nothing can be imagined more tender and careful than they are, more slow to punish, more desirous to continue us) were forced to dismiss her! and she, having no friend to receive her

her, was obliged to return to her old way of life; and now diseased and cast off, was at the point of starving; when thus accidentally she applied to me in the street! The moment she knew me, she burst into the most lamentable cries and tears, I ever heard or saw! ‘Oh! happy girl, said she, would to God, I had been like you. Now I am ruined and lost for ever. I have no cloaths to cover me: no food to supply my hunger, and I am almost perishing with it: disease is preying upon me in a terrible manner: I have no where to hide my head: I am cast out by every body; and in a few days must perish; and what will become of my soul, I dare not even think.’

You may imagine, Sir, what a situation mine was, while I heard her speaking thus; I gave her what present relief I could, and provided for her last night. I have made her dismal case known to my humane and charitable mistress; and she will assist this poor creature. And now, Sir, if I should be so happy, after all, as to be made an instrument of saving my fellow-sufferer, I shall bless God, indeed; and think that such a mercy granted me is a proof, he has graciously and fully pardoned me. I wish all the poor unfortunate girls in the city, and every where, could have seen poor *Nancy* ***: for none, I am sure, would then be bad upon principle, or stay a minute from the blessed *Magdalen*, to perish in the streets, like a beast, neglected by all, in cold, in nakedness, in hunger, in distemper,—unhoused, unfriended, unpitied, unrelieved—What distress can be equal! I hope, Sir, you will correct all my mistakes: and as it is proper to conceal real names, I shall beg leave

44 THE VISITOR. No. 9.
to subscribe myself, now, and whenever again
you will suffer me to trouble you,

A GRATEFUL MAGDALEN.

NUMBER IX.

Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime:
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies:
Far more than labour:—it was death in heaven!
A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true!
If not far bolder still, to disbelieve!

YOUNG.

SERIOUS reflections only can be suitable to the present solemn season; † when devotion awakens her most languid adorers; and the busy clamour of amusement and diversion is hush'd into awful and attentive silence. If any day peculiarly demands the respect of christians, it surely must be that which commemorates the last act of him; whose amazing philanthropy wrought life and salvation for mortals. The saying of an old friend of mine, respecting this day, always pleases me: "a bird, he used to observe, would not carry a stick or straw to her nest upon it!" And indeed, when we consider the stupendous act, either in itself or in its most blessed consequences, we shall think no religious application too exact for the remembrance.

There are some, we know, who, averse to the observance of days and times, and esteeming it too much favouring either of *Judaism* or *Popery*; would annihilate all distinction of seasons, and appropriate no peculiar days to the commemora-
tion

† Good-Friday.

tion of acts, which, properly speaking, ought to be *daily* commemorated. But with the good leave of our brethren, we must remark, that there is no less wisdom than utility in appointing and setting apart seasons for the commemoration of important facts, and for the exercise of more solemn devotion; and herein we have the example of the whole world before us. Search through the annals of ancient story; examine every nation under the sun in every period, and you will find this custom prevalent. There is something in it of gratitude, which nature and the common reason of mankind seem to dictate. How soon would many facts have otherwise been forgotten? How soon (for instance) may we say with great probability, would the knowledge of a deity almost totally be lost, if the *sabbath* was abrogated; and men were not called upon in that weekly rotation, to remember their creator and redeemer?—But let me also observe, that in appointing days of commemoration there is great utility: for thereby not only the remembrance of actions is preserved, but their reality is proved and authenticated. A very strong evidence, not to say an irrefragable one, that *Charles* the First was beheaded on the 30th of January, is our annual solemnity on that day. And if any man was to be so wild, as to doubt or deny that fact, we might with much reason demand of him, the cause of that day's observance, and *whence, when, and how* that custom arose?

Now the same reasoning may be applied to the great christian festivals; which have been observed not only in our nation, but in the whole christian world, from the very beginning of christianity; and which of consequence afford

convincing testimony, to the truth of the facts commemorated. And if the deist or infidel will deny, at all hazards, that Jesus Christ *was born, died, and rose again*: before we either give up our faith, or admit his arguments, we must request him to shew us by very plain proofs, the time when, the place where, and the men by whom these ancient customs and these days of remembering such events were introduced; and we must beg leave to have clear and convincing evidence, since the argument, which the opposer of christianity hath to support, is in direct contrariety to the universal usage of Christendom; and since we can trace the observance of these solemn seasons to an age, and a time when it would have been no small difficulty to have imposed upon the credulity of the world.

The being of the sacraments, and of the great festivals in the church, supply us with a kind of visible and sensible evidence of the truth of christianity. They in some measure render it a matter of immediate and direct knowledge. And thoroughly considered, afford the most substantial testimony to the important facts on which rest our hopes and our happiness. A celebrated writer has laid down four rules, as unerring touchstones, whereby to examine the veracity of any fact; and which he avers, with great propriety, can leave us no room to doubt of the authenticity of any matter of fact where they are found. These are, 1. That the *matter of fact*, be such, as that men's outward senses, their *eyes* and *ears*, may be judges of it. 2. That it be done *publicly* in the face of the world. 3. That not only public *monuments* be kept up in memory of it, but some outward *actions* to be performed. 4. That such *monuments*, and such *actions* or *observances*

servances be instituted, and do commence from the time that the matter of fact was done.

Now apply these rules to the *Mosaic* and *Christian* dispensation; and they will fully square with them: while others, which pretend to a divine original, will be found wanting, if weighed in this balance. The particular fact, however, which we this day commemorate more immediately claims our present attention. And this very commemoration of it expresses its agreement to one of these rules. Certainly too it was the object of men's senses, they could not doubt whether Christ was crucified and slain, or not: it was done publicly; as publicly as possible: *not in a corner*, as one of its great advocates expresseth it: the day itself is a *monument*; and the sacrament of the Lord's supper, is a significant *action*: each of which have been instituted, and did commence from the time, when the matter of fact was done. So that this solemn day, and that blessed *sacrament* (properly celebrated on this day) are evident and sensible demonstrations, before our eyes, of the truth of this most interesting fact, that "Jesus Christ died on the cross at Jerusalem, a sacrifice for sinners."

Let me observe, that as this is an argument of great force, and not easy to be confuted: so is it plain and level to every man's capacity: and every subtlety of refined speculists, who wish to shake the foundations of rational faith, may be baffled by the most unlearned man, with this simple, though significant quære, "If, as you say, the whole religion of Christ is false and invented to deceive; whence arose the celebration of *Good Friday*, and of the sacraments in the Christian church? And how came they to be used so universally, and from such high antiquity?"

But

But if this be indeed a fact; if, as we profess to believe, Christ the incarnate son of God, did, as on this day, offer himself an immaculate sacrifice on the tree for human offences; if, indeed, he was thus afflicted, tormented, and crucified; brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and stricken for our transgressions! Men and brethren, how awful are our calls to gratitude and duty! how vast the obligations we owe him, for this immense, this unspeakable gift of love! obligations, which arise to the most exalted height, when we consider this instance of the divine benevolence in its full display; when we reflect upon the dignity of the person; upon his amazing condescension, and unparalleled stoop from celestial glories to terrestrial sorrows: when we consider the severity of his sufferings, and the savage cruelty of his persecutors: and when we consider the objects, the ungrateful, the unworthy sinners, for whom he thus condescended, lived, and bled, and died!

But by your permission, these particulars shall exercise our meditations in a future paper; while we conclude the present with Milton's beautiful apostrophe, which, though frequently quoted, will not be therefore less agreeable—

—*Decies repetita placebit.*

—*O unexampled love!*

Love no where to be found, less than divine!

Hail son of God! saviour of men, thy name,

Shall be the copious matter of my song

Henceforth; and never shall my harp thy praise

Forget, nor from thy father's praise disdain!

PAR. LOST, B. III. 410.

NUMBER

NUMBER X.

The REAL HISTORY of a MAGDALEN.

To the VISITOR.

— *Man, the lawless libertine may rove
Free and unquestion'd, thro' the wilds of love:
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame;
And one false step entirely damns her fame.
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore;
In vain look back to what she was before;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.*

ROWE.

S I R,

I AM much obliged to you for giving my poor performance a place in your paper; * and, upon that encouragement, I take the liberty once more to trouble you. I have a plain and artless tale to deliver; and I deliver it only to shew, that pity and relief may not improperly be extended to unhappy objects like myself. Parents too, perhaps, may learn some instruction from my story.

I am the daughter of a tradesman in this city: my father, though engaged in a reputable and advantageous business, had yet no right to the privileges of a gentleman; but my mother desirous to assume those privileges, from her marriage determined to live and act as a gentlewoman. With this view she always followed the fashion: her dress was ever in the mode; and her dining room was furnished in taste; the chimney piece had no small share of *Bow-china ware*; the curtains

* See this Paper, No. 8.

tains were made after the most elegant manner ; and the whole floor was covered with *Wilton carpet*. You may be satisfied from this disposition of my mother's, that she was careful, whatever else she might forget, to instruct her children in politeness. Indeed, Sir, ever from the time that I can remember ought, I remember nothing so diligently inculcated upon me as lessons of my own importance, gentility, and beauty, and the necessity of setting off my person to the best advantage. Imagine not, that I mean to dishonour my mother by repeating these things; which may appear trifling, but were in reality the inlets to my ruin : I reverence the memory of my parent ; but by mentioning her mistakes, perhaps I may happily warn others. At the age of fifteen I lost my mother, who left my father a widower with myself, a sister, and two brothers ; and, as I was the eldest, and my father very fond of me, the chief conduct of domestic affairs fell upon me. But Oh ! Sir, how ill capacitated was I for this, who had been initiated into all the fashionable diversions and amusements, for which I had contracted an insuperable fondness ; as they led me to display those personal graces, which alone I was taught to cultivate ; and which, alas ! I valued but too highly. My mother's death tended to advance me more early into a state of womanish behaviour ; and my father gratified too blindly my wild inclinations. As I had heard only general and random lessons of virtue, and very few or occasional instructions in religion, it is not to be supposed, that mere *female* honour could give me great strength to withstand temptations. But, indeed, I thought little of temptations : as I scarcely knew what was vice, so it gained little of my reflection : my chief wish was to be admired ;
and

and my grand aim and pursuit, to get a very fine and wealthy husband. Chariots, country houses, routs, dress, and gaiety occupied my waking and sleeping thoughts.

Thus a year and more ran on : during which time I wanted not admirers ; for I must be allowed to say, my person was pleasing and attractive. Amongst these the son of an opulent merchant in our neighbourhood attended me most assiduously ; and his endearing behaviour soon won my unsuspecting heart. My father encouraged his visits ; which yet he himself desired might be as secret as possible : “ For his father, he informed us, would be greatly offended, if acquainted with his attachments to me, the only thing, he daily protested, which prevented his marrying me.” I heard his oaths, I listened and believed. But how distant was I from suspecting any dishonourable intentions, since, in all the fervour of passion, he would curse his fate, and the vile folly of mankind in suffering *priests* to obstruct their bliss by a foolish ceremony, devised solely for their profit ; since, in the sight of God, (if there was a God who took notice of such things) an union of hearts, and mutual oaths and vows, must doubtless constitute a marriage. Much of this I often heard ; and love blinded my eyes to its intent.

In the mean time a sudden shock overwhelmed our family in the deepest distress : my father became a bankrupt ; and the miseries impending over his children so affected him, that he turned perfectly melancholy. This accident was Mr. ***’s triumph : his friendship and tenderness for me on this occasion was such, that I fear it would have prevailed over a heart better fortified. Wonder not, Sir, that it prevailed over me, whose heart was melting with the softest love to him !

Cruel

Cruel deceiver, he persuaded me to leave that distressful scene, and to take possession of a lodging, which he had provided, he told me, till better times would allow him publicly to acknowledge me as his wife. My father's brother took the management of his affairs, and the kind protection of my brothers and sister; while I, only I, was lost to them: drowned in a state of insensibility, though not without the tenderest regard to my dear relations; whom I endeavoured to persuade, that I was married to Mr. * *; but they were too wise: they could not be deceived; and foretelling me my fate with severity enough, utterly cast me off.

Possessed of Mr. * *'s affection, I felt, I conceived no loss or hurt from any other's neglect. And my heart can bear me witness, that I never knew a thought, or indulged a wish from him. Seven months he continued all I could hope: and I began to believe that every thing, (though little enough) which I had heard of formal virtue, was a name; and that outward ceremonies, and the like, tended only to the infelicity of the married state. But soon, too soon, was I awakened from this golden dream. Mr. * * grew thoughtful in my company, began to make his visits less frequent and more short; urging great business in the counting-house, the preparation of ships, and I knew not what: it gave me pain, but I suspected nothing. One day, however, when I was at the window waiting for him, as usual, with fond impatience, a messenger came with a letter: but what words can express my anguish upon reading it! It was to inform me that his father had found out his connection with me, and had provided a match for him with a lady of very great fortune; and since

it

it was impossible for him to refuse, as he must thereby forfeit all his father's regard, he hoped I would make myself easy: especially, as he would take care of the child I should bring into the world (for I was then with child by him) and would procure me a good place after my delivery; to support me till which time, he sent me a bill of thirty pounds.

My torture and distress were beyond all description, I will not therefore attempt it; a miscarriage ensued, and a dangerous illness, in which I had good hope that I should have finished a burthen some life: though the dread I had of something future deterred me from any thing violent, to which my distresses frequently prompted me. For though I wrote and entreated but for one interview, would you believe that I intreated always in vain? This hard-hearted man, this most unkind and cruel source of all my sorrow, would scarcely deign me a reply! My relations were equally obdurate: I desired but to see my sister; my aunt and uncle sent me only in return to my request, sharp upbraidings and savage counsels! Gracious heaven, what a situation was mine! How early did I begin to drink of the bitter cup of penance for my unlawful pleasures and criminal indulgencies!

My youth supported me under this heavy load; the heaviest part of which was my solitude, and the want of some female friend to console me, and to amuse my gloomy thoughts. My nurse, to whom I had frequently made my complaint, and from whom I had concealed no part of my afflictions, at my repeated request, was so kind (I conceived it kind) to introduce to me a lady of the neighbourhood, as she told me; whose frank and generous converse soon engaged my foolish heart;

and I thought myself happy in the friendship of Mrs. *Marriot*. Mrs. *Marriot* took me to her country house; several ladies were recommended by her to my acquaintancé. Two or three gentlemen paid us short visits; and after a day or two's stay there, we returned to town together; but, as it happened to be late, she pressed me much to take a bed at her house. I complied, and laid me down to sleep under her care and custody, dreaming of nothing ill. When I was awakened in the night, by the admission of a person into my room and bed; whom I found it in vain to resist, as he informed me truly where I was, what I must expect, and how unreasonable and unavailing any refractory conduct would prove. The terror of the scene deprived me of my senses, and I have no recollection of myself, but as surrounded the following day by Mrs. *Marriot*, and several of her house, using their endeavours to support my life, of which they seemed almost to despair. It would be superfluous, Sir, to tell you the horrid situation I was now in, since this is an evil but too commonly known: I was again a ruined wretch; and besides this a beggared prisoner, destined to every misery that human nature is capable of. My very soul abhorred my manner of living; but alas, I knew not, I could not apprehend any method of redress! Some months I was compelled to the drudgery of this detestable life; and as ours was a much frequented house, mine was the more deplorable a fate: With some difficulty I again found means to apply to my uncle and my sister, but they were as abduurate as the flint. Good God, that neither wretchedness, relationship, prayers, nor entreaties should avail! If thou wast as severe as our fellow creatures, what must become of sinful mortals!

But that I may not be tedious : at length, Sir, myself and the rest of our unhappy sisterhood, were delivered from our prison, and dispersed by the disgrace of our mistress, who for some misdemeanor fell into the hands of justice. But, alas, I was then as much to seek as ever. Sally *** , with whom I had contracted a friendship, advised me to go with her to some public office, and there to enquire for a place : but at these offices we were again and again rejected, unable, as we were, to refer any where for a character : and too plainly as our improper dress discovered our manner of life. We had no money : we had no friends : we wept together, but we could find no possibility of deliverance from a pursuit of our former life, in order to obtain sustenance. I am sure, and can say it with the most solemn truth, any employment would have been blessed, in comparison of this. For let the humane only judge of a timorous young girl entering the streets with a guilty mind, and a shameful purpose ; darkness and distress around her ; and under the dire necessity of submitting to the brutality of lust with any wretch who is inclined to use her. I was shocked with horror. Exquisite and pressing hunger, I truly declare, alone compelled me. Sally and myself took a little apartment, and there breathed a miserable existence.

Some weeks after which, as I was crossing the Strand, a young man met me, and using my name, I looked at him attentively : but what was my surprize and my pleasure to find it my elder brother, who was grown much since I saw him, and was now near sixteen years old ! I was ready to faint at the sight of him ! For there had always been a particular love between us. I perceived the tears gush down the cheeks of the dear

U youth, and you may easily conceive I could not refrain mine. He beckoned me to follow, and when we came to a private avenue in the street, he took my hand, 'Oh! my dearest sister, said he, how happy am I, that at last I have found you! my uncle and my friends have continually represented you to me as lost, and I have been unable to learn more, than that you are become a vile and abandoned woman of the town!' Oh! brother, I replied, they have indeed been cruel, though I am worthless: but had they been more kind, they might have saved me from my present distress. You must have heard how often I have wrote to them, and to you; why was it that you would never give me one word of an answer? 'I never received a line from you, replied he; and whenever I enquired concerning you; my uncle bad me be silent, and never ask after the scandal of the family, using other vile names which I shall not repeat. But, for God's sake, tell me, are you that unhappy woman? I tremble to think it.—You may be assured I could give no answer. To hear this from a brother, and so young, and whom I tenderly loved, and whose sight renewed the remembrance of all my past offences, the remembrance of my dearest friends, and shewed me myself in the utmost degree of horror; to hear this, shocked me beyond expression; and his tears and affectionate anxiety added poignancy to every reflection. 'Oh! sister, said he, this is too much to be supported: but heaven has made me happy, that I may be the blessed means, I hope, of administering relief to you. If you have any proper place to go to, let me attend you, and tell you what I have to offer.' We went to my little lodging immediately. And can I, Oh! can I ever enough ex-
prets

press my joy, when this good young man, now dearer to me than life, informed me of the *Magdalen-House*: whereof he told me his excellent master was a governor, and to the chapel of which he had one *Sunday* introduced him.

There needed not much recommendation; for how could I be unwilling to abandon a life which was big with misery and sorrow? But had I not been so, his description of this blessed *House* would have certainly led me to it. I told him, I hoped he would recommend me to his master, not naming my relationship to himself. But this he said was impossible; since no favour was shewn in admission. The most proper objects, the truest penitents, and the most afflicted, being alway preferred by the governors. If so, said I, there is no doubt but I shall obtain their favourable regard. I thought the hours long, till *Thursday* arrived, the day of admission: upon which I repaired to the *Magdalen*; petitioned; prevailed; and was blest!

Thus, Sir, I owe, under God, my present happiness to my brother, which endears it still more: during my stay in the *House*, I was frequently blest with his company, which is always instructive; and he has constantly supplied me with some religious treatise or other, which I read with a double pleasure as coming from him. I have hopes too of regaining the regard of my other friends, and have already seen my sister. My poor father, to my exquisite sorrow, died soon after my departure. This is at present the greatest burden to my mind.

Such is my story; which I have delivered in the plainest manner. I want not to exculpate myself: That I am criminal, very criminal; that I have done amiss, very much amiss, I am

ready to acknowledge: I do acknowledge in the sight of God and man. But oh! dear Sir, let the most rigidly virtuous consider a poor uninstructed young girl, without any principles almost but those of *vanity*, attacked by every thing that can allure, youth, wealth, personal graces, solemn vows, and the most awful protestations and promises of marriage from a faithless heart; her own, sick with love; and let pardon at least be granted for one fault. For the rest, treachery, perfidy, cruelty, necessity, will speak. My sufferings have been very severe: and oh! that I had known those dictates of virtue and religion, in which I have been instructed at the *Magdalen*, and which found a properly humbled mind to receive them! Oh that in early youth I had known them; that my parents, had early taught me the ways of piety; for, I am persuaded, I should then never have taken the first false step. I should then have preserved my innocence, and have escaped those sorrows, which, I am satisfied, are the never-failing attendants of Vice.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

A GRATEFUL MAGDALEN.

NUMBER

NUMBER XI.

*Pardon for infinite offence, and pardon
 Thro' means that speak its value infinite!
 A pardon bought with blood: with blood divine;
 With blood divine of him, I made my foe!
 Persisted to provoke, tho' woo'd and aw'd,
 Blest and chastis'd! A flagrant rebel still!
 A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne;
 Nor I alone—a rebel universe!
 My species up in arms! Not one exempt!
 Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies!
 Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest guilt:
 As if our race were held of highest rank,
 And Godhead dearer as more kind to man!*

YOUNG.

IT is not easy to conceive how man can pay a higher or more honourable service to the Deity, than by faith or trust in his most sacred word and promises. Nor is it easy to conceive how man in his present circumstances, could otherwise honour the Deity: since it is impossible for him either evidently to see, or fully to comprehend the objects of his *faith* or his *hope*. The great advocates for *natural* religion, in opposition to *revealed*, seem not duly to have attended to this principle; since it is certain that *faith* and *trust* must be exerted in the former, no less than in the latter; *faith* in the general existence; *trust* in the *probable* mercy of the Supreme.

The believer in revelation hath by far the most solid footing: convinced of the reality of the facts,

facts, offered to his assent, he presumes not to fathom their depths: he imagines not that he can penetrate into all their reasons, causes, and dependencies. But assured that such is the matter of fact, here he rests, believes, and adores.

That Christ Jesus suffered at Jerusalem, is a truth so undeniably attested, that a man must abjure reason and common sense, before he can really disbelieve it. Why the all-wise God thought fit to use this astonishing method for the recovery and salvation of men: and whether that effect might not have been produced by some other cause, tho', perhaps, we might be able to assign some very probable reasons, yet we attempt not to say or explain. Suffice it for us, that such was the will of God; and that he hath ordained this as the grand means of our salvation.

And *grand* indeed we must confess it, when we reflect upon the whole tremendous process! The long series of *prophecies*; the separation of the Jewish people to preserve those prophecies, and as it were to prepare the way for the entrance of this mediator into the world, clearly shew that this was no ordinary, no common undertaking. And what could be ordinary in which such a *person* was concerned? The everlasting SON of the everlasting *Father*; the brightness of his father's glory, and the express image of his person; who, seated on the throne of celestial magnificence, had from endless ages received the adoration of all the heavenly hosts, and enjoyed the fulness of divine beatitude! That such a person should undertake for fallen man, is wonderful! But that he should undertake in such a manner, is still more so! Had he deigned to visit the earth, and to have displayed

ed at all his glorious presence here; this had been much! But that he should vouchsafe to *assume* human nature, and to appear as a man amongst men; this is a condescension we want words to acknowledge. How then is all wonder lost, when we reflect that he not only assumed human nature, but assumed it in its meanest character: he took not upon him the form and office of a prince or a noble, but that of a servant; of a poor mechanic, a carpenter himself, the son of a carpenter! And had this been all, we could never enough have adored the infinite humiliation. But as if all this had been nothing, the great apostle remarks, that in this situation he *humiliated* himself, and became obedient unto death; had it been a common death, an easy and natural resignation of his own, to purchase the *lives* of men, we were bound to render him everlasting praises: But it was a death of the most opprobrious, and of the most dolorous kind,—even the death of the cross.

That such a *person*, the eternal and immaculate son of Omnipotence, should thus humble himself for us men and for our salvation, is worthy unceasing acknowledgments, is master of the most awful wonder! but consider we with proper attention, the whole sad series of his sufferings, from the beginning of his life to the day of his death, and we shall confess, that as never sorrow was like unto his sorrow; so his whole existence amongst us was a life of suffering; was a continual sacrifice, and offering to God. The cup of which he drank, was nothing but vinegar and gall. Ingratitude, envy, perfidy, treachery, anguish of body, and anguish of mind rendered him truly, according to
the

the prophetic information, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." His familiar friend betrayed; all his chosen friends,—nay, even his Father, forsook him.—*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!* Stretched on the dewy ground, under the cold canopy of heaven, with the heavy load of human sins upon him; with the dread foresight of Divine wrath, he prayed, he wept; the sweat distilled down his sacred body—*sweat*, amazing to tell, *bloody sweat*—*his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground!* And to finish all—see him crowned with thorns; buffeted, mocked, spurned, spit upon.—See him stretched in intolerable anguish on the cross, "how his wounds blacken! his body writhes, his heart heaves with pity and with agony. Look down, look down, Oh! Almighty sufferer, from thy triumphant infamy! Lo, he inclines his head to his sacred bosom—Hark, he groans! See, he expires! The earth trembles; the temple rends; the rocks burst; the dead arise: Which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature is departing with her creator!" *

If now, to these reflections on the greatness of the *sufferer's person*, and the complicated horror of his *sufferings*, we add the consideration of the *objects*, for whom he thus condescended, how will our wonder and gratitude increase! It was not for angels; it was not for dutiful, deserving creatures. It was for *sinners*, for *rebels*, for miserable and depraved children of the dust. St. Paul dwells upon this: "*But God commendeth his love towards us; in that while we were YET SINNERS, Christ died for us.*" And the fine poet, in the words prefixed

from of him from him from him from him to

* See Sir Richard Steele's Christian Hero, p. 38.

to this essay, hath in a beautiful climax set forth the marvellous mercy.

Pardon for *infinite* offence—and pardon
Thro' means, that speak its value infinite !
A pardon bought with *blood* !

Of all things most valuable—but observe, it is not common blood—with *blood divine*—*with blood divine of HIM*.—Amazing to tell—most comfortable to be told ! Of him *I made my foe*—and not only *made*, by one or more direct offences, but of *him* whom *I persisted to provoke*, and that under the strongest obligations to the contrary, for he *woo'd* and he *aw'd* me ; he *blest* and *chastised* me ; all in infinite love to win me to duty and happiness.—Yet I persisted, a *flagrant rebel still* ! a rebel, hard-hearted and unwise even amidst the thunders of his throne ! But hear, Oh ! heavens, and thou earth be astonished ! *Not I alone*, not one only : but a rebel *universe* ! *My species up in arms* ! *Not one exempt* ! For all have gone out of the way ! All like sheep have erred in the paths of iniquity : in Adam all died, and became subject to sin ! *Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies* ! Oh ! ye sinners hear the joyful sound ! Christ hath died for *you*, for the greatest of *you* : and there is pardon thro' him, if in faith and sincere repentance ye will turn to him, and turn from transgression !

He is most joyful for the redeemed from deepest guilt,—as their danger was most imminent, and their recovery most doubtful and difficult : and as if our race was held of highest rank !

And Godhead dearer and more kind to man !

Let

Let the proud and self-sufficient deist disclaim the Saviour, and despise his atonement ! For us, who are conscious to the *thoughts*, the *words*, the *deeds* of depravity, let us rejoice in, and make our boast of pardon, through a suffering mediator !—In whom we cannot believe, and not be warmed into the most exalted love to that glorious Godhead, which hath imparted such a blessing to mankind ! It were almost impious to be cold on such a subject : to be languid towards the author of such inexpressible good.

Oh ye cold hearted, frozen, formalists ;
On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm :
Passion is reason : transport temper here :
Shall heaven, which gave us ardour, and has
shewn

Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise ?
Rise odours, sweet from incense, uninflam'd ?
Devotion when lukewarm, is undevout :
But when it glows, its heat is struck to Heaven ;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;
High heaven's *orchestra* chaunts *Amen* to man !

Observe we too, that as *love* is the necessary consequence of a fiducial reception of a suffering Saviour ; so the most lively and active confidence must warm the heart, and rejoice the soul : for we may say with the most exact propriety of reason—" If when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God, by the death of his Son ; much more, *being* reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." And, " He that spared not his own Son ; but gave him up for us all ; how shall he not also

also with him freely give us all things?" — If he gave him for *us all*, if he hath so loved *us all*, members of one body, made of one blood, children of one father—how ought we—what a forcible obligation is it upon us, to *love one another*? The natural result of a contemplation of our Redeemer's passion is gratitude to God—detestation of sin—universal benevolence and good-will to all mankind! Pleasing proof of the wisdom and goodness of God, which hath thus exemplified our duty; and bound it upon us by the most endearing and awakening motives! Happy they, whose lives correspond and coincide with the great design: Happy they, who love as they have been loved; and manifest that love by every act of religion and humanity in their power.

NUMBER XII.

To the VISITOR.

*Shall I like Curtius desperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the common weal?*

POPE.

S I R,

AS I have a very sincere regard for the *clergy*, and am well satisfied that it is much for the political interest of a kingdom to preserve and cultivate that regard: it always gives me unpleasing sensations, when I perceive public and general reflections thrown upon the body. It is true, where those reflections are ill-founded, and as ill supported; with the serious and discerning they will produce no bad effects: but their influence cannot fail to be pernicious upon the minds of

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those

those who are unaccustomed to think much for themselves, and who implicitly receive what is plausibly written.

I am led into these remarks by the perusal of a periodical paper * now before me ; from the merit of which I mean not to detract ; perhaps, for some good services, I might be willing to pay all due respect to the writer : on the subject especially which is handled in that day's paper, to which I refer, he certainly deserves the thanks of his countrymen ; and we are much indebted for his zeal and patriotic efforts, in opposition to that infernal liquor, gin ! the invention of which we may with as much justice and propriety ascribe to the prince of the devils, as Milton ascribeth to him the invention of those death-doing instruments ; which have disembogued from their iron mouths, so much destruction and misery. †

But I would wish to know what this gentleman would have the clergy do in such a case ? Indeed he taxeth them very heavily, and calleth aloud both upon those of the *established and dissenting* communion : how *careless*, saith he, doth it appear in those to whom the *established* church hath committed the care of souls ; and in our *dissenting* pastors, to whom is committed the instruction of their congregations, in the paths of righteousness, sobriety, and true holiness ; not to bear their testimony against a law, that shall lay an *everlasting* temptation for immorality, irreligion, confusion, and every evil work."

He then produceth some very alarming sentences from the prophets, which he is pleased to apply on this occasion ; how justly I will not presume to say. But only beg leave to remark, before

* The Monitor, March 29, 1760.

† See Par. Lost, B. 6. L. 470, &c.

fore I proceed with my subject: how injudiciously, full often, warm and rapid writers *overload* their arguments: giving them so much *gravity* and *proof*, that they have neither weight nor proof at all. This may truly be said to be the case with our author; for as to the “*everlasting*” temptation to the vices” whereof he speaks: we may assert, I persuade myself, both in the name of the *clergy*, and of the most thinking *commonalty* too, that they have so high and so venerable an opinion of our noble and honourable law-givers, as to be perfectly convinced that this “law, whenever it shall be plainly found not an *everlasting*, but a *temporary* cause of the evils specified, will undoubtedly be abrogated.”

But granting the fact, what would this writer have the clergy do in such a case;—the body of the clergy? Would he have every pulpit sound with the destructive nature of gin? And if so, we might ask, *cui bono*? The only proper place thus to preach, the only proper persons before whom thus to preach is that *church*, where assemble the *persons* who are concerned in passing this law: for those who are no ways concerned in it, why preach on this subject to them? For we must do the writer so much justice as to suppose, that he would not wish the clergy to be the trumpeters of sedition, as in a former disgraceful period of our history; when the pulpit

———*Drum ecclesiastic*

Was beat with fist instead of a stick,

In the humorous phrase of our poet; and when
“Down with Jeroboam and his calves”—
“Curse ye Meroz and the inhabitants thereof †”

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unhappily

† See Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. ii. p. 22. 23. 8vo.

unhappily spirited up the enthusiastic mob to usurp by the most licentious proceedings the conduct of matters, for which they were by no means qualified. Thanks to our better times, and better reason, the clergy have too much sense and candour, to be stimulated to any such pestiferous abuse of their sacred function!

“No—We mean not this—would our author say: but they should bear their testimony.” How should they bear it? An address would be impertinent; especially as their *bishops* have the honour to bear a part in the administration. Nay, but “the *dissenters* petitioned, says this writer, against the breach of the sabbath “by the *militia act*.” Not to speak of the propriety or impropriety of this step, we observe, that the cases are very different: “the breach “of the sabbath” is an allowed transgression of a plain and positive law of God. It will be difficult to prove the use of *gin*, such, in itself, separate from the consequences; which consequences, if the legislature use their best and wisest endeavours to prevent, the question is, against what sin or vice have the *clergy* to petition?

“But still it is their duty to instruct their “congregations in *righteousness, sobriety, holiness*.”—Verily we grant it; and wretched instructors must they be, who omit to inculcate these capital duties. We are well satisfied every worthy and serious divine, as well of the *dissenting* as of the *established* church, is diligent in this important exercise. And perhaps by the way, not a few of them, where they see any propriety or conceivable utility, are found ready to speak of
the

the dangerous consequences of an excessive use of *gin*.

But after all, I will so far agree with our author, as to allow that there are some methods by which the clergy may “bear *their testimony*” against this evil; tho’ in a more proper as well as more prevailing way, we may suppose, than by any *public*, and perhaps obnoxious proceeding: that is, by their *writings* and *arguments* laid before the public in general, and the legislature in particular. By their private *suggestions*, *letters*, *hints*, and the like, to the *nobles*, *members*, &c. with whom they happen to be more or less connected. And that many, very many respectable clergymen have omitted to use these methods, is more we imagine, than this writer would take upon him to say. At least, if peradventure he should so say, we should know perhaps what in return to reply. But I must just drop one hint much to the *honour* of the *clergy*, (the *Monitor* himself being *judge*) namely, that it hath been shrewdly suspected, and very freely said by some, that the writer of these papers on the matter in hand, the *Monitor* himself, is a *clergyman*:—and if so, the services done by this champion may well serve to acquit the whole body.

However, joking apart, we will readily agree with the writer, that the general use of *gin* is by no means an indifferent matter: but one wherein the public good is peculiarly interested. Nay we will not be backward to wonder, how any man professing *Christianity*, and really knows what he professes, can either satisfy his conscience, or by any means make his prosecution of this business consistent with his Christian profession.—We will also allow, that it is the duty of every member of the community to ex-

press, in the most proper and decent manner, his sense of the evil, and his knowledge of its malign consequences; nay, that he who is conscious of any peculiarly pernicious effects; that he who can detect any frauds; that can discern any abuses; that can prove any disadvantages arising from the law, under such and such circumstances; we will allow, I say, that such a man, whether *cleric* or *laic*, is deficient in the duty he owes to society, if he omit to notify his particular observations. And if this be true of individuals, much more is it of *cities*, of *corporations*, of *societies*; who doubtless in this case should, with all becoming deference, address their several representatives.

But when those *representatives* have with care and caution; with assiduity and attention; with prudence and impartiality, weighed every argument: we conceive that it favours more of an arrogance, which (to say the least) merits not commendation; than of a patriotism, which claims the noblest applause; to cavil at, and controvert their best determinations.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

M.

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NUMBER XIII.

To the VISITOR.

— *And did he rise?*

Hear, oh ye nations: bear it, oh ye dead!

He rose, he rose; he burst the bars of death;

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates;

And give the king of glory to come in!

Who is the king of glory? He who left

The throne of glory for the pang of death!

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,

And give the king of glory to come in?

YOUNG.

SIR,

AS you indulged me by admitting my reflections on the *death*, I beg leave to employ one more *Saturday's* paper, with some general remarks on the *resurrection* of Christ. Permit me to say, that whatever some may advance respecting our age, it is no bad sign, to perceive papers of so serious a nature, as our last, so well received, and so generally acceptable, as I have had the pleasure to remark (in various companies,) these have been. It is an encouragement to proceed.

The *resurrection* of Christ we acknowledge, is an article of the utmost moment. The very being of the christian religion depends upon the truth of it. For could we suppose that Christ never rose from the dead, the whole superstructure must fall, our *faith* be found folly, and our *hope* delusion. But so far is this from being the case, that the *evidences* in support of this *fact*, are infinitely

infinitely stronger, than any which can be produced in support of whatever other matter of belief: as indeed, we readily allow, they ought to be, since the *fact* is of a nature so extraordinary. And I think, we may say, with great truth, that it requires a much larger *faith* to disbelieve, than to believe it.

“No, saith the infidel; *evidences are in vain* in this case: seeing the thing itself is utterly “incredible, as contradicting nature and experience.”—Most willingly would we grant, that evidence was fruitless, if the matter evidenced was in itself incredible. But we absolutely deny this, with respect to the resurrection of a man from the dead. We may put the apostle’s question—“*Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?*” Can it be denied, that the omnipotent hand which gives is able to restore life? Certainly, he who created can with equal ease *renovate*. Nay, indeed, humanly speaking, there seems much greater facility in the latter, than the former. And when we consider a body dead and lifeless, we may well believe, that the Lord of existence can as easily, with one touch of his quickening hand, set in motion again the springs of life: as a skilful artificer with a slight touch, can give motion to a watch, which by some disorder in its machinery is stopped, and as it were, *dead*. To pursue the similitude: the watchmaker is by no means baffled in his art, if every *wheel* and *spring* and *pin* of the watch be separated each from the other: skilled in the mechanism, he repairs it with ease, unites every part, and again restores it to motion. And can we suppose that the Almighty *artificer* is unable to unite the disseminated parts of human bodies, and again to build them into a living frame?—

But

But whatever may be the case with bodies mouldered into dust ; certainly to vivify a body, three days only dead, implies no such contradiction, nor seems, even in our estimate, any such vast exertion of almighty power—and it is with this case only that we are at present concerned.

To say that this is contrary to nature or experience, is talking very unphilosophically : for how many things are there, in some countries and climates, which appear contrary to nature and experience in others ? So that if we were to withhold our assent, upon this principle, we must not laugh any longer at the *Indian*, who deemed the *European* a strange romancer, when he asserted the solidity of frozen water. But in fact I deny, that a reunion of a soul to a dead body is contrary to *nature* and right *reason* ; since tradition, general expectation, and many facts, have made men, in all ages, not averse to such belief.

However, be the matter as it may, it must be allowed, that God could work such a work if he pleased : and again it must be allowed, that such a work, if performed, was the object of mens *senses*. We all know what a *dead* body is : and cannot be deceived when we see one, in such a situation, especially as that of *Christ's* : and we know as well, what a living body is ; our senses are fair judges in these cases, and cannot easily be imposed upon.

Granting then the possibility of a resurrection—we aver, that the evidence we have for the truth of our Saviour's is sufficient. The apostles are his witnesses ; and we observe, according to the usual division, that as they had the repeated testimony of all their senses for a long series of time, they could not be *deceived*. As they lived a life of persecution, and labour, and died a *death* of suffering, in attestation of this fact, without
any

any motive to incite, any encouragement to uphold, any fame, pleasure, profit, honour to allure, we rationally conclude, they were not, they could not be *deceivers*.

Nay, moreover, the most indisputable test of their veracity and divine mission, and so in consequence of that *resurrection* to which they bore witness, is the continued train of miracles, which they wrought, which they enabled others to work: which were done publicly, frequently, in the eye of the whole world: which were never denied or gainsaid: and which the bitterest adversaries of the Christian faith never attempted to deny; endeavouring only, and weakly enough, to invalidate their evidence, by ascribing them to *evil demons, art magic*—or any thing, but the true fountain of power. This is a testimony of great weight with us, who are conscious of the *inadequacy* of those causes to such effects: and therefore can never doubt, by what *power* the apostles performed such *miracles*: which miracles leave us no room to doubt of the truth of their mission.

Observe we too, that it shocks every probability, to suppose that twelve men like the *apostles* could have succeeded in the conversion of the world, without arts, arms, or eloquence, unpatronized by the great or the learned, nay opposed most by such—I say it is the veriest absurdity to suppose they could have done this, without the immediate and miraculous hand of God. And if any man believes it possible, let him only make the trial: let him form a scheme of religion as wisely as he can, and let him choose twelve men, who understand only their mother tongue; and let him send them into *Spain* or *China*; to *Constantinople* or *Petersburgh*—or where-ever he pleases; and see what the issue will be. No wise man will doubt.

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To imagine that the apostles were impostors, and stole away the body of Jesus, according to the foolish fable of the Jewish priests, is as contrary to reason, as it is to truth. For whether we consider the *soldiers*, set to guard the *sepulchre* or the *apostles*, or the future behaviour of the *priests* and *rulers*—we shall see that this was impossible. Every one, who knows any thing of the Roman affairs, knows the exact military discipline of the Romans: and how absurd it is to suppose, that men of that order would have dared to sleep in such a situation: not to hint the weakness of supposing, that they *all slept*, as by consent. We know, how a centinel would be treated with us in such circumstances: and the Romans were not less exact in military matters.

But even allowing, that they might have slept, the *apostles* can never be supposed capable of engaging in such a design, as stealing away their master's body. If they had been courageous enough to have thought of this, how could they have known, that all the guards would have slept? But the truth is, they were too pusillanimous to think of any such thing: they had no notion of it: they seem to have lost all hope: and to have had no apprehension of their master's rising again. They had forsaken him. And were hard of belief, when they heard of his resurrection. Their whole conduct declares the impossibility of their embarking in such a hazardous attempt, against the success of which there lay so fearful a peradventure.

Indeed the manner in which the *priests* and *rulers* afterwards proceeded, clearly proved, that they did not themselves believe the story, which they persuaded the soldiers to propagate: for we never find them prosecuting the apostles on that account,

account, or laying it to their charge; though there was abundant room for it: the apostles boldly bore witness of the resurrection: and the priests reprov'd them for so doing; as thereby they would bring the *man's* blood on their heads, whom they had crucified.

“ But say some, if Christ really rose, why did he not appear to all the Jews? they saw him dead: they had no doubt of that: they saw him safe in the sepulchre: why did he not shew himself openly to all the nation?”—Permit me to answer this question by another;—why did he not shew himself to all the world, to the people at *Rome*, to us in *England*?—we had as good reason to expect it as the Jews; who had rejected so long every evidence of his divinity, every demonstration of his mission from heaven, that they became unworthy any further favours: for indeed there was no probability to suppose, that further favours would have produced any better fruits. They had been witnesses to a resurrection, that of *Lazarus*: they could not controvert it: but what good influence had it upon them?—The truth is, his *resurrection* was to be preached to the *world* in general, of which proper *witnesses* were to be chosen: He appeared therefore to these, as well as to many others,—five hundred brethren at once;—and he furnished these witnesses with proper credentials to warrant their testimony. And they who will not receive it, because they think God should have done more, at once make themselves wiser than God; and forget to examine, whether really he hath done enough.

That he hath done so, no humble and rational man will deny: while in full belief of the important fact, he endeavours to realize the resurrection in his soul, by a *moral rising* to a new life

life of virtue; that so he may happily secure to himself that immortality and life, of which the resurrection of his Redeemer is at once the token, and the pledge, the purchase and the security.

—Shout earth and heaven

This *sum of good* to man: whose nature then Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!

Then, then I rose: then first humanity
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest) and seiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in our name! e'er since 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was then transferr'd to death: and heav'n's
duration

Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust!—Man—All-immortal hail!
Hail heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory: man's the boundless bliss!

NUMBER XIV.

To the VISITOR.

Friend,

THE paper called *The Public Ledger* (in which thou bearest a part) hath given me much pleasure, and been of much edification to me and my household. Good fortune betide thee therefore; may the sons of commerce take thee under the golden wings of their protection!—Thus far I had written before sun-set, on the first day of the week, vulgarly and prophanelly called *Sunday*. But lo, when at breakfast this morning, according to my daily

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H

custom,

custom, a custom long practised by my forefathers; yea, verily, I say unto thee, when at breakfast this morning thy paper was brought unto me; how was I moved at once with grief and indignation; "Wo is me, quoth I, to my loving wife, *Gertrude*, what hath this man of vanity, this public corrupter of our manners, this same *Tristram Shandy*, hath he intruded his frontless face into our moral, and sober paper also?" Behold, the spirit of *Gertrude* was moved, and she groaned deeply within her; "Ah *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*, (quoth I, drawing my beaver over my eyes, for mine eyes were swollen with grief) ah! *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*, these unrighteous books; yea, I say unto thee, these unrighteous books will corrupt our godly generation!" Hereat my spouse put from her hand the small vessel of china ware which she did hold therein; and lifting up both her eyes, groaned more grievously than before. "Was it for this, said I, that the royal licence of our good friend *George*, who weareth on his head the crown of gold, was granted unto the trusty and well-beloved *William Faden*, of our city of London, printer? Was it for this, that immorality and prophaneness should, like small wares, be retailed in the *Public Ledger*, to the evident hurt of the community. Yea, and what grieveth me still more, retailed by the poisonous pen of one, who, if my informer sayeth true, is of the number of those that are hired for filthy lucre's sake, to appear in the pulpit in a gown of black, to teach unto the people the way of soberness. Oh! thou man of folly, why wilt thou give unto the infidel, such cause to triumph? Oh ye simple ones (for simple ye are, albeit ye vainly flatter one another with prophane titles of honour) ye great lords, and ye men, who shew
your-

yourself with sleeves made of *lawn*; oh ye simple ones, can ye so manifestly disclose your want of all grace, as to countenance such a reproach to his profession, as the loose and unsanctified penman of *Tristram Shandy*."

Thus Friend *Faden*, did I piously remark, on beholding the words, "Original letters from *Tristram Shandy*," in thy paper. While my good wife *Gertrude* sat inwardly groaning the while; and our virtuous daughter *Ruth* sighed full sad, and forgot to eat her bread and butter! But, Friend *Printer*, if great was my indignation on reading the title, greater far was my indignation on reading the epistle itself. For ribaldry in imitation is much more inexcusable than in its original form. Not much penetration is wanting, I trow, to discern that this letter of thine is not penned by the original *Tristram Shandy*; of whom it may with verity be said, that though altogether deficient in morals, he is not altogether deficient in wit. But peradventure I shall not err much, if I say, that thy *Tristram* discovereth equal lack of both. "Verily *Ebenezer* (said my loving wife *Gertrude* unto me) from what thou hast read I perceive, that this *Tristram*, is a base-born son of that *Tristram*, of whom our good friend *Obadiab*, so wisely complained, in this paper on a former day.* Oh *Ruth*, *Ruth*, continued the sober matron, the Lord forbid that thou should'st be like the ungracious and unnatural daughters of *Obadiab*, who forsake the primitive road of truth, for the crooked paths of the old

H 2

Serpent!"

* This refers to a paper, signed *Obadiab*, which was inserted in the Ledger, and in which *Obadiab* complains of his Daughters for reading *Tristram Shandy*.

Serpent !” *Gertrude*, then said I, I am much moved, *Gertrude*, to write unto this man of folly, our trusty and well-beloved *William Faden*, to reprove and admonish him.” “What thy mind moveth thee unto, delay not to perform, O *Ebenezer*, she replied,” And lo, friend, I write unto thee, and say; why sleepeth our friend *Probus*? where is the sage and pious man, that hath often refreshed us on the day vulgarly called *Saturday*? hath *Lien-Cbi Altangi* no more letters for *Fum-Hoam*; † and will *Fum-Hoam* never reply unto him, opening somewhat more fully unto us the manners of the Chinese, in a style somewhat more like unto theirs? why is our good friend the *Visitor* also so rare in his appearance? my kind love to him, I pray; and if my mind misgiveth me not, his father and I have had long acquaintance; and it will revive my spirit, to read the wise sayings of the young man *Philanthropy*, his son, in thy *Ledger*. But, for this illegitimate child of *Sbandy*, carnally begotten on a mother without understanding or wit, by an irreverend father without virtue; to give thee my advice, friend, in a prudent way; let me tell thee, it will not redound either to thy profit or credit, to admit his vain epistles into thy paper.—I shall bear thee in mind, and am, with much good will, friend *Printer*,

Thine in sincerity,

EBENEZER PLAIN-CLOTH.

Dated our city of London the 2d day of the week in the month, called April, at the season of breakfasting.

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† Writers, who appeared in the *Ledger*.

NUMBER XV.

*Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
 (An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:
 Green fields and shady groves and crystal springs,
 And larks and nightingales are odious things:
 But smoke and dust and noise and crouds delight;
 And to be press'd to death, transports her quite.
 Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
 And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their
 shades,
 Each kennel's absent odours she regrets,
 And stops her nose at beds of violets.*

To the VISITOR.

*From the Metropolitan Ball, Thursday
 night, or rather Friday morning.*

Dear VISITOR.

A Name, by the way, that pleases me beyond all others, Your title shews your good sense and politeness. There is no character so agreeable as that of *Visitor*; nothing in the world (I speak rather too largely: I must say except two or three particulars) nothing is to me so delightful as *visiting*. It is the very thing, Sir, for which we are born; what is life without it? Indeed I must do justice to the superior understanding of our times, discernible as in a thousand other instances, so in the titles annexed to periodical pieces; many of them have charmed me much; as the *Rambler*, a very excellent title; the *Adventurer*, better still; the *Connoisseur*,

seur, oh the dear *Connoisseur*! What humdrums were our fore-fathers, with their *Spectators* and *Guardians*!—not but I must own, the *Tatler* was well enough, but for those *Spectators* and *Guardians*, the very sight of them almost gives me the hysterics!—Well, but to the point; you must know Mr. *Visitor*, that the moment I saw your face in the *Ledger*, I fell in love with you, and was determined to correspond with you. I had some thoughts of sending a letter to the *Ledger*, but I was so much displeased with that title, (so much do I hear of *Ledger* and *Compting-House*, and such stuff every day) that I resolved not to do so. Can't you, dear Sir, can't you persuade your friends *Fairtype* and *Manysheets* to alter that odious title; and to name it the *Assembly* (*La belle Assemblée* is a sweet book with a sweet name) or the *Ball*, or something of that sort, it would give the paper infinite eclat; and I warrant it, many thousands would be sold every day: And then what one writes would be read and seen—and let me tell you, I have a little ambition that way; I don't love to write for nobody. I love to be seen and read, Mr. *Visitor*—Dear Creature, was you at our last *Ball*? I am come to the business now. This was the reason of my writing.

Last, that word *last*! Oh what a sound it has! The raven croaks not so harsh a note! Adieu lov'd ball of the *Haberdashers*; farewell delicious scene of happiness and joy! Brilliant beaus, and sparkling belles adieu; and all ye glories of our *Metropolitan* assembly. Oh that the summer was over and past! that the long day, and short, too short nights were no more! That the dear frosts were travelling from the north, and the pleasant clouds black with storms and with snow!—You must

must know (to descend a little from the sublime) that this night concludes our assemblies for the present year: this night with its brilliant ball, shuts us out from an entertainment, the most elegant, splendid, agreeable, divine; every thing that ever was upon earth, or even can be imagined. Crowns and coronets, all they wish and all they want, fall upon the head of him,—*him* or *her*, which ever it might be,—who, intent upon the *public* good, first proposed and planned this honourable *scheme*!

Nothing can be conceived more happy than we all were: though to be sure, towards the conclusion, we began to be a little moped at the thought, that we were not to meet again for some time. Indeed due respect was paid to the ball; the dresses were high and rich: though I could not help laughing in a corner, with lady *Love-to-sneer*, at the awkward figure alderman *Widdle-wbaddle's* lady made! with her bumpkin daughter simpering at her tail! Lord bless me, the best cloaths in the world, Mr. *Visitor*, don't appear tolerable on some folks. Nor could we refrain smiling at the significant airs assumed by Mrs. *Chalk-and-Cheese*, who thinks every body should make her the lowest courtesy in the room forsooth, because she happens to have a good store of her grand-mother's diamonds; though, *entre nous*, I am apt to believe (and lady *Small-gear*, was quite of my opinion) that there is not any deficiency in *paste-ware* among them. But as to that matter, it is very easy to appear in fine jewels: there was one Miss *Borrow'd-Plumes*, a merchant's daughter, who had some thousand pounds worth of jewels about her; but not one of her own!—I know to whom she gave ten guineas for the night. Why now, Mr. *Visitor*,
these

these are ways to be fine, if people will be fine! But I confess, I think ten guineas better employed in making up a good sack of one's own: to be sure, what with trimming and so forth, ten guineas are but a trifle. For *chenil* is prodigiously dear, especially if tolerably handsome. And I assure you I had the pleasure to find mine particularly taken notice of. It is incredible what a number of ladies enquired after my mantua-maker! * And they were all astonished, when I told them, it only cost *ten guineas* making up. (I did drop a little fib, Mr. *Visitor*, no harm in that you know) for trimming and all came to fifteen—but one loves *sometimes* to appear mighty frugal. And let me tell you too, which pleased me best of all, several gentlemen, some very fine ones, and one very worthy gentleman with a *title*, who does always speak such pretty and polite things—Why, they took great notice, and said, I had a charming taste; but no wonder, said the baronet, “every thing about so fine a lady must be charming and excellent.”

But, Mr. *Visitor*, as I have heard it said somewhere or another; “In the midst of mirth the heart is sad:” so is it in some sort with me. And I will make you my confidant. The winter is over; in vain have I frequented this ball, and all the other public places; for, behold I must return to our abominable country-house, with my old name of *Seeker*. I will not trouble you at present with my various amours, offers, and addresses, nor with my disappointments as various. I have indeed one iron in the fire at present; but no more of that: I shall be mighty

• By way of Note, let me observe, that I always employ a M A N: I can't bear a Woman near me—no body of taste employs Women.

mighty glad of your favourable recommendation; and to that end, you shall hear from me in the country; for which we set out on Saturday morning; and I know not how I shall support my existence. For that which is a source of the greatest pleasure to others is my greatest mortification. "Come, *Selima*, says my father, let us take a walk, and look at our last plantation: let us see how the flowers blow: or let us sit by the canal, and feed the gold fish." Then it is, "Bring *Thomson's* Seasons in your hand: you shall read some of that charming poet to me. Don't you admire his descriptions, child?—I am forced to cry yes, though heaven knows what he describes: for I never think of it, when I read his random poetry. I hate blank verse abominably: of all poetry, your sonnet, or ode, especially love-sonnets please me best! and next to *Thomson*, I hate the country; and stand amazed to hear people in raptures about purling brooks, and flowery banks; summer skies, and vocal groves. The purling brook makes me melancholy; the flowery bank reminds me of the mercers and the milliners shops; and I sometimes sit down upon it merely to sigh: as to the summer's skies, I hate the sun, with his red face and insufferable heat; and the birds never fail to bring to my remembrance the charming concert, and the more charming play-house, which methinks is to *London*, what the heart is to the body. "Cease ye little whistling triflers, I cry when I hear the foolish birds; hold your quavering throats: to my ears you are harsh as the grating hinge, compared to the *Beard's*, the *Brent's*, the *Tenducci's*, the *Frafi's*, &c. &c. of the town.—Only one thing in the country is tolerable, a walk by moonlight.

moonlight in the *arcade*. Oh no: I had forgot; it too much reminds me of dear *Vaux-hall*: celestial spot! I shall hope, however, now and then to visit that delicious place; if I *can* support life, till the joyful winter comes smiling again with all his happy train. Had I a poetical pen, how elegantly now, could I describe the beauties of a dark and clouded day,—the charms of London, decorated with lamps, in every street by five—the warbling whistle of the wintry storms—the engaging whiteness of thick-falling snow, the channels flowing with the thawing ice! Oh winter, dear delicious winter, thou art my season! haste and drive the dull summer away.

There is one thing however, Mr. *Visitor*, whereof I must not fail to inform you; which is, that as our country-retreat is not a very great way from town, and we have a pretty good neighbourhood; I have proposed to several ladies, under the same afflictions and difficulties with myself; that we set up an assembly of our own, a weekly meeting, in order to *kill* some of this odious time. And we have already agreed, about five or six and twenty of us, and do hereby invite all whom it may concern, to agree to the following proposals. Namely, that our assembly, (of which they do me the honour to make me the *queen*) shall be called the *seeking assembly*: that every girl of spirit in *search* of *something*, shall be deemed a proper candidate: that the terms of admission shall be an examination in *Tristram Shandy*, or some writer of equal merit; and a subscription, in their own hand writing to the regulations, and rules prescribed: that in a book provided for that purpose, each member shall put down, what it is
she

she is *seeking* after, with as minute and particular a description thereof, as may be: and that some of the body be deputed to convey the freshest intelligence from all quarters, respecting the matters in *search*. That some certain ceremonies be observed at the initiation of each member; which are to be kept secret and deemed mystical.—Now, Mr. *Visitor*, we hope very good effects may arise from this assembly; and I shall take care to convey to you (if you please me) the minutes of our several meetings.—But I stop short at present. For I am almost tired with dancing, talking, writing, &c. &c.

As I cannot convey this letter myself, I leave it to the care of my brother *Solomon* who is very punctual: and says, that he likes the last page of the *Ledger* beyond all the books he ever saw. He is perpetually poring over it.—My Oxford brother is as much pleased with the first page: and when I told him I was going to write to the *Visitor*, began to examine me about Mr. *Candid* and *Candour-Hall* and *Philantbropy* (by the way I like that long word least of any thing in your character—do change it for an easier name) and he told me, that there was some allegory couched under it.—“More, says he, *is meant, than meets the ear*. You must read it with attention.” But I can give no such attention. I hate your thinking work, when one reads, I love to have it run off: and no more of it. Just as my letter does now: so adieu—till we meet again,—worthy Mr. *Candid*:

Unalterably yours,

April 28, 1760.

SELIMA SEEKER.

Forwarded,

By your's, to serve in the needful,
SOLOMON SEEKER.

NUMBER XVI.

Quod times, aut futurum est, aut secus. Si secus, frustra vexaris. Si venturum est, tum satis dolebis, cum adfuerit Tribulatio.

SENECA.

COMplaints of the miseries of life, and murmurs at the present disposition of things are heard from almost every quarter, are breathed from almost every lip of mortality. Tho' it is not to be denied, that human existence is subject to sorrow; that moral and natural evil predominates, in a great degree, throughout the creation: yet neither is it to be denied, that much of the misery whereof men complain, is of their own seeking: that many of the murmurs which querulous mortals emit, spring from the bitter fountain of their own folly and imprudence.

A copious source of disquietude is that *anticipation* of misfortunes, that ingenious method of *self tormenting* (wherein many are so skilled) by which they penetrate into all the possible calamities of futurity: nor ever allow themselves to enjoy the present thro' an irrational dread and suspicion of what is to come. As nothing can be more destructive of felicity, so nothing is more disgraceful to reason, or more contrary to that pious dependence upon God; which religion in general, and the christian revelation in particular, so clearly inculcates.

This evil without doubt ariseth from weakness of understanding, and want of faith. For did men recollect that no human fears can influence

ence futurity ; that he, in whose hands are all events, both can and will dispose them according to his good pleasure: they would quickly drop all unmanly dread of the morrow; and labour only to secure his protection, who, sovereign in power and goodness, causeth all things to co-operate for the good of his creatures. From such principles a prudent, but not anxious: a reasonable, but not distressful regard to the future, would preserve the composure, and ever maintain the cheerfulness of the mind.

Carviceo never leaves his house, but he is under a thousand apprehensions during his absence, least some mischief should befall his wife or his children: he prognosticates an army of evils, and is generally disappointed at his return to find all things well. *Ventofus* is seldom seen to smile, is commonly ruminating on the mournful situation to which he shall be reduced, in case the vessels, wherein his substance is embarked, shall chance to be taken by the enemy, or sunk by the storms; and with these melancholy probabilities, his family for the most part, every evening are entertained. *Carcalla* preys daily upon her own vitals, and is often observed to drop a tear in silence: for she conjectures and forebodes that her husband, on whose life the whole support of her family depends, will die, before his children are brought up: "and then, saith she, with a lamentable sigh, where shall such a wretched widow and her poor orphans find a friend!"

An ancient apologue (for fables may teach where the more serious dogmas of science are fruitless) well exposeth this pernicious weakness.

Beneath the thick covert of a wide-spreading *oak*, sequestered from the herds, and enjoying the cool of the shade, lay a STAG, with his beautifully-chequered partner by his side; while around them bounded in sporting play, a little lovely *fawn*, produce of their mutual affection. The forest boasted not a mate more faithful and fond than he; more pleasing and constant than the gentle *hind* was renowned through the glade. As she viewed with tender affection the branching antlers nodding on his comely brow; the glossy smoothness of his skin, and the elegant beauty of his slender and well turned legs; full of love she sighed deeply, while a round tear stole involuntarily down her dappled face. Attentive to her looks he soon discerned the rising sorrow: "and whence (said this native burgher of the woods) whence my soft mate, this sad sigh;—wherefore these tears that steal from your eyes, as if they wish to be concealed? The sharer of your heart must claim a share in your troubles; imparted griefs are diminished, as imparted bliss is doubly augmented."

"Alas, she replied, perhaps the day will come; perhaps it is nearly approaching, in which I shall have no partner to share in my griefs or my joys; but be left a widowed *hind* to range the lone forest in desertion and solitude. The mournful reflection for ever presents itself to my view, and I am hourly apprehensive of thy sharing that fate, to which the cruel gods have subjected our unhappy race! Full fresh in my memory, nay, present, as it were, before my afflicted sight, is the miserable catastrophe of my brother—A stag of noblest nature, and once nimblest of those that skim light o'er the lawn!

Shall

Shall I e'er forget the day, when breathless and panting, he fought the thick covert where I chanced to lie hid; his bursting heart throbbed impetuously; his weary legs could no longer support him; in anguish and dismay he threw himself along the turf; and, as he cast his eyes at me, who, trembling with terror, surveyed him; "the big round tears coursed one another down his innocent nose in piteous chace;" just as he was going to vent his deep woe, the horrid tumult of the hunters and the hounds too loudly and plainly bespoke the cause. Unable to fly, he armed himself with desperate resolution;—and shocking to relate—I beheld at a distance the blood-happy pack hang growling at his fair-jutting chest; I saw him long maintain the unequal combat; I saw—But, oh! should such fate befall thee!—nay, and perhaps that pretty innocent one, which plays its sportive gambols around us, unsuspecting of danger, unconscious of the future—that lovely *sawn*, dear pledge of our fondness—perhaps too we are breeding him up to the savage slaughter!—Ah wretched mother; ah miserable wife: is the fruit of thy loins, is the husband of thy love, destined to be torn by devouring dogs: destined to be the sport of men, more devouring and inhuman than they."

"*Cervilla* (said the *stag*, rising with much dignity and grace, and assuming a tone of authority, softened with love) vain are thy complaints; thy apprehensions are the children of timidity and weakness. The tenderness of thy conjugal, the yearnings of thy motherly affection, can alone plead thy pardon for indulging such unreasonable terrors. But say, my loved mate, canst thou pierce into futurity, and see

the yet dark and undiscovered issue of things? or grant that thou couldst, yet canst thou counterwork the great and irreversible decrees of sovereign *Pan*; or cause the silver-bow'd *Diana* to lay aside her destined shafts! Suffice it for thee, that these potent deities preside over all the affairs which concern our race. Wise in their rule, they will deal properly with us. It is ours to secure their favour: it is ours to submit to their will. Thy heart heaves with anguish, through dread of misfortunes which *never* may happen; and, if so, *vain* is that dread, though thy anguish is a *real* evil. How many of our dappled kindred have escaped, to the utmost day of *cervine* longævity, the toils of the hunter, nor ever fled before the deep-mouthed pack? Why wilt thou not rather anticipate the *good* than the evil?—Nay, but consider should it be the high will of *Diana*, that *I* and my *son* flee before the hunter, were it not more wise calmly to enjoy what is granted at present, than to die a thousand times, than a thousand times to suffer, in the fearful apprehension of the death, of the suffering, one day to come! It will be time enough to lament when the hour of lamentation is at hand: and if, indeed, we are to be sought out for the chace, let us gallantly prepare and exercise ourselves thereto; that so we may have hope to escape, and by our fleetness to baffle the scent and sagacity of our pursuers. Or if we are to fall, let us resolve to sell our lives as dearly as we may; revolving daily, in our minds, those heroic principles handed down from our ancestors, which may strengthen us to meet our fate with due magnanimity; and may give us, in the songs of the groves, to immortal memory.

Blest

Blest in each other's love, my *Cervilla*, blest in the pleasing disports of that jocund one, who now courts our attention; with placid serenity, let us enjoy what is bestowed; with calm prudence provide for the future; and prepared for either fortune, wait submissively the determinations of the great *Pan*. Make neither what thou *can'st*, nor what thou *can'st not* prevent, the subject of disquietude; and accustom thyself rather to crop the golden flowers of balmy *Hope*, than to browse on the bitter wormwood of *Doubt* and desperation.

NUMBER XVII.

By PHILANTHROPY CANDID, Esq;

— *Lasting charity's more ample sway,
Not bound by time, nor subject to decay:
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless bliss diffuse, and endless praise receive.*

PRIOR.

THE following is an exact translation of a letter, sent by a foreign gentleman of my acquaintance to his friend abroad, giving an account of the satisfaction he received on *Thursday* sevensnight at the *Feast of the Sons of the Clergy*: and as it does honour to our nation in general, and to that respectable society in particular, I imagined it might be acceptable to my readers; and therefore with my friend's consent, give it a place here. I wish I had seen, in proper time, the letter whereof he speaks, concerning the trial of lord *Ferrers*, as I persuade myself it

would have merited attention, and affords very rational entertainment.

London, May 10, 1760.

I AM every day, my dear friend, more and more delighted with the *Englsh*; and every day conceive higher notions of this great and happy people. Their nobles are princes; their merchants are nobles. Liberty and humanity, inviolable justice and universal benevolence seem to have taken their residence in this favoured island.—You will be charmed with the account I sent you of the solemn court of judicature,* which I beheld with astonishment and veneration; and you will scarcely credit the report I have made of the unanimous determination of that august body.—I was at an assembly of a different sort, but one which gave me almost equal pleasure last *Thursday*. It was a charitable meeting at the grand cathedral of the city, for the support of the *widows* and *orphans* of the clergy.

Nothing can exceed the beneficence of the *Englsh*. I have been collecting the names and designs of their several public charities, a list of which is now before me; and the perusal of it makes my heart burn within me. No distress to which humanity is liable, escapes their compassionate eye. The voice of sorrow is heard by their attentive ears, and the complaint of anguish never is made unavailing. From the womb to the grave, from the pregnant mother to palsied and feeble old-age, the relief of charity is extended; the young and desolate are fed and taught; the sick are visited and relieved; the

* He means at the Trial of Lord Ferrers.

the orphans find fathers, the widows husbands, the penitent an house of refuge: even grief is seen to smile at the comforts bestowed, and pain forgets itself, to bless and praise its benefactors.—Happy nation, these are works truly divine: these are works which cannot fail to secure the favour of providence!

But in the noble charity I was mentioning, magnificence contends with piety; and all the pomp of sacred music awakens the soul to the finest sensations. The primate of the clergy, the archbishop of *Canterbury* dignified the solemnity with his presence, seated under a canopy at the upper end of the choir; and on his right hand, as well as on the opposite side, sate several other bishops: the chief person in this wealthy and great city, whom they call the *lord mayor*, in his proper robes of scarlet, attended also, and was placed in a seat appointed for him. The body of *aldermen*, from whom this *annual* magistrate is *chosen*, men of the first reputation and fortunes in the city, were present, seated at the lord mayor's right hand, in their proper habits. The choir was filled with the most brilliant assembly imaginable of ladies and gentlemen, in elegant dresses.

You have often heard, and we have often talked, of the English ladies. But indeed they *beggar all description*. Shall I freely confess to you (but if I confess it not, I know you'll think so) that my attention was strongly engaged by the many beautiful objects before me; wherever I cast my eyes, I found something to detain them; and when I had observed one fair lady, conceiving her inferior to none, another immediately caught my notice; another and another then succeeded, the last still excelling,
or

or seeming to excel the former—Pardon this digression.—

The solemn service began; and the ravishing strains of the inimitable *Handel*, (whose compositions we so often have admired together) performed by a full band, and by the best masters, both in instrumental and vocal music, rapt me beyond myself; and gave me the most exquisite delight. Surely there is a pleasure in sacred music, sensible and affecting beyond all other. Our reason approves what our fancy admires; and we seem to be acting consistently, while enjoying the praises of the God of glory.—An eminent divine preached a sermon in recommendation of the charity; I am not yet sufficiently skilled in the language to be a judge of his composition; but I conceive that I am in some sort a judge of his subject; and methinks could want but little persuasion to throw in my mite to the assistance of their *orphans* and *widows*, who minister to us in sacred things; whose very functions preclude them, in the general, from earthly acquisitions; who are obliged to appear in the world with decency and propriety, and incapacitated to lay up, from their stipends, sufficient for the support of their families: families, the rather to be supported with the greatest tenderness, as having been accustomed to the better things of life; and therefore feeling with more exquisite sensibility, the load of want and misery, which they have not been used to bear: and drinking the cup of adversity, mixed with peculiar bitterness, as *drugged* with the sad remembrance of the better days of prosperity and peace. For you are to know, that when the father dies, all his preferment dies with him to the hapless widow, and her destitute children!

After

After the service was concluded, they proceeded in grand procession to one of the halls, which belongs to the companies in this city, of which there are several, and which are very large and superb; where a noble and plentiful entertainment was provided, and where a great number of clergy and laity assembled to promote and encourage this charitable design; in much harmony united together, and freely and generously contributing to the beneficent work. I cannot fail to mention, that amongst the gentlemen, there was one, who, as I am informed, is both a *Jew* and a *broker*; * who gave an hundred pounds, which it seems he has done for some years past, and probably will continue to do, as he is wealthy and generous.

Upon the whole, my dear friend, I think above eleven hundred pounds were raised.—Eleven hundred pounds in one hall, and by one society! and to encrease your wonder, something of this kind is always going forwards! At least for these few weeks which I have been in England, I have never seen one of their *news-papers* or *journals*, without some advertisement or intelligence of some of these meetings. I read not long since of a *London Hospital* for sick and lame, where they gathered twelve or fourteen hundred pounds—Two or three occasional charities I have remarked:—One even to cloath their enemies, the French prisoners, have collected in a short space of time, several thousand pounds!—Will not this give you a great and venerable idea of the English nation? Of which was I in few words to draw the present character, I would say, It is a warlike and wealthy nation: full of glory, and full of riches; sensible of its own happiness,

* *Sampson Gideon.*

piness, and blest with the most harmonious union. Abounding in the best benevolence; generous, humane, charitable; happy in a monarch, the delight of his people; happy in a prince, the heir of his grandfather's throne and virtues, and universally esteemed for his amiable qualities. Happy in all things, which a free and great people can desire.—And if prosperity doth not relax them; if they persevere in valour and virtue; persevere to deserve and to draw down the protection of heaven, by such deeds, as at present distinguish them: Their enemies can entertain but feeble hopes. For if God be on their side, how shall they not do great acts?

Expect to hear from me soon again, and do me the honour to believe me

Yours, &c.

N U M B E R X V I I I .

*Well season'd irony will oft prevail,
When stern rebukes, and strongest reasonings fail.*
DUNCOMBE'S HOR.

AS I was sitting the other morning in my study at *Candour-Hall*, my servant informed me that a young man desired to speak with me. As I am by no means difficult of access, I ordered the young man to be introduced. The door opened, and in stalked a tall figure, very erect, which advanced without bending the body, or moving the broad-brim'd hat, which shaded the lank hair and solemn visage. And coming close up to me, he drew a pocket-book from his pocket,

pocket, with much care and accuracy; and taking thence a letter, "Friend, quoth he, is thy name *Candid*?" It is, Sir, replied I. "Then to thee is my message, he went on: *Ebenezer Plaincloth* of the city of London, merchant, wisheth thee health, and willed me to deliver into thine hand this paper, which containeth his mind to thee: Fare thee well." Upon which he gave me a letter, and turning his back walked slowly away without more ceremony. I desired him to stay, to sit down, and take some refreshment. "Thou art kind, friend, said he; I thank thee for thy civil offers. But I have delivered unto thee all that *Ebenezer* gave me in commission to deliver; and I have no farther business with thee. Why should I waste thy time in discourse that may be unprofitable; and wherefore should I eat of thy bread, or drink of thy wine; whereas it costeth thee much, and thou wilt not take my money for it? I will not do it: thou intreatest me in vain. Once more I bid thee farewell." So saying, he departed; and I failed not to read immediately my friend *Ebenezer's* letter, which, according to his desire, gentle reader, here followeth for thy edification.

Friend *Candid*,

Health and peace to thee and thine.—Thy father was my worthy and beloved acquaintance, with whom I lived long in great amity and concord. Yea, and I must tell thee that thy family and those of our persuasion have always cultivated a kind love one for the other. *William Penn* of famous and blessed memory, had so great a value for thy house, that he would not set sail for the land of *America*, without two of thy great uncles, who were his constant counsellors,

counsellors and bosom friends: yea who planned with him the excellent form of government now prevailing in that flourishing colony, which taketh its name from him, and is called *Pensylvania*; and where thy relations live in a more honourable estate than in any other part of the globe, called the earth.—Thou wilt not wonder then, that it rejoiced my heart to see thy lucubrations in the favourite paper of our city; that is to say the *Public Ledger*; for my spirit moveth me to believe that thou wilt use thy endeavours to reform the abuses which abound in these latter days, and to introduce that primitive state of christian happiness whereof we read in the ancient annals.

But friend *Candid*, I am grieved; yea verily I am inwardly grieved, and my heart is moved within me. Once have I signified my sorrow by thy means, to thy printer; but alas, how much do I fear that he is a man of *Belial*, and regardeth not the morals of his readers, so long as he can secure their money! Else why should he permit that reproach of our times, that unsanctified man, once again to defile the *Ledger* with his polluted pen after my reproof! For behold a second letter from *Tristram Shandy*! and a letter wherein he reflecteth upon my religious and prudent counsel! oh *Tristram Shandy*, pour out thine ink from thy bottle; split up thy pens, and consume them in the fire; return thy paper to thy stationer again, and shut up thyself in a gloomy room, or in a lonely cave; shut up thyself, and admit none unto thee, for verily thou hast lost thy senses; verily thou art not in thy right mind; thy sober reason hath forsaken thee; and, I say it with true pity for thee, verily *Tristram*, thou art *mad*! Thy countrymen beheld
it,

it, and grieved; and hadst thou remained amongst them, peradventure, thy malady had not come to its height.—But whereas thou didst find in this great city some equally hurt in mind with thyself, no less insane and deficient in reason, (for such there are, I trow, in this great city, infected with madnels of different sorts.)——

Whereas thou didst meet with these—and they, as madmen are wont, highly applauded their brother:—Behold, from that time, the evil spirit gained more and more power over thee; and now thou art even forgetful of what thou once wast, when thou livedst in the north country.

For thou hast printed a book, too filthy even for a keeper of one of the evil houses in *Covent Garden* to print: and yet thou art not one of those, but a—My heart grieveth to speak it! And a man of folly (if I hear the truth) yea, a man of much folly, hath agreed with thee to retail more of thy graceless stories—yea annually to retail thy graceless stories; annually to corrupt the morals of the people.—And for what cause? Oh base and unworthy cause; that ye may fatten together on the unholy gain!—And stranger still; thou art willing to ridicule thy own profession, which those of thy profession are so ready to stile *sacred*, by assuming a name of laughter, and a title of folly to vend thy *own* sermons.—The *Dramatic Discourses* * of *Yorick* is an unseemly title for the *religious preachments* of a reverend P***y!—But why shouldst thou publish discourses of a serious sort? Can these, and thy life, and other writings, correspond! And how shall I regard thee, O *Yorick*, preaching mora-

VOL. I.

K

lity

* This appellation is used in many of the receipts given out for the Discourses of Mr. Yorick,

lity to me, when I behold thee—for many eyes have beheld thee—dancing attendance upon an *barlot*, and paying thy court to a *wicked* and loose woman!

Oh *Tristram* follow my counsel, and the counsel, which my virtuous wife *Gertrude* is desirous to give thee: haste thee northward to a colder climate; endeavour to recover thy lost reason; and let not thy reverend character be totally sunk in that of the immortal buffoon! but bear in mind, what the poet saith well,

“Immodest words admit of no defence:

“For want of decency is want of sense.”

And if not *immodest words*, much less *immodest writings*?—Thus saith *Ebenezer Plaincloth*, who is not ashamed of the truth, unto thee, Oh *Tristram Shandy*; and much more in the sincerity of his heart, and the abundance of his zeal, perchance, he may have to say unto thee, as well as to *those*, who call themselves *divines*, and are not: for they patronize a man, who recketh not for the cause of divinity; succeed but profaneness and lewdness, and fill but the pockets of *Tristram*, and he will abjure the profession, I trow!

And now, friend *Candid*, wilt thou write concerning these things; if thou carest for the morals of thy readers, or if thou wishest to stop the current of iniquity, thou wilt write; or at least thou wilt print what I have written unto thee. Shall I tell thee, friend; I wrote an epistle of friendly and christian sort to this same *Shandy* myself, and he returned me only for answer, a paper blackened with these foul lines, from a wicked author like himself:

Quakers,

Quakers, that like to lanterns bear
 Their light within them, will not swear :
 Their gospel is an accidence,
 By which they construe conscience :
 And hold no sin so deeply red,
 As that of breaking Priscian's head.
 The head and founder of their order,
 That stirring hats held worse than murder :
 These thinking they're obliged to troth,
 In swearing will not take an oath :
 Like mules, who, if they've not their will
 To keep their own pace, stand stock still !

I cannot describe unto thee, the groan which was heard at my table, upon my reading these lines. We sat silent for some time. When *Zecbariab*, my son, even my first born, *Zecbariab* (whom I have made for fidelity's sake the bearer of this unto thee) when he, according to that wisdom which is in him, remarked, after long strugglings for utterance, that " This evil-minded man cast reflections on our whole community." " Yea, said *Ruth*, my pious and virtuous daughter *Ruth*, yea *Zecbariab*, I perceive, that thou art not mistaken. But what a son of simplicity is this, that objecteth to our wisest proceedings ; our innocent and scriptural language ; our regard to the Lord, whose titles we cannot give in flattery to men, and whose worship we cannot offer to human creatures, by vain bows, and *undevotional* courtesies ! Yea, and who despiseth us, because we will not do as the multitude doth, profaning our lips with vile cursing and swearing, and following all the pomps of this evil world !"

Gertrude listened with joy to the words of her daughter, and could not refrain from saying, in the fulness of her heart.—“ Well art thou called *Ruth*, my child, for thou art like unto that godly woman in understanding and piety: thou excellest the queen of *Sheba*, or even the woman of *Tekoab*: and I trust in the Lord to see thy name more famous than that of *Drummond*, of *Hume*, or any of the preachers of our days!”

Friend *Candid*, let me tell thee, we are a family of love: and we wish well to all the world, as thou dost, I am sure, if thy nature answereth to thy name, for is not *Philantropy*, according to the Greek tongue, a *lover of mankind*? Therefore, we beseech thee, explode this *Triftram Shandy*: and let me not see, to my grief, *George, R.* at the top, and that famous man *William Pitt*, at the bottom of a patent to *William Faden*, deemed so trusty and well-beloved, for the publication of a paper, useful and pleasing to all—but rendered the vehicle of folly and profanity by so base a son of the steeple-house!

And now that I am writing, let me just put in one word more to thee concerning a base custom, which I fear prevaileth more and more in our city! Ah me, how are the times corrupted, and our manners altered from those of our great forefathers, who flourished in trade, and regularity, and soberness. The daughters of *Obadiab*, *Hildrum*, *Tabitha*, *Dorothy*, and *Jemima*, came to our dwelling-house yesterday; but how unlike were they unto the daughters of the father of *Obadiab*! They were clothed in silken garments of many colours, trailing along the earth; their faces were deformed with spots of black; and on their hands they wore a variety of rings, which methought

thought sparkled, like the gems of vanity! but above all, their countenances wore not that decent and lovely shame-facedness which becometh virgins, and women professing godliness: instead thereof, boldness perched on their foreheads, and in their eyes dwelt confidence and scorn! And behold, they came to invite my sage and sober daughter *Ruth* to an ungodly association of theirs, called by an heathen name, the name of *ROUT*; where pride sitteth the *queen*, and those painted papers, which are used by the hand of the gamester, are found and dealt about in abundance. Friend, these *routs* will ruin our city; the women of *London*, the wives of tradesmen are introducing these ungodly meetings, after the manner of the proud she's of *Westminster*, the wives of the nobles.

Close unto me liveth one of these vain women: as I would not willingly offend, I will omit her name, as also the name of that narrow lane, in which she sojourneth; but a lane it is, that might well be called *strait*; not designed, I wot, for the *rout*, and the *drum*, and the *hurricane*, and such gentile things; but suited for the 'Change, and the Custom-house, and all the sober dealings of trade. In this lane was a *rout*! such a *rout* as kept sleep from mine eyes, and slumber from mine eye-lids all the night—It caused *Gertrude* to pray fervently; thro' fear; and *Ruth* did nothing but look out at the window! and well might she look; for coaches ran foul upon coaches, and *chairs*, unseemly and unchristian *chairs*, dashed one against another! there was not room to turn the former, and they were so numerous they could not be pushed backward: the poles of the latter stuck fast—and it was a wondrous *rout* indeed! the cries of the

females, fearing subversion, were terrible; and the oaths of their attendants were more terrible than their own cries! The flambeaux, as they call them, changed the night into day; and the mighty mob, collected to behold the strange sight, added fresh difficulties.

Truly, my neighbour, if thy wife holdeth such midnight revelries, either thou or I must change our dwellings. Though verily I need not greatly fear; such proceedings will soon render thee unable to support thine house and to maintain thy credit. For believe me, I should hesitate much to accept the bills of men who have such wives, and who allow such routs and tempests in a sober and trading city. Friend *Candid*, it was to one of these routs that the daughters of *Obadiab* would have enticed my daughter; but they sought to entice her in vain. *Ruth* told them, that "albeit they had forsaken the plain and good old way, she would never wander there-from!" and I could not help saying, with much meekness of spirit, "Young women, because ye are gone astray, would ye delude my pious daughter also? Would you have her example to countenance your own? And thereupon I told them a tale of a goat without a beard, who wanted, forsooth, all his brethren to shave off their beards to keep him in countenance! The fable may be read at large in *John Gay's* book of fables. It is the 22d in his first volume. They were enraged and abashed. They fluted an instrument of vanity called a *Fan*; twirled up their long party-coloured robes; and, apostates as they were, laughed at my sage advice and withdrew!—I leave it to thy wisdom, to say the best. I fear I have been rather too tedious: but I am full of matter, like a bottle filled with
new

new wine. Thou art in my good remembrance, and I wish thee to persevere in thy father's steps, then thou mayst rest confident of the love of,

Dated London, Thy faithful friend,
the Month of May.

EBENEZER PLAINCLOTH.

N. B. I must so far agree with my friend *Ebenezer*, as to confess that I always take it for a very unfavourable omen, when I hear one of the *female* sex acknowledge that she hath read, or speak of *Tristram Shandy*, with smiles, or without a blush.

P. C.

NUMBER XIX.

High gifts essential love bestow'd,

When Jesu's vot'ries be o'erflow'd.

Gifts, which divinely shin'd,

On teachable mankind;

And of the mysteries they taught

An irresistible conviction wrought.

Bishop KENN.

MY readers are obliged to the worthy clergyman, of whom I spoke in my second number, for the following essay; and I have no doubt but their approbation of it will be such, as not only to incline them to wish for more from the same able pen, but also to encourage my worthy and too diffident friend to favour us on some future occasions.

“ *Archbishop Sharp* well observes, that one great cause why the first christians excelled the
modern

modern in purity and devotion, certainly was their reception of the christian religion upon *principle*, from serious examination, and upon rational and full conviction. Whereas those who are born, and in infancy baptized christians, take up their profession on trust; and are the less influenced by it, as they examine too seldom, and too seldom are acquainted with its *evidences*. It is of the last importance to consider these, either if we desire to be rational in our faith, or to offer acceptable service to the deity. And we can scarcely consider these with any degree of attention and accuracy, and omit to discharge those duties which the religion they support directs and commands. For no *evidences* in proof of any fact, can either be urged or desired, more strong and irrefragable,—certainly we may say more satisfactory and convincing, than the *evidences* in behalf of the divine original of the christian revelation.

For my own part, I am well persuaded, tho' there are very many more and sufficient arguments, that the truth of the christian religion is indisputably proved and established from the blessed consequences of that day's *miracle*, which at the present solemn season we are about to commemorate. And I would freely fling the guantlet to any infidel, and as freely give up my profession, if he could confute and vanquish me, in respect to this single topic of defence—"The descent of the divine spirit, and the consequences of that descent."

That the divine spirit did descend at the time, and, in the manner related in the sacred history, with rational persons, can admit no doubt; the authenticity of that history, hath been so sufficiently proved, and stands upon so fair a bottom, that

that no man of understanding can controvert it. But that the divine spirit did descend may be proved undeniably, even without the *evidence* of that sacred history. — The fact was notorious throughout all Judea; and the consequences of the *fact* were, nay *are* notorious throughout the world. For, that not only the *apostles*, but their successors, for at least three centuries performed all kinds of mighty works, which they constantly attributed to the operation of the holy spirit of God;—that they and all the followers of Christ possessed, and displayed the ordinary as well as extraordinary gifts of the spirit, is a fact of undeniable certainty, and attested by all the writings of those times which speak of these matters. And indeed the constant appeal which the apostles make in their epistles to these *spiritual* wonders, is a clear demonstration of their existence; since otherwise such an appeal would have been folly, and must have immediately convicted them of falshood.

But, I observe, that the consequences of this fact *now* before our eyes, prove its reality. That *christianity* is in being amongst us, and in various parts of the world, we all see and know. And a small degree of penetration will suffice to convince us that christianity could never have had any being at all either amongst us, or in any other part of the world, without the *extraordinary* gifts and assistances of the spirit. For suppose Jesus Christ and his twelve disciples to have been what you please: cunning impostors or weak enthusiasts, deceivers or deceived, wise or foolish, learned or unlearned: certain it is, that no efforts, of theirs; no *human* efforts, could have propagated and established such a *faith*, and such a system of *doctrines* as the christian. Fancy to yourself

yourself only two or three men, without wealth, without patrons, without power, without arms, and without eloquence; nay, and naturally unacquainted with any other than their mother tongue: fancy to yourself these in a city like *Rome, Ephesus, Corinth, or Jerusalem*, preaching up faith in a *crucified man*, a *man* of a wondrous sort, a man united to God! proposing a total abolition of the national worship; exploding all the wisdom and received opinions of the philosophers; discountenancing all the luxury, lust, and pleasures of the worldly; offering nothing but future and unseen rewards; and teaching a resurrection of the body from the dead, and a day of future judgment, when the man who was crucified is to judge: — I say, only fancy to yourself two or three such men preaching such things in such cities, and you will clearly see that success was impossible, upon a merely human plan! that every earthly power was armed against them; that priests, magistrates, and philosophers, yea, and the whole body of the people were concerned, and could not fail to destroy them.

But so far was this from being the case; so far were they from being destroyed; that on the contrary, such men did not only prevail, but filled the whole world with their doctrine. And when we consider what credentials they offered, we marvel not; for what is too hard for the hand of omnipotence? They raised the dead; they healed the sick; they cast out devils; they raised the dead in sin; they healed the sick in soul; they cast out the devils of lusts, pride, and intemperance. The lame leaped up and walked rejoicing at their call: the dumb tongue, at their touch, sang praises to the Redeemer: the blind eyes, at their command, opened to
the

the view of these wonders; and the deaf ears, heard with admiration his power, who enabled them to hear. The drunkard learned sobriety; the proud man humility; the lascivious grew chaste; the vain lowly; the passionate meek; every vice trembled at their preaching, and the moral as well as the natural world, shewed a subjection to that spirit, under whose influence they taught.—No wonder then the christian religion grew and increased.

Without these miraculous assistances of the spirit, we see how slow the progress of christianity is, even when supported and aided by every encouragement of the secular power: for a proof of which we need only recur to those missionaries, which different nations, and our own amongst the rest, have sent to convert the heathen to the faith. And alas, how very inconsiderable is their progress! What then must have been the progress of the first christian preachers, if not divinely assisted; when the secular arm was not reached out for their encouragement, but, with the most bloody intent, even to murder and cruelly butcher them?

One would wish, that some of our infidels, who pretend to disbelieve christianity, would only make a trial, in order to disprove this argument, and see what success they might have in the propagation of a new faith. The times are enlightened now, and these gentlemen will be ready to confess, that human reason was never in fuller strength. Let them therefore, with their utmost sagacity, *delineate* a system of morals; let them adorn it as they please; and use every plausible method to enforce and recommend it;—and this done, let them depute *twelve* (not of the *unlearned* and *unlettered*) but of the wisest and most learned of
their

their society; and dismiss them to any city of the globe, the more cultivated the better, and let them preach in order to establish their new mode of faith and worship; and we will venture to risk the credit of christianity upon the consequences of their mission—"Nay, but they do not understand the language of *Cbina*, or *Japan*; they are ignorant of the *Russian* or *German* tongue; they cannot speak *Spanish*, *Italian*, or *Portuguese*."—True, why there is the difficulty. And who would pretend to go and preach a new and strange doctrine amongst any of these people, without a knowledge of their language?—Why this did the apostles. They were all Galileans: and understood only the language of Galilee. But they were taught, divinely taught, and thereby enabled for their ministry; taught to declare to every people under heaven, in the language of that people, the wonderful works of God! This was a miracle of the most stupendous sort. Yet such a one as was so absolutely necessary, that without it christianity could not have been propagated; and such a one as the propagation, and present being of christianity, undeniably attest. And as such a miracle could be wrought only by God—for who knows not the difficulty of attaining a small degree of knowledge, even in one foreign or dead language?—As such a miracle must be the work of God, of plain consequence, christianity, which owes its existence in a great measure to that miracle, is thereby evidently proved to be of God also.

It is necessary just to remark (for the opposers of Christianity are often desirous of having the brand of illiberality and ignorance stamped upon it, its propagators, and professors) that the times, when these men preached, were the most celebrated

brated for science: the golden æra of Augustus, and the cities, in which they preached, were the most cultivated and the most improved. So that no objection can arise from thence: nor can the superstition and weakness of the age, nor the meanness of the people be urged: nor the obscurity of the place of action: these things were not done in a corner.

Many other particulars might be offered to corroborate this argument, in proof of the Christian faith, drawn from the miraculous works of the spirit: but I cannot omit to mention the deaths of the martyrs, who gave up their lives with so much fortitude and constancy, in attestation to the reality of the spirit's operations, ordinary as well as extraordinary: a matter, in which they could not be deceived; which they were led to attest by no visible or present allurements; their expectations being only future, and grounded entirely on their own fidelity and sincerity, recommended by the prevailing merits of their Redeemer.

And as these gifts of the spirit afford an incontestible proof of the truth of the divine original of Christianity: so were they consummatory of all which Christ did or said, and confirmatory of all he professed and promised. Indeed he seemed to rest the truth of his mission on this great event. He ordered his disciples to wait for the *promise* of the Father. And it is evident, that had this *promise* never been fulfilled, he must have been infallibly convicted of imposture. But at the time appointed, and according to his most faithful declaration, this advocate of men, this promised *Paraclete*, with awful pomp, made his glorious entrance into the world; bore the most ample testimony to the session of Jesus,

the Son of God, at the right hand of glory: wrought with the apostles to the establishment of his faith throughout the earth: and still works in and with all believers, enabling them to perform the conditions of that faith, and to persevere in every acceptable duty.—Thus *Milton* causeth the *Angel* to foretel our great and general father concerning the heavenly gift.

— From Heaven

He (Jesus) to his own a comforter will send,
The promise of the father, who shall dwell,
His spirit, within them, and the law of faith
Working thro' love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts.
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death; against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens'd,
And oft supported so, as shall amaze
Their proudest prosecutors; for the spirit
Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize all nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wond'rous gifts indue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven.

Par. Lost. B. 12. V. 485.

Invited as we are to receive these tidings, professing as we do that faith which these apostles preached, and this spirit attested; let us remember how strong obligations are upon us, to practise what we profess to believe. And let us not forget, that every additional argument in proof
of

of our faith, is an additional argument to stimulate our practice. Since the more evidence we have of the truth of Christ's gospel, the more anxious must we reasonably be to approve ourselves to him, and to obey those precepts, which are enforced by sanctions so solemn: the more must we tremble to neglect his hallowed laws, who hath power to cast both body and soul into Hell;—and who for such neglect, hath threatened that terrible punishment! And when every thing riseth in proof, to his divine mission, we must deserve a harsher name than fools or mad, if for the foul gratification of lust, the empty pursuits of ambition, and the slavish service of the world, we relinquish the high hope of Heaven, as we disregard the happy business of holiness: and desire not the spirit for an *advocate*, as we never seek for him as a *sanctifier*.

M.

NUMBER XX.

To the AUTHOR of the VISITOR.

*Thee next they sang of all creation first
 Begotten son, divine similitude!
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
 Made visible, th' almighty father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
 Impress'd, th' effulgence of his glory abides;
 Transfus'd on thee his ample spirit rests.*

MILTON, B. III. 383.

S I R,

IN my last Saturday's paper, I endeavour'd to prove the truth of the christian religion, from a reasonable topic, the descent of the bles-

fed spirit, and the consequences of that descent; and the arguments derived therefrom are such as cannot fail to influence the unprejudiced mind. I go on to observe, that if indeed the christian religion be true, if it be a *revelation* made by the high and holy deity to mankind, it is the duty of us all to receive its doctrines with submission and deference. I mean not to plead for the total rejection of our reason and understanding. Far from it. But I would have us know the proper boundaries of these: I would have us remember which are the distinct provinces of *reason* and *faith*; how far the one conducts, and where it delivers us into the hands of the other.

Reason is the privilege, the blessing, the glory of human creatures; it is a ray of the divinity, and as such to be venerated and cultivated. But we shall be strangely perverse, if we will not allow that the eye of this reason can see only to a certain distance; that its horizon is bounded; that it is dim and blind to all beyond. We shall be still more strangely perverse, if we will not admit the giver of this spark to enlighten it; to raise us up, that we may extend our view, and by his aid pierce beyond that bounded *horizon* of mere unenlightened reason.

It is the province of this reason to examine the claims of a *revelation*: but when it hath so examined, and is satisfied, there its office is to cease; it is then its duty humbly to consign us into the hands of faith. I should say, that this respects such parts of the *revelation* as are clear and evident; where matters are doubtful and disputable, the best and strongest powers of our reason are to be applied.

I have said thus much with a view to that great doctrine, which is the foundation of our solemnity

solemnity to-morrow ; the doctrine of the *trinity*, a doctrine which unhappily hath been made the subject of much uneasy debate ; and through the passions of some, the weakneses, prejudices, and mistakes of others, hath occasioned no small contention in the christian world. But it seems to me of all things most strange, that it should have done so ; since one would have supposed that christian divines should have contented themselves with barely representing the scripture truth, and have been cautious either too minutely to enter into it, or too precisely to have defined, what is beyond the compass of human definition, respecting this great mystery.

For that, after all, it is a great mystery ; nay, that every thing relative to the deity is a mystery, not less than this, no thinking man will deny. *Simonides* is commended for his wisdom, in delaying from day to day his answer concerning God ; because he found, as he declared, that every day the more he considered his subject, the more he launched into this great ocean of contemplation, this sea without a shore, the more he was lost in wonder—the more he perceived his own perfect ignorance. It is the same with every man. True, the revelation of Christ hath greatly enlarged and expanded our view, and happily instructed us in the nature of the deity. But as to the mode of his existence, and a thousand other particulars, it neither hath, nor could it instruct us ; for this very obvious reason, because our faculties are not *adequate* to, are not *capable* of the instruction.

When therefore we are told in the *revelation*, which we are assured from every rational evidence is from God, that God is a *spirit* eternal, immense, almighty, that he exists in an *unity* of

nature, but in a *threefold* exertion of that nature; that his essence is one, -but that this essence is equally communicated to three *persons* or *powers* who are pleased to stile themselves, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—what have we to object, or why should we dispute?

Why, says one, I cannot conceive how three persons can partake of one nature or essence—I cannot conceive how the second and third persons can be equal to the first?—But can't you conceive, or at least don't you know, that your *one* body exerts a threefold agency of *understanding*, *will*, and *affection*? Don't you perceive, that the *sun* and its *light* are co-equal in time? Don't you perceive, that the *light*, the *air*, and the *flame*, are co-existent in the same taper? But not to insist on these: I would ask, Do you, who say you cannot comprehend this truth, do you conceive or understand what this *Spirit* called *God* is in himself? So far from it, you have not the least idea of him: you cannot have any direct idea of spirit. Every thing you see exists in matter. You know nothing of God as pure spirit. For, when you think of him, you are obliged to think of *form* or *fashion*, without which you have no ideas at all—But how false are such thoughts! Then again, what idea have you of the *eternity* of this spirit, this everlasting God? None at all. All you see and know begins and ends. God is without beginning and without end. Comprehend this, and you will comprehend the mode of his *Triune* existence. Again, this eternal spirit is immense: extended through all space, present in every place, conscious of every thought, word, and work, both of angels and men. Say then, are we not lost in this speculation? But do we disbelieve, because,

cause we cannot conceive? No, we readily agree, that he is about our path and about our bed, and spieth out all our ways!—

Now, if we only extend this reasoning to the doctrine of the Trinity, we shall no longer doubt or dispute concerning it. The great God, who is an eternal, immense, and omnipotent Spirit, reveals himself to us under the threefold relation of *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*; three divine persons of equal power, glory, time—The Father is God, the Son and Spirit, as partaking of the same one essence, are *God* also—If you have difficulties in understanding this, remember that you have difficulties in every thing which relates to God. Hope humbly then, be content to believe, as the God who best knows his own nature has taught and directed; and rather than dispute about the Trinity, labour by a life of pure piety and virtue to recommend yourself to that glorious God, who, in infinite love, sent his *Son* to redeem you, his *spirit* to guide you; and who hath favoured you with the finest system of doctrines which the highest wisdom can imagine: doctrines, which make *virtue* worth pursuing; which sooth our fears, exalt our hopes, and render *mortality* the fountain of comfort, as opening the door to perennial felicity.

M.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXI.

*A parliament of porters here shall muse
On state affairs, "swallowing a taylor's news."
For ways and means no starv'd projector sleeps;
And every shop some mighty statesman keeps;
He Britain's foes, like Bobadil, can kill;
Supply th' Exchequer and neglect his till:
In every alehouse legislators meet,
And patriots settle kingdoms in the Fleet.*

MURPHY.

To the VISITOR.

MR. CANDID,

AS you seem a good-natured gentleman, I hope, you will be so kind as to admit my complaints, and to write something that may be of service to my husband, as well as of comfort to myself: for as matters stand at present my life is terribly uneasy; and I am apt to believe, my troubles are not singular, because I know many men, who seem infected with the same distemper as my husband; (indeed the *distemper* at present appears *epidemical*) and I am very certain, that the wives of such husbands must have no small share of disquietude.

You have thought proper to ridicule the affectation of *politics* in our *sex*; * but let me tell you, good Sir, it deserves no less to be ridiculed in your own; perhaps it requires something more than ridicule, on that side; as the effects of this brain-sick delusion are much more *per-
spicuous* with the men than with the women. For us to talk of politics perhaps may be advantageous,

* This Paper is not printed in the present Collection.

tageous, as thereby we are often preserved from the tattle of scandal: whereas when your heads get heated with the subject, *wise* men, and *Lords* of reason, as you deem yourselves; you frequently forget things of greater importance; and omit to direct your shops, and your business at home, while you sit at your clubs, and very sagaciously direct the counsels of Europe.

This is the case with my foolish husband. God bless the man; but indeed I cannot help calling him foolish. You must know, Sir, that we have been married now near sixteen years: and till the commencement of the present war, no woman could desire a better mate. He was always up early, and opened the shop windows himself: never went from behind the counter till dinner time; and then would drink his pint of porter, and smoke his pipe comfortably at home; he would very often, when our business allow'd, take a walk with me in the summer evenings; and scarce ever went to a public house at night, except it might be to meet a customer; but would always carefully go over the day book with me; and in short in every respect seemed willing to admit my superiority to himself in rank and sense; and acted as a man should do.

For I must tell you that as my father (who by the bye was a gentleman of a very ancient and good family, tho' somewhat decayed) intended me for a lady's woman; he took care in consequence of that design, to give me an excellent education; I was well instructed in my own and in the French tongue, in writing and accounts, and every thing requisite to qualify me for that station. After I had lived in it happily

happily enough for several years, I met with my present husband. He came up to town from the *West-Country*, to seek his fortune; and he first got employment in quality of a porter; for which he was well adapted, being a man of brawny size and make; but not much liking this labour, he comenced footman; and in the several revolutions of his fortune, was cast into a family, which was very intimate with ours. He soon grew enamoured of myself; and we struck up a bargain, and by the advice of our masters and mistresses took a shop, not far from the street in which they lived, and became retailers of those small commodities, which are commonly vended by chandlers.

As my husband could scarcely read, and not write at all, I was as necessary in the trade as himself, for setting down goods, and making out bills. And at our leisure hours, we amused ourselves, he in learning, and I in teaching him to read and to write; in which I can't say he made much progress; for tho' he was very careful and diligent in business, I did not find him furnished with a very capacious understanding. However, as there was no deficiency in any thing else, I did not much trouble myself about that; especially (as I said before) he being always willing to acknowledge my superior abilities.

Thus, Sir, we went on comfortably enough; and by assiduity and parsimony saved money; we grew in good esteem in the neighbourhood, and were looked upon as honest, sober, industrious, thriving people. My husband now began to hold up his head. Some of the better sort of tradesmen would stand and chatter with him in the shop; nay, they would invite him to go with
| them

them to the neighbouring ale-house, the fatal *Man i' th' Moon*!—And he began to call for the *Daily Advertiser*, and would pore over it half the afternoon to *pick* up the meaning of it, if he could *spell* it out! At length, Sir, comes the present war; and as every babler was prating about it, my simpleton too must prate! He was always *dinging* my ears about the balance of power, and the interest of Great-Britain; and ever haranguing on the mischiefs of connections with the *Continent*. I was so mad one day to hear him *gabble*, that I could not help asking him what he meant by the *Continent*, or if he knew what it was? “*Continent*, you fool, said he, yes, to be sure: why the *Continent* is a place in the *Mediterranean* sea, where those curst *Garman*s all live!” Oh the oaf! I thought I should have burst!

Well, Mr. Candid, so we went on, and disagreed sorely about our politics; till at last came the news of the fatal miscarriage of Admiral *Byng*! My husband could no longer contain, but away after dinner he goes to the *Man i' th' Moon* to drink his porter, and there sat he till six o'clock! And so pleased was he with his company, that the next day he adjourned after dinner to the same place! And now he hath continued regular in the practice to the present hour. I am always deserted, and away goes he to the *Man i' th' Moon*, and returns muddled with porter, with politics and smoke; and I am plagued to death with the repetition of all the curious observations made by the wise politicians of his club! But this is not the worst! For he hath moreover associated himself with another club at the *Dog's Head i th' Porridge Pot*, which he attends almost every evening; and I

am

am left alone to make up the books, and write out the bills; nay, I am forced to rise early to see the shop opened myself; for my gentleman can't get up truly so soon as usual; and if he happens to be up pretty soon, the first question he asks is, whether the *Ledger* is come, and whether there is any letter of *Probus's*; for he mightily admires Mr. *Probus*, and will retail you his remarks for ever. But he never reads any thing else, poor simple creature!

But, Sir, there is nothing vexes me so much, as to see what airs of importance he assumes, and what a coxcomb he is grown! If he had sense equal to other people, or could read, and talk with any propriety, I should not care: but to hear his strange blunders, makes me blush for him; and I often see his companions, who call in accidentally, tip one another the wink, and laugh at his awkward manner of handling the hard words and names! What a figure must he cut at the club! There have been two or three places in *America* of difficult pronunciations talked of in this war! Oh, what work did he make of them, of *Tickendrago*, and *Nagary*, (for so he calls them;) and the German names, Oh frightful! what sounds did his awkward tongue give to *Closter-seven*, *Sandersbaussen*, *Zullicau*, and *Cunnersdorf*, &c. &c. &c. One of his club-mates came in t'other day, and told him, that fort *du Cane* (I write it as pronounced) was taken, "Fort *du Cane*, fort *du Cane*, quoth he, where's that? I have read of fort *du Squesney* (so he pronounced it) but I never heard of t'other before." I set him right; but what a laugh did his blunder cause! And with the commanders names, he proceeds just in the same manner; yet insensible to reproof, still blunders and blunders

ders on; and talks of *Pitt*, and prince *Ferdinand*, the marquis of *Granby*, and admiral *Hawke*, and the like, with as much freedom and assurance, as if he was their familiar and equal.

We have two or three great families that we serve with *brick-dust*, and *small-coal*; and if my husband can any way catch hold of one of the servants, or draw any intelligence from them, it would split the liver of a pigeon to hear him *ease* himself of the burden of his news — “ Sir, said he to a very sensible man that came to our shop a few days since) *Pitt* is done for—He is not the thing—You may depend upon it—my information is genuine—He won’t let the K—g have what money he wants—and that, Sir, let me tell you, is a sure cause — I could tell you more—But—no matter for that—I had it from a certain noble Lord—whom I had the honour—and he—besides a member of parliament’s gentleman, who said that Lord A’s gentleman was at the Duke of *’s—but I shall see you at the *Man i’ th’ Moon*, and then” — I perceived the gentleman shake his head, and smile.

This is a specimen of my Sir’s eloquence: somebody the other day lent him Lord *Sackville*’s trial: and he looked at the *picture* * before it, every leisure moment he had. A day or two after, a dispute commenced at tea in the afternoon between him and Mr. *Hold-the-Helm*, a peruke-maker, whom he brought from the club, concerning Lord George. “ Bring the pen and ink and paper,” said my husband; and would you believe it, he had vanity enough to attempt drawing the plan! “ Now here, said he, was our army, there was the French: here

Vol. I.

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was

* She means the Plan before OWEN’S TRIAL.

was a wood, and there was Prince *Ferdinand*; here stood the British *cavalre*; now Lord George, &c.”—But if I could not bear it, how can you? I tore away the paper, and threw it into the fire; for I saw every body despising him. “And you had better, said I, bursting into tears, draw out your bills upon paper, and mind the shop, than such foolish things as these!” Upon which he rose in a great passion! “Out, you wretch, said he, you inherit the rebellious temper of your *Jacobitish* family! What, not mind the interest of the nation! God forbid, that I should not love Old England, and my king, honest brave old *George*.”

I found the quarters too hot for me, and so I retired up stairs; and to vent my indignation a little, penned this complaint to you, Mr. *Candid*; and I hope you will discourage such foolish men, and advise them to mind their trade more, and leave the kingdom and the conduct of it, to whom it may concern: for it does not become them to pretend to advise, over their *porter-pots*; and to say, that so it should have been, and so it must be—and the fleet should have done this, and the army that—How should they know? *Let the shoemaker stick to his last.*

Sir, I am,

Your very humble,

June 1st, 1763.

tho’ afflicted servant,

GRACE TIEZE-THE-TILL.

P. S. I should have deferred my letter a little longer I believe, had it not been for this last piece of news from the *East-Indies*; I verily believe, my poor spouse will go mad about it. He raves
and

and storms, and swears, that to be sure *Pococks* might have done more: that it is a shame not to beat the French at sea, *howsoever* they might be stronger; and then to let them land at *Poundigerry* was such a stroke, as never was heard of.—He only wishes that *Ellis* had been there, and he would have given a good account of them, as he did of *Mountseer Thurat*, and his crew, at *Carryfargins*.—Dear Mr. Visitor, what living soul can support this!

NUMBER XXII.

*The mother, lovely, tho' with grief oppress'd,
Reclin'd her drooping head upon her breast:
The mournful family stood all around,
One groan was heard, one universal sound:
So dire a sadness sate on every look;
That death repented he had giv'n the stroke.*

DRYDEN.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

BEAUTY in distress commands our compassion, and when that distress is rational, affects the heart with the tenderest sympathy. There is a natural benevolence in every mind, inciting to wipe away the tears, and repress the anguish of affliction in general; but in the case of fair female sorrow, we are irresistibly carried on to every attempt that may administer comfort to the lovely sufferer. How much more, when the ties of friendship bind to a more anxious concern, and permit us not to be indiffe-

rent to any thing, respecting the felicity of our friend!

I sensibly felt the truth of this yesterday, when I called at the house of my worthy acquaintance Mr. *Goodvile*; where I found gloomy Sorrow had taken her abode. The countenance of the servant who introduced me, gave me immediate notice of some unhappy catastrophe; and upon enquiry, I found it to be the death of my friend's little and only daughter; who had not staid one year with her affectionate parents, but in her *eleventh* month was removed from this scene of trouble.

My familiarity in the family gave me admission to Mrs. *Goodvile's* mournful apartment; and I have not beheld a scene of much deeper distress. Mrs. *Goodvile* is in her nineteenth year, completely handsome, amiable, and virtuous. Happy in the husband of her wishes, as he in the wife of his soul; no idea can be formed of greater conjugal felicity. The little infant, source of their present sorrow, was before the great object of their highest joy and pleasure. The child of their first love, and tenderest affection. When I entered the room, my gentle friend raised up her languid head, looked with an aspect the most expressively afflicting,—sighed, and burst into a flood of tears. Dumb as a statue by her side sate her husband, no less distressed: he spoke not—he could not speak, he only waved his hands, and wished me to take my seat. In this dumb sorrow we remained some moments, doubtful who should break the solemn silence; while my heart was touched with a sensation which I never felt in that degree before; as indeed I never had seen such an object

object as Mrs. *Goodvile*, whose negligence of dress heightened her usual beauty, and whose tears, glistening in her eyes, added fresh charms to them—charms I mean of attractive grace and innocence.—“ Oh, Mr. *Wilson*, at length said she, our poor babe”—She could proceed no further—nor could I reply. My friend endeavoured next to interrupt the silence; but he had little better success. However, as reason and friendship both seemed to call upon me, I resolved to raise my spirits, and endeavour to exert both.—“ It grieves me, my dear friends, said I, to find you thus totally immerst in sorrow; and only because the God who gave, has been pleased to recal his gift; to recal it from a state of trouble and trial, to a realm of undoubted happiness.”—“ But how hard is it, said she; how hard to part with the sweet creature, whose little endearments have so fastened it to the heart, that to tear it thence is worse, far worse than dying. Oh that I had died with thee my *Nancy*, my *Nancy*! my sweetest babe, would to God I had died with thee.”—“ My soul’s best comfort, said my friend, that’s the most unkind and cruel word I have heard from those dear lips, since we have mutually mourned together. Do not I partake of my charmer’s sorrow?” Was not my babe dear to me? Dearer than all things on earth, except its tender mother: but would she not judge me most unkind, if I should abandon all comfort with its loss; nay, and even wish to attend my pretty one to the grave!”—“ Good Madam, said I, permit me in all the tenderness of friendship, to request that you would use that reason which you so happily possess, upon this occasion; that you would put into practice the precepts of that amiable reli-

gion which you have hitherto so much adorned. I grant your loss great and affecting; but consider that as your little angel knew but few pleasures here upon earth, on that account its departure is less to be lamented; it hath no great loss. Then recollect on the other side, what immense gain it receiveth, admitted to divine happiness; and safely lodged in the kingdom of that Saviour who careth for his little ones. Besides, reflect that amidst the various temptations of the present world, a perseverance in virtue is difficult and precarious. And what a shock would it have been, if God had spared it now, to have seen it deviating from right, and forsaking its duty? Rather, I am persuaded, a thousand times rather would you attend it to the grave."—"Oh, but I would have watched its little mind (said she with a stream of tears)—I would have planted every seed of virtue there: I would have wearied heaven with prayers for the good of my sweet babe! And there was room for every hope! It shewed, already shewed every promising temper."—"And cannot the gracious Providence, replied I who blest you with so engaging an infant, to make you the mother of an angel in his courts;—cannot he bless you with one as engaging? Consider your own and your husband's youth; and do not, by an unreasonable and ungrateful sorrow, raise the indignation of God against you; and thereby prevent the hopes of future blessing. At the same time, for God's sake, consider how much worse this stroke might have been, and how much more severe you would have acknowledged the blow, if it had also cut off the husband of your love; who now partakes your sorrows, and lives to administer the most tender

tender consolation.”—“Indeed, my dearest wife said he, in this gloom, that reflection hath given me much relief; and if with me, I doubt not but it will equally prevail with you. Had heaven deprived me of my best-beloved, my affectionate companion, the loss had been heavy indeed?”—“Your tenderness, my love, said she, must ever relieve my distress: Oh may I strive continually to deserve it. But my sweet babe—Oh I cannot forget her—such innocence, such pretty affection. Good God, pity and forgive me, if I am too much concerned!”

It was difficult to administer consolation to so soft, so lovely a complainer. However, I was enabled to observe, that she herself granted resignation to God's will, to be one of the principal of all Christian duties; the wisest and most reasonable; since God knows what is good for his creatures, far better than they can be supposed to know themselves; and is no less gracious than powerful to bestow what he knows to be such; for he is our *father*: that he frequently withdraws earthly blessings, when our hearts are too much attached to them; to lead us to himself; and to wean us from the world to heaven and eternal regards: that in all afflictions, we should thus reason, looking to the cause and the end: and that as bliss undoubtedly attends a babe, secured in the haven of rest, from all the storms and tempests of this life, there is more of *self-love* than rational concern in immoderate grief for such a one; whose end we should rather congratulate, and for whose departure we should rather be thankful than uneasy.”

I will not trouble you, Sir, with all that passed, but observe, that as these reflections arose naturally upon the occasion, so I conceived they might

might not be unacceptable in your paper, since the cause of grief here touched upon is so common; and since to extend the cup of generous consolation is so honourable. I have therefore thrown together the general substance of our conversation, which I have reason to believe was not wholly ineffectual: but time in these cases applies his lenient hand, and seldom fails to assuage the tide of sorrow. Happy for us mortals that it doth so. — If any fair mother shall derive the least satisfaction from hence, it will repay the trouble of,

Sir, your constant reader,

MEANWELL WILSON.

N. B. Shakespear's fine lines may be no improper supplement.

To persevere

In obstinate condolment, is a course

Of impious stubbornness: 'tis unmanly grief:

It shews a will most uncorrect to heaven:

A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient:

An understanding simple and unschool'd.

For what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why shou'd we in our peevish opposition

Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n:

A fault against the dead; a fault to nature;

To reason most absurd, whose common theme

Is death of children, and who still hath cry'd,

From the first corse, to that which died to day,

'This must be so.'

To

To the observations of Mr. *Wilson*, I shall beg leave to add the following lines, as they are suitable to his subject, and are excellent in themselves.

EPITAPH on an INFANT.

To the dark and silent tomb,
Soon I hasted from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew,
I no gay delights could view;
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

*Happy infant ! early blest !
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest ?
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which encrease with growing years.*

*No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem and gay,
All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain.*

Are then all our pleasures vain ?
Is there none exempt from pain ?
Is there no delight or joy,
But your fondest hopes will cloy ?

*Short and sickly are they all :
Hardly tasted ere they fall :
Lasting only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.*

Sickly

Sickly pleasures all adieu !
 Pleasures which I never knew :
 I'll enjoy my early rest,
 Of my innocence possess ;
 Happy, happy ! from the womb
 That I hasted to the tomb.

NUMBER XXIII.

——— *Behind the dun there stands
 Another monster, not unlike himself ;
 Of aspect sullen, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole ; whose polluted hands, the Gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms
 Erst have endued ; if he his ample palm
 Shou'd haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, strait his body to the touch
 Obsequious, as whilom knights were wont,
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
 In durance vile detain him, till in form
 Of money, Pallas set the captive free.*

PHILLIPS' Splendid Shilling.

WE talk, and with truth, of our liberties ;
 and boast with much satisfaction the security which we enjoy in this favoured kingdom, from the equal and happy administration of justice amongst us ; dealt as it is with impartial hand, to the noble and the peasant ; and equally inflexible to the crimes of the peer, and the meanest mechanic. And doubtless we have great reason to boast, since, perhaps, no kingdom, under the sun, can vie with us in this great and invaluable privilege. But the greater and more valuable it is, the more tender, of consequence,

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we are of it; the more nice to observe the least breach, and the more cautious to guard against the smallest infringement. A good heart too feels the more uneasy concern, when it perceives *that* justice (which was meant to serve and secure the weakest and poorest of the people, no less, nay, perhaps, more than the wealthiest and most powerful) by any means denied to the weak and the poor; while incapable of redress, they wring beneath a load of suffering, and are cut off from all possibility of relief. This indeed may happen, not through any deficiency of the laws, but from the unavoidable imperfection of human institutions: and, in some cases, from the merciless disposition of the inferior instruments of justice; whose hearts are often hardened beyond all power of sensibility, and who, strange to think, have lost every feeling of humanity, every touch of generous compassion, for the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures.

I am led into these reflections by an incident which happened, and of which I was a witness t'other day. Being obliged to come to town, as my own carriage was engaged, I proposed to take a place in one of the many stages which run to and from my village. They were all taken up when I came to the stand, and no place was to be had; but one of the coachmen told me, that there were four gentlemen in his coach, and he was persuaded, if I approved it, they would make room for me; and then he would drive with all speed to town. I accepted the offer, and the gentlemen admitted me. I had not been long in the coach, before two of my companions began a furly altercation; which proceeded
to

to some degree of vehemence, and was pursued with the most impious and horrid blasphemies and execrations my ears ever heard. One at length swore eternal damnation to his soul, if he did not blow the other's brains out, and instantly drew a pistol from his pocket for that purpose; the other, with as much solemnity of oath, denounced immediate destruction on his opponent, and to that end drew his cutlats which stuck in his girdle.

But, after much storming and vapouring, their rage subsided, and they calmly cursed each other into friendship. We proceeded not far before the same wrathful humour predominated; again the diabolical menaces were heard, the pistol cocked, the cutlass unsheathed, and nothing less than the destruction of one or the other seemed probable. Unused to company of this sort, you may suppose I did not sit very easy: and it would have been no small pleasure to me, if I could fairly have taken my leave.

The person who sat next me perceived that I was disturbed; and possessing a little more humanity than his brethren (for he was of the same honourable profession) "don't be troubled, Sir, said he; I find you are not acquainted with these matters: this is nothing new; there will be no mischief done; there are not two *faster* friends in the world than those gentlemen; but this is a cast of their office; it is necessary, Sir, very necessary in its way, to terrify your villain of prisoners; for a prisoner, let me tell you, is a kind of desperate fellow. That man is one, Sir (continued he, pointing to a poor wretch who sat opposite to me) he is a prisoner; and we are gentlemen of the law, *bailiffs*, and please you, Sir, whose

whose business it is to secure these rascals; and we have got him at last. Though there was no fear on't; for I'll defy the devil to escape us. There's *Tom Merciless*, and *Dick Heart-of-flint*, and myself, will engage to take any man in England; I never knew a rogue, though he had as much cunning as grey-pated F——g, that was ever able to *escape us*." *Tom* and *Dick* roared applause, and, with vollies of oaths, attested their matchless abilities in the *catchpolian* profession.

I had observed before, that the face of the person whom I now found to be a prisoner, was clouded with sorrow; and I had seen a tear ever and anon steal from his eye. This had moved my compassion. But I was almost ready to condemn myself for such unseasonable pity; as I had little doubt, from this man's representation, but that the wretch was a notorious thief or murderer, whom justice no longer would suffer to escape and live. But he soon undeceived me, for when the bailiff had finished, "Sir, said the poor man, you do indeed behold a *prisoner*, and a most miserable one. But you look like a gentleman, and I am sure, will pity me. I am a poor man, it is true, born to earn my scanty bread by the sweat of my brow. And I have the satisfaction to say, I have never been wanting in industry. I married early; and my wife, a faithful and good woman, hath every year brought me a child. We have six now alive, and the eldest is not above eight years old. Last winter, as my business lay in London, I took a wretched lodging, the cheapest I could procure for my miserable family, only one room, God knows, for the reception of us all: and this so ill situated, that I solemnly declare, the *rats* were continually our companions; and the *adders* nightly crept over

and hissed round our beds.* My daily toil did scarcely suffice to find us bread, and to preserve us from starving; and I was unable to pay the *eighteen-pence* per week, which was the rent of my lodging. I continued there twenty-four weeks, and my landlord at last drove me out; and hath since constantly pursued me for the rent. Till at length resolved to stay no longer, he hath taken this cruel step, and sent these gentlemen to seize me. Here I am in their power, and all the miseries of a gaol are before me. Let my cruel prosecutor now do his worst: *despair* makes me indifferent to all that may follow.—I cannot pay him; would to God I was able. But a gaol will not make me a wit more able! And there it seems I am to lie: there he threatens to confine me, till I *rot*, as he is pleased to express himself! And let him confine me there! I am undone; let cruelty now do its utmost. All my summer work, by this means, is taken from me: and the good prospect I had before me, is turned into horror! My poor little babes, and my distressed wife, are reduced to the utmost misery and want! They have no money to purchase them a morsel of bread; their tongues cleave to the roof of their mouths with hunger: and they have no friends; for they are in a populous place where nobody knows them; and where, amongst the multitude, the wants of individuals are totally overlooked — and I am torn from them — Oh cruel, cruel fate — Oh my poor babes, my famished innocents.” — Here the poor wretch burst into a flood of tears, and the savage monsters, with all the brutality of inhuman ribaldry, ridiculed his
his

* This is no exaggeration: it was found to be literally true.

his sufferings, and exposed the sorrow of the *man*, the *husband*, the *father*.

To say my heart was affected with the deepest concern, would do no honour to me; for I am satisfied, the scene would have had that effect, upon all my readers (catchpoles excepted;) and to say, what steps I took in this affair, would savour perhaps of a vanity, from which all good works should be free. I would only wish to ask, whether there be no possibility of finding out a method, whereby unhappy men, in such cases, might be relieved and rescued; whether it be proper or *politic*, to give such a power, into the hands of wretches like these catchpoles; and whether *debtors* of this nature, upon proper application, to ministers of the parish, justices of the *peace*, or some other; ought not to be considered and released. Since it seems extremely cruel, to permit the industrious to sink under the iron hand of oppression: while the wise and the famished babe languish in hunger, and drink only the bitterness of tears. And as cases of this kind are not rare; in this benevolent age, let me hope they will meet with attention and pity. *

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* Since the first publication of this, I have seen a proposal in the *London Chronicle* for the redemption of debtors, which I hope the benevolent proposer will endeavour to put into execution.—January 1764.

NUMBER XXIV.

*Si possunt homines, proinde ac sentire videntur
Pondus inesse animo, quod se gravitate fatiget,
E quibus id fiat causis, quoque noscere, et unde
Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore constet;
Haud ita vitam agerent, ut nunc plerumque vi-*
demus,

*Quod sibi quisque velit, nescire et quærere semper
Commutare locum, quasi onus deponere possit.*

LUCRETIVS.

DISCONTENT had long taken up her dwelling in the house of *Magiscatzin*. He made his abode in the populous city of *Zocatlan*, the capital of the large and wealthy province, known through *India* by the same appellation; and the seat of the great *Itztapalapa*, brother of the *Sun*; on whom two hundred Lords wait barefoot in silence, with their eyes fixed on the ground; and who sacrificeth yearly a thousand of his enemies on the green stone, in the temple of the God *Vitzliputzli*. *

Magiscatzin saw thousands live in the smile of *Itztapalapa*, refreshed with the dew of his favour, and blossoming in the sun-shine of his magnificence. He courted that smile, but it beheld him not; he waited long for that dew, but it fell not on his branch. He grew pale with envy, and the fiend of malevolence fixed a cockatrice at his heart. The bosom of his wife, once the seat of delight, was no longer pleasing to him; nor would he drink more of the cup of felicity! refusing the draught from the homely shell of the
cocoa,

* See the Religious Ceremonies by *Picart*.

cocoa, because he could not quaff it from that golden vase ; which the right-hand of *Itztapalapa* held forth to his favourites.

As one morning he wandered in solitude, amidst the desert mountains of *Tlascalan* ; a personage habited like one of the priests of the God *Tlalock* approached ; who, touching the ground with his right hand, and laying it to his mouth, accosted him in the language of friendship.

Magiscatzin returned the salutation. They stood silent a moment ; the priest began ; “ few feet, my son, traverse these lone and gloomy mountains, but those of devotion and disquietude. The placidity, which resteth on the brow of the true worshippers of the ineffable *Tlalock*, is not discoverable on thine. Too plainly do thine eyes bespeak a discomposure of mind. Fear not, my son, to unbosom thy solicitude. The key of secrecy is on my lips : and *Tlalock* hath intrusted me with that invaluable gem, which emits the rich perfume of consolation.”

“ Father, replied *Magiscatzin*, thou art as an angel of the God ; he hath endued thee with his own penetration. My soul is disturbed within me, and I find no rest : for the bounty of *Itztapalapa* shineth on the undeserving. While merit and fidelity cover their heads in obscurity, or wander through the mountains of *Tlascalan* ; their necks unadorned with the chains of gold ; their helms void of the variegated feathers due to them from the brother of the *Sun*.”

“ Tremble, said the venerable sage, to breathe the least murmur against the mighty Lord of *Zacatlan*, the ruler of ten thousand provinces, the powerful brother of the *Sun* ! whom every element is proud to obey ; and to whom, if the rulers of the air (who are privy to every voice of mortals)

mortals) should bear thy complainings; inevitable misery!—Thou wouldst fall an unpitied victim in the temple of the dread *Vitzliputzli*.—But hearken, Oh my son. Thy mind is deluded by the sorceress *Error*: disappointment hath spread her sable veil before thy sight; and thou canst not either discern the splendor of the great *Itztapalapa*'s wisdom, or the plain and unperplexed path which leadeth to the temple of felicity. Dazzled with the lustre of greatness, thou hast treasured up in thy mind false notions of its bliss; and disappointed in thy pursuits of it, fondly deemest thyself disappointed of real happiness.—The evil *Genii*, who delight to distress the sons and worshippers of the beneficent *Tlalock*, triumphing over thy heart-corroding anxiety, have commissioned their busiest instruments to promote thy misery; and to render thee in truth what thou art in imagination only. The ideal blessings denied thee, are by their, agency, turned into real evils; and the loss of fancied gratifications prevents thee from enjoying those of which thou art possessor.—But hearken to the voice of wisdom; obey, and thou shalt be blessed.—Tell me *Magiscatzin*, point out the man, who buildeth his nest on the towering cedar of felicity.

“*Curdistan*, replied he in a moment—*Curdistan* dwells secure on its topmost bough. He sits in his Prince's favour, like the proud city of *Mexico*, Empress of the world, in the midst of the lakes. *Curdistan* is happy.—Nor less so is *Tabuca*; honour and wealth wave, like yellow fields of ripe maize around him, and the fairest beauty of *Zocatlan* encircles him with the snow of her arms.—And not less blessed, for not less honourable is *Xicoltenca*; for he gives the golden cup, enamelled with the *topaz* and the *sapphire*,
into

into the hands of *Itztapalapa*, and reclineth on the same carpet to play at the royal game of *Tololoque* with the brother of the *Sun*.—*Yucatan* also.”——

“No more, said the priest interrupting him, it is enough my son; mark this emerald. Take it and preserve it with the utmost attention. It was the gift of *Tlalock* himself, who descended in thunder, while the earth trembled at his approach—the gift of the sovereign *Tlalock* to my immortal father; who now drinks out of the ruby bowls which *Halicasti* hands round to the Lords of Paradise.—Bind it next to thy heart, and it will render thee invisible to every mortal eye; and haste thee away, enter every dwelling where thy desires long chiefly to dwell; and in the name of the mighty deity, whose sacrifices I perform, and whose incense I burn, I swear to thee, that thou shalt be the man, whom thou thyself shalt confess, the *happy one*. Finish thy enquiries with all speed; and when the sun shall twice have travelled over yon mountains, meet me in this place of meditation.”

The heart of *Magiscatzin* throbbed with ardor and impatience; he seized the emerald, and entered with the step of impetuosity the city of *Zocatlan*.

H.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXV.

*Oh happiness! our being's end and aim,
 Good, pleasure, ease, content; what'er thy name:
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
 Plant of celestial seed; if dropt below,
 Say in what mortal soil, thou deign'st to grow?*

POPE.

“**R**EJOICE, son of *Alibudab*, said *Magiscatzin*; The eye of Omniscience hath beheld thee with favour, though the dread Lord of *Zocatlan* did not vouchsafe thee a smile; glory standeth ready to bind around thy neck her golden chain; and rosy-wreathed happiness prepareth her softest sofas for thy repose!—Immortal, eternal, life-giving *Sun*! Eye of the world, dispenser of health, of riches, of beneficence! Hear me, sovereign, with the golden locks.—My vows, my prayers, are thine! A thousand victims, in token of thankfulness, shall bleed on thy altars; and the smoke of incense shall waft, in odorous clouds, my praises to thee, seated on thy flaming throne of ruby.”

Thus spoke the delusive voice of flattery in the heart of *Magiscatzin*, as he trod with impatience from the mountains; he held the wondrous *emerald* close to his breast; and formed to himself a thousand schemes of happiness! *Ambition* mantled in his cheek; and *Pleasure*, in her saffron vestment, danced before his eye. Disappointment was a stranger to his ideas; vain and

erring,

erring, he considered not the universal condition of mortality!

Soon as he entered the city of *Zocatlan*, he turned not to the right-hand or to the left; but bent his steady course to the dwelling of *Curdistan*. "There, said he, will I first prove the power of the great *Tlalock's* jewel; nor shall I have cause to prove it in any other dwelling than his! *Curdistan's* felicity shall be mine. Happy son of *Alibudab*, thou shalt be the magnificent *Curdistan*!" Unseen and unnoted, he entered the gates, and ascended the numerous steps, which lead to the palace of *Curdistan*. He beheld with rapture and admiration, the splendor of all things around him; the vessels shining with burnished gold; the paintings, glowing with fictitious life; the attendants, richly adorned, and zealous in their services. But when he saw the nobles and grandees of *Zocatlan*, waiting in a spacious apartment, to catch the smile, and touch the border of *Curdistan's* robe, he repress with difficulty the transport of his expectations; and stood a-while deliberating with himself, whether he should not instantly return to the mountains of *Tlascalan*; claim the promise of the priest; and assume the envied character of the blest *Curdistan*. "Rather first *Magiscatzin*, said he within himself, refresh thy soul with a view of the mighty master of these profuse glories; and contemplate, delighted, in him, the radiant beams of gladness, which soon are to play around thee!"—Instantly he sought the apartment of *Curdistan*. He found it; entered trembling with anxious delight;—but in a moment was struck with confusion and amazement! "Curse upon my fortune, (were the first words he heard from the lips of him whom he envied—)

vied—) Curse upon my fortune, and upon the hour, which made me a slave to greatness and *Itztapalapa*! Had I been born an humble peasant, *repose* and *peace* would have smoothed my pillow; and all the torment of power had been unknown to my heart! Now the fears of solicitude drive sleep from my couch all the night, and the day is enslaved to dissimulation, falsehood and tumult! Seated high, how difficult is it to preserve that seat; and if I fall, I fall with tenfold destruction! Not respecting my person, but my power, a train of courtiers wait my approach; but, alas, I find no friend in the circle; he only is my friend, on whom my hand showers gifts! Curse on them all, on myself, on my fortune; I am weary of existence.”—He had scarce uttered these words, to which every discomposure of countenance gave energy, before a messenger entered with the mandate of *Itztapalapa*, to deprive him of his honours and officers. *Magiscatzin* terrified at the tempest of passions, which tore him upon the receipt of this fatal mandate (a mandate which he had but too much reason to suspect, shrunk disappointed from the palace, which he entered with the full gale of triumph; and, as he departed, observed every courtier stealing privately away; heard every lip freely owning the justice of the sentence, and cursing the pride, and the folly of *Curdistan*.

Astonishment possessed the mind, and led the feet of *Magiscatzin* long devious and unperceiving whither he tended. But, at length, recollection summoned the powers of his soul: he resolved to pursue his enquiries? and less captivated with the glare of ambition, wished for the softer felicities of life. He hastened therefore to the house of *Tabuca*, attracted by the beauty of the

the daughter of *Saram*; whose graces the tongue of fame resounded loudly through the streets of *Zocatblan*; and who flourished in charms like the first vernal bloom on the trees of Paradise. Happy *Tabuca*, (said he within himself,) the pure joys of immortal love are thine; the rich feast of unparallelled beauty is presented to thee! Love, without the interruption of anxiety; peace, without the molestations of ambition; honour, without the clamours of importunity, weave the crown of full and flourishing felicity for thy brow! Oh *Tabuca*, who is blessed, who is to be envied like thee!" He said, and entered the dwelling! But behold a fiend, which the malevolent *Zaresb* sent forth from the regions of darkness and woe, to confound the choicest tranquility of human beings, stood with ever-watchful eye at the door of *Tabuca*, and stopt up every avenue that might admit the approach of the dispensers of consolation. *Magiscatzin* grew pale at the sight. He knew the spirit of jealousy. "And can it be possible, said he, that this accursed Demon should make his abode here? Alas, where he dwells, no bliss shall ever spring up and flourish. Plants only of baleful poison mark his footsteps." He pressed forward however, to the apartment of *Tabuca*. He found him pale and pensive lying on the ground. His heart heaved with anxiety. He doubted the fidelity of the fairest beauty of *Zocatblan*. He doubted the fidelity of the wife of his soul. Resolved to try the efficacy of his *Emerald* to the utmost; *Magiscatzin*, (though no longer wishing to assume the character of *Tabuca*; for how can the soul, harrassed with jealousy, join in the chorus of free-hearted joys?) stole to the private chamber of the daughter of *Saram*, and there

there he beheld, while she thought no eye conscious of her proceedings——(for unwise, she thought not of the eye of *Tlalock*, which no mortal can elude)—He beheld, that beauty full often proves a snare to itself; and that eminence in charms subjects only to eminence of temptation and peril.

Disgusted and dissatisfied as before, *Magiscatzin* hastened from the house of *Tabuca*; “ambition is madness, said he; the softer pleasures are unmanly; *wealth* alone is worth a wise man’s concern: Its blessings are noble, are permanent; it procures all we want, it obtains all we wish. Greatness and honour are in its train; and the daughters of beauty fall down and adore it. I will haste then to the lowly, but wealthy retreat of *Devostan*. The felicity which flieth from the palace of the great, and the couch of the lovely, is assuredly to be found there.” It happened, that, as he went along, a multitude, innumerable as the stars in the firmament, crowded the grand street of *Zocathlan*, and denied him passage: In the midst of them, attended by the ministers of justice, he beheld two wretches, whose brows indicated the deepest horror. He took the *emerald* from his heart, and appearing, in consequence, to the general view, solicited information concerning the cause of the present throng. “Thou seest (said the man, of whom he enquired) in those miserable wretches, the only son, and the most favourite servant of *Devostan*. The former wearied by the penurious severity of his father, and allured by the dire thirst of his countless possessions, engaged the other in a foul conspiracy. And they have washed their hands——impious and detestable——in the blood of the *father* and *master*; that they might riot in his
wealth

wealth. And lo, they are about to receive their due reward ! The earth, astonished at their deeds, is preparing to swallow them up alive !”

“ Oh accursed gold, said *Magiscatzin*—wretched, wretched *Devostan* ! And was I hastening to the place, where thy corpse lieth weltering in its blood—its blood shed even by the hand of thy own son !

“ Son of *Alibudab*, how art thou deceived ! Where canst thou find the happiness which thou seekest ?”

He sighed, and turning from the crowd, resolved to retire to his own house, and dedicate a few hours to reflection ; before he renewed his search.

H.

NUMBER XXVI.

*Where grows ? Where grows it not ? If vain our
toil,*

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere.

'Tis no where to be found, or every where.

POPE.

HE folded his arms ; fixed his eyes upon the earth ; and with slow and pensive step moved towards his own dwelling. “ Oh *Magiscatzin*, said he ; in the silence of reflection, thou art disappointed, but not satisfied. And dwelleth she not beneath the golden roof of ambition and honour ? Doth she not live in the blooming bower of young and fragrant beauty ? Is *happiness* a stranger to that temple of *wealth*, which every foot delights to enter, where every hand is ready

to kiss the mouth, in token of adoration ! Lead me to the Goddess, ye awful powers, endowed with celestial penetration ; dispel the darkness of doubt and hesitancy ; oh for a beam of unfailing light ! shine forth ; and shew me the way ; make me great and make me blessed !”

A deep and hollow groan at that moment sounded from a lowly cottage, by which he passed ; it pierced his heart ; he drew near ; and the cries of distress awakened his compassion. He entered the lowly door ; and behold,—stretched on the bed of sickness, lay the mother of six clamorous infants, demanding with the voice of importunity, food to satiate their hunger ; she replied only with tears. *Magiscatzin* sought the cause of her distress ; grief is communicative ; she informed him that “ the iron hand of death had but lately cut down her husband, the trunk, upon which she and her babes leant for support. He, by his daily and laborious toil, earned for them the scanty pittance, which fed the lamp of life. But now, friendless and unpitied ; unknown, and unrelieved, famine preyeth upon my children, said she, while sorrow eateth up my heart ! How many of the great and the wealthy, whose tables are loaded by the hands of profusion and plenty, dream little of necessity like ours ; and care not to diffuse the offals of their feasts, which would suffice to preserve us from the resistless severity of hunger ! Not far hence, continued she, lives the great and splendid *Magiscatzin* ; wealth and felicity take up their abode in his happy dwelling, and his meanest domestics are the envied children of peace. The very crumbs from his table could more than satiate our wishes ; would give gladness to the heart of the disconsolate window, and

wipe

wipe away the tears from the hollow and half famished eyes of the orphan!

Magiscatzin heard; and was abashed. "No more, said he, to the woman; the angel of consolation will visit thy cottage. Fear not: The clouds are dispersing, and the chearful sun will speedily brighten the heavens." Thus speaking, with hasty step he left the house of mourning, fearing to be discovered; and "Oh mighty *Tlalock*, said he, I had no need of thy *emerald* to teach me this wisdom. Son of *Alibudab*, cease thy search; acknowledge thy error; and be glad to drink the waters of thy own clear fountain!" Immediately he issued his command, to relieve the wants of the widow, and to feed the hungry orphans. And in that command the glow of benevolence warmed his bosom; he felt, that to *bless* was to be *blessed*! Chearfulness resumed her seat on his forehead, and his eye sparkled again with vivacity and delight. I will get me to the mountains, said he, early on the morrow; I will restore, without a desire to repossess, the wondrous jewel, which the venerable priest hath committed to my trust. Let the false glare of honour allure; the destructive pursuit of riches bewilder; mine shall be a nobler aim—sovereign *Tlalock*, I adore thee! The temple of human happiness is founded on the adamant rock of benevolence and virtue."

Early he sought the mountains of *Tlascalan*. The sage appeared; "Take back thy jewel, said *Magiscatzin*: It availed not; by its aid I discovered only the unsuspected haunts of misery and woe; without its aid, I have found the unerring path, which leads to the immortal dome of happiness."—"Charge not the jewel, but thyself, said the priest; thou mightest well have

found that path long before ; but without the jewel, know, that thou would'st never have found it. The chief cause of human discontent is the envious eye, which, looking to the loftier state, longs for the pleasures, which, as it deems, dwell plenteous there ; while it contemns and neglects the satisfactions in its own power ; and judges them worthless and inconsiderable, in comparison of the blazing glories above it ! Erring Mortals ! how false, how vain is your estimate of things ! The jewel hath enabled thee to know, what otherwise, *Magiscatzin*, little else than experience could have taught ; that the heart full often is a stranger to joy, where the face wears the constant sun-shine of smiles : that the serenity of peace dwells not always, where the outward triumphs of splendor exult ; that the breast not rarely is torn with the tempest of cares, which seems hushed with the profoundest calm.

Yet mistake not, happiness, in a degree, though, not in perfection, is a flower, that will flourish in almost every soil. It withered in the garden of *Curdistan* ; but it withered because *Curdistan* gave it not a proper culture. It requir-eth not to be fostered with the dews of honour, it wisheth not to grow beneath a shelter of gold ; even the fair tendance of the hand of beauty is not peculiarly needful ; it often is found in fresher verdure in the gardens of the homely. Yet neither will it fade, because *beauty* tends it ; *honour* fosters it with her dew ; or *wealth* spread-eth over it the alcove of gold ;—If the former is virtuous, the latter beneficent, diffusive, humane—the heart-felt joy, which enlivens and immortalizes, will lift up the soul, and make it divine.

For know, *Magiscatzin* ; the eternal powers that dwell beyond the Sun, are perfect in unutterable

terable bliss, because they are perfect in unchangeable goodness. Would'st thou be exalted to a participation of the joys, which they share; conform thy soul to some similitude with theirs; to be immortal hereafter, labour to be god-like here. The nearer approaches thou makest to the temper of the Gods, the nearer approaches wilt thou make to their happiness. The more thou dost cultivate the virtues of divine original, and cast forth from thine hand the blessings of benevolence, while the generous sensations of humanity expand thy heart; the more wilt thou find of serenity in this world; the more lightly will the unavoidable difficulties of mortality lie upon thee; the more chearful will be thy resignation: and hereafter, in the world of eternity, thou shalt quaff perennial delight, in full draughts, from the inexhausted fountain, which pours its streams of pleasure through the boundless realms of paradise."

The writer of this history adds, in the *Eastern Manuscript*, whence we have taken it, That, "The fame of *Magiscatzin's* humanity after this, was borne upon every breeze thro' the territories of the great *Itztapalapa*; that sorrow never went from his gate, with a tear in her eye; that distress and desolation never sought his roof, but they found a comforter. That, As he passed through the street, of *Zocatlan*, the blessings of age and infirmity, of sickness and hunger, of the orphan and the widow, fell upon him.—That he lived long in the favour of the Gods, and left many wise maxims to his children; two of which were, "Would'st thou, Oh my son, find real happiness and content, look into the cottage of the slave, not upon the splendor of the prince."—"Happiness, Oh my children, dwelleth in the heart; and

and he, who would find her, and bring her home to that dwelling, must follow the guidance of virtue; and listen to the instructions of benevolence.” H.

NUMBER XXVII.

— *Prima tuæ menti veniat fiducia cunctas
Posse capi : capies : tu modo tende plagas.*

OVID.

To the VISITOR.

From the Seeking-Assembly held at
Want-Hall.

Dear Creature,

DID you not think me long? I have a vast notion you did. And you must know I have an immense satisfaction in that. I love amazingly to make people wait for me: there is a prodigious pleasure in keeping up, then disappointing; and at last gratifying expectation. 'Tis for this reason that I have deferred so long my promised account of the proceedings of our *assembly*. Dear *Candid*, we go on charmingly. I never found the country so *tolerable* in my life as it is this season. Thanks to our assembly, and the multiplicity of engagements it occasions; and thanks to the kind clouds, which have been so very obliging as to pour down such a quantity of rain, that one was compelled you know, to play at cards all the day long in one's own defence. There was no other way of killing time: what a prodigious pleasant thing a wet summer is; I hope

hope we shall have very little good weather till *November*; and then, you know, my dear, it does not much matter what the weather is. I assure you great things are talked of concerning next winter; our *metropolitan ball* is likely to appear in no small splendor.—But I must not anticipate—won't you be a subscriber, Mr. *Candid*? I dare say your lady will like it; I shall hope for the honour of introducing her to my select party at *Ombre*. Miss *Selima's* compliments, pray.

But to business; I told you in my last * that we had agreed, five or six and twenty of us to form a new assembly. All matters being duly settled, our first meeting was on *Thursday* (dear dear *Thursday*, 'tis the sweetest day of all the seven) *May* the 15th,—a very good month you know; every body speaks handsomely of *May*.—I told you before that the ladies had determined to constitute me *Queen*. So in the chair was I sate; and as in duty bound, I express my thanks, and began my reign with a proper speech. “Ladies, said I, you do me great honour, by conferring upon me a dignity to which I fear I am not by any means equal. I am not ignorant of the distinguishing qualifications which are necessary for a *Queen* of so polite and august an assembly: nor am I insensible of the attainments requisite for a discharge of this arduous office with profit to you, and credit to myself. However as you have been so genteel as to judge me adequate to the task, I accept it with all readiness, and will not so much derogate from your exquisite discernment, as to enlarge on my own impropriety. It shall be my constant endeavour, as it will be my greatest delight to shew myself

* See Visitor, No. XV.

myself at all times, and by all means the slave and most humble servant of this respectable and fair society.

“ I propose not, *ladies*, to enlarge on the various and important advantages which may be derived from the present laudable institution. Our empire, you know, is well established over the other sex; yet custom, in some particulars, hath preposterously given them manifest superiority over *us*. It is therefore, I humbly conceive, a matter of prudence, and, in some degree of necessity, for us, by every reasonable and justifiable method, to assert our prerogative, to counterwork that superiority, and to prevent the growing and dangerous prevalence of those certain *advantages* which (as I hinted) they have strangely gained. And to these ends, permit me to say, nothing seems more likely to conduce than our present most useful design. For as we all, (I may speak without *reserve*, since there are only ladies present) as we all are *seeking* after the dignity of *woman-hood* and *child-bearing*; by thus uniting our interests, declaring our particular pursuits, and expressing our wants; we shall be able at once to serve each other, and to establish a power, which may be formidable to the *males* if they presume to oppose it.

“ But that I may not be tedious, permit me only to congratulate you as well as myself on this fortunate event; to wish us the happy success we desire; and to request that you proceed immediately to business; the first step in which I apprehend, will be to choose proper officers, and then to read over the articles of our assembly. After which it will be necessary to fix the days and time of our meeting.”

My

My speech was received, Mr. *Visitor*, with much *eclat*, I assure you. Between you and I, I had taken some pains to prepare it. And it gives me no small pleasure, let me tell you, to think, that it will be printed with your lucubrations, and be immortalized in the memory and esteem of all future fair *Seekers*. By the bye, few of my *father's* (who is a *common-councilman*, and a *committee man*, at many *hospitals*, &c.) few of his speeches are better; for I hear them all again and again, as he is perpetually conning them over, for two or three months, before he is called forth to play the *Orator*.

My dear friend miss *Jenny Languish*, a most agreeable sweet lively creature, a particular intimate of mine, and a girl of taste, who sat at my right hand, after I had finished, got up, and with *exceeding* propriety of voice and gesture, remarked, that, "According to her *conceptions*, a *secretary*, of all officers, was the most necessary in our assembly. Since as we proposed to minute down the several *wants* of our several members, it would be of great utility, that a person, with a very ready pen, should at all times be present; those *wants*, she continued, perhaps may not be very many; but it will be necessary that they be specified with some degree of *precision*. Ever since I have read the works of a certain author, I am very desirous to express all my *ideas* with *precision*; and I am perfectly satisfied, that much, very much prejudice hath arisen to the world in general, but to the *female* world in particular, from confusion of ideas, from impropriety and cloudiness in declaring them, or from *backwardness* to declare them fully and plainly. I move, therefore, that a *Secretary* of meet *capabilities* (to use

use the expression of an admired writer) be first chosen by this polite assembly."

Miss *Languish's* motion was received with universal applause; and every lady in the room rose up to *second* it; and every lady in the room rose up to offer her services, and to present herself as a candidate for our *Secretaryship*. Great indeed was the confusion: it was a perfect hurricane! Every tongue ran with prodigious volubility; and I was in terrible fears, lest we should never again return to order, never be able to proceed with business; and thus in one moment ruin all our future hopes. You must know, Mr. *Visitor*, I saw directly the cause of all this: instantly I pierced into the reason of this mighty desire of them all to obtain the *Secretary's* place.—*Entre nous*, it was only because they thought that by this means they should know all the *secrets*; and, as keeping the books, be privy to the wants of every *Seeker*. Dear *Curiosity* was at the bottom; and curiosity, you know, is a very prevailing principle in the *heart* of a woman.—So like a prudent pilot at the helm, I guided the matter right, and steered safe through this storm, by getting up, and requesting them to oblige me with their attention for a moment. "To order, to order," was echoed around; and when they were tolerably silent, I began; "Ladies, I think myself ineffably happy in the prodigious readiness you all shew to accept this burdensome and laborious office of *Secretary* under me. Whoever shall engage in the task, will doubtless gain much honour and esteem from this whole very elegant assembly. But permit me to say, that as it is an office of much business, so it will require constant attendance, and will be accom-

panied

panied with a good deal of fatigue; neither will any peculiar advantages or indulgencies be derived from it, unless I may be allowed to call such, my own particular friendship, as well as the grateful acknowledgement of the whole society. For as we propose not to admit any of the other sex to our private meetings, nor to allow them to be of our *community*, as a *seeking* one; so we shall not suffer any thing to be transacted amongst us of a nature improper to be communicated to the whole *assembly*; though the whole of our proceedings may justly be stiled *private*, yet will they be made public to ourselves; and at every assembly I design, that the *Secretary* shall read with a distinct and audible voice, for the information of all present, the *minutes* of the last meeting, and whatever hath come before us, or is upon our books."

This speech, Mr. *Candid*, had the desired effect; the ladies one and all dropt their pretensions, and every one very complaisantly was desirous to recommend her neighbour. A smiling *Belle*, whose pretty face is well known, got up, and proposed, that "the lady should be chosen *Secretary*, without opposition, who could make it appear, that she had written the most *love letters*, dispersed the most cards, and could shew the greatest number behind her glass, and on her chimney-piece, received within the space of ten days." And as the rogue turned her black sawcy eyes upon me, I confess to you, that I blushed and was heartily afraid, lest the *Queen* must have condescended to be her own *Secretary*.

"Kitty, said I, we receive your proposal: Not a word more, child: You shall be my *Secretary*: I insist upon it; for I would venture to say,
you

you have received forty thousand love-letters; have dispersed a million of *cards*; and are now in possession of as many as would take a month to read over, received within these last ten days. So *child*, don't let me hear a word of opposition. Ladies you have chose me your *Queen*, and in this one particular you must permit me to be absolute." The ladies were pleased to gratify my desire; and Miss Kitty *Scribble-love* was ordered to take her place at the Queen's right hand, as Secretary to the *Seeking Assembly*.

"Madam, said an old wrinkled *seeker*, who by some strange chance, had got in amongst us, and who, having lived with a brother in *trade*, this half-century, had contracted all the formality of that *naïsty* life. "Madam, said she, addressing herself to me——That we may proceed rightly, it will be fit and proper, that you order your Secretary to draw out an *advertisement*, signifying the purposes and ends of this assembly, with all other requisite particulars; which should be printed in our public daily papers, the *Advertiser*, the *Gazetteer*, the *Ledger*, and so forth. For otherwise the world will not know of these things, and we shall miss our aim perhaps."

"Madam, I could not help replying, with a decent warmth and quickness; let your *country bops*, and dirty *tradesmen* advertise, we are above it. You know Madam, surely, that the Metropolitan ball was established in all its greatness without one advertisement."—"Yes, yes, said Sakey *Sneerwell*, with the ashen-coloured face, there will be no need to advertise I warrant you; twenty or thirty ladies engaged to spread any thing, will do it more effectually than all the news-papers in England. Never fear, we will make it known."

Accordingly

Accordingly the matter was carried in the negative. It was then moved to read the *articles*, &c. but this we determined to postpone, till the next week; and in the mean time to invite all ladies, duly qualified, to our assembly. The next week came and we met: *One hundred and seventy-nine.*—But I think, my dear Visitor, I have written enough for once: So you must wait *child*, a little longer, till I have time to write to you again: Patience is an excellent virtue: I love to give you men a grain of it now and then to smell to.—So adieu—you figure,

I am, in high spirits let me tell you;

And very much your's,

SELIMA SEEKER.

Q. S. A.

NUMBER XXVIII.

Christian is the highest stile of man.

YOUNG.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

IT is often matter of much surprize to me, that any reasonable Being should reject the *Christian System*, when fairly and truly proposed to him; a system which, as a late elegant author

thor expresses it, "gives to virtue its sweetest hopes; to impenitent vice its greatest fears, and to true penitence its best consolations; which checks even the least approaches to guilt, and yet makes those allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the stoic pride denied to it, but which the imperfection of it requires."

If a man be really *virtuous* and *honest*, and is desirous to commend himself to the Deity by a rational and serious conduct, it seems impossible to suppose, that he should have any objection to that system, which "gives to virtue its sweetest hopes;" which places the duties of morality upon the firmest and most extensive foundation, and which elevates the soul to the noblest and most consistent ideas of God, and of the services which are acceptable to him.

If a man be engaged in vicious pursuits, and dedicated to criminal gratifications, there seems again no solid reason why he should reject and oppose the Christian Religion, and shroud himself beneath the dark banner of deism or infidelity; since it is agreed, on every hand, that if there is a Deity,—and that there is, no man even attempts to doubt in these enlightened days,—that Deity must take a pleasure only in the deeds of the pure and deserving; can find no complacency in the acts or the offers of the sinful and polluted. So that while a man continues in the practice of vice, deism, and every other religion, if it be consistent, must disapprove his proceedings; can support him with no satisfactory hopes.

If, therefore, desirous to obtain the divine attention, he resolves to alter his life, and to abandon the path of guilt, what religion should he embrace so soon, so gladly, as that which "gives to true penitence its best consolations:" nay, which
alone

alone can give any solid consolation to penitence, and assure it undoubtedly of the pardon for which it so anxiously wishes? Human reason, it is plain, could never perfectly satisfy itself, respecting the willingness of the Deity to admit to pardon on *repentance* only; the heathens abundantly testified their persuasion of the contrary, by not trusting *only* to *penitence*; superadding, as was universally the custom, sacrifices and offerings, libations, gifts, and atonements of different sorts, by which they conceived their gods were to be placated: a notion which most probably they derived from tradition; as unenlightened reason seems perfectly to disclaim, or at least to be an utter stranger to the idea.—

But, to the exquisite comfort of the *returning penitent*, the Christian religion leaves not this most important of all concerns to the fluctuation of uneasy conjecture, while it establishes his hopes upon the surest basis, and supports his repentance with the most unexceptionable assurance of its prevalence, through an *atonement* all-sufficient and well-pleasing. The vicious man, therefore, if he hath any real understanding, can never, with propriety, reject Christianity. Since if ever he intends to repent,—and no man living *intends* to die impenitent;—no religion, but the Christian, can afford him a solid and rational ground of *hope*.

I observe, farther, that if indeed there be an eternity awaiting us, if the soul of man be immortal, and must, in consequence, partake of the due reward of its deeds—(and if the case be otherwise, to contend about religion, is just as idle, as to contend about mens different complexions) if man be immortal,—and that he is, the universal voice of nature declares, in every place and in every age—

Then, let who will be wrong, the Christian *must* be right; let whatever religion be true, the sincere professor of christianity cannot fail of his recompence; cannot be unacceptable to the deity, let that deity be found hereafter, agreeable to the representations of what system, or persuasion soever. Cicero's fine argument against *Atheism*, may be applied to *Christianity*, with double force. "If there should happen, says he to his opponent, to be no God, I shall certainly be as well off as yourself; *annihilation* will then be your lot as well as mine. But if the matter shall be found otherwise; if there shall indeed be found a God, when we enter into a future state; how greatly shall I have the advantage of you; who have all your life long profest and inculcated atheism and impiety; while I have continually laboured to honour the deity, and to promote virtue and religion?"

And thus the professor of christianity may reply to the *Deist*, *Infidel*, *Pagan*, *Mahometan*, *Jew*, or any other, who disapproves his faith, and would propagate their own; "If peradventure the doctrines which I believe shall be found to be true: if indeed the religion of Christ is what it assumes to itself, a revelation from the most High God; in how sad a case will you be found, who reject and despise it, who knowingly refuse to embrace it, and resist all the evidences, which it offers? In how sad a case will you, particularly, be found, who born and bred in a country professing christianity, nay, who baptized into that faith, utterly cast off and disclaim its obligations?"

And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow?
If Angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:

The

The wretch they quit desponding of their
charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can
tell?

Oh think, in such a case, if the doctrines of redemption be found true, what a miserable situation yours will be!—But, on the other hand, supposing, that hereafter, when we appear together in the future world, these doctrines shall prove false, and the facts of christianity appear fictitious; yet there can be no doubt, but that I shall obtain favour from the deity; be he such a one as is represented in any of your systems.—If he be the God of the Deist, he cannot but approve me, who have made it the business of my life to purify my heart and actions from all defilement: for he is a God delighting in virtue; and a being so good and gracious, that he will never punish for the unavoidable errors of the head where the heart was right. If he be the God—*all-mercy*—of the infidel; I have no need to be afraid: my whole endeavour has been to supplicate and to obtain his mercy; and if I requested it, through a Mediator, it shews that I had the higher opinion of his adorable perfection.—Even with the *Jupiter* and the *Pallas* of the old Heathen world, the Christian may expect favour; for separate from the absurdities of fable, they are suppoed to be no other than universal goodness, power and wisdom. And should the system of *Mahomet* be found true, I shall certainly obtain the rewards offered to good *Mussulmen*. For *Mahomet* himself allows the divine mission of Jesus Christ; and inculcating the belief of a just and good God, supposeth him only not—so *pure* and *holy* as the christian supposeth him: and of consequence the christian, upon this plan, will find

nothing to his loss: it will appear indeed to him, that he has been more virtuous than there was need; and more exact in the performance of duty, than was requisite for a reception of the blessings of the *Mahomedan* Paradise. Suppose, lastly, that the *Jewish* religion should, in the end, be proved the religion of truth; yet even agreeable to its tenets, the christian is safe: the *Jew* waited for and believed in a *coming* Messiah; I believed that he was come, and, as such, did honour to God the Father by him. As to the rest, no man can deny that the morality of the *Christian* is equal to, and must necessarily be as acceptable with God, as the *Jewish* morality—Thus in the end, whatever faith be found right, it is undeniable, that the *Christian* who lives up to the holy precepts of his religion cannot be wrong.”

But let me say, that as no religion has such pretension, so none affords such evidences *internal* and *external*, of its veracity as the *Christian*; nor is there any liable to so few objections. Examine any other, scrutinize it with that strict severity, wherewith christianity hath been scrutinized, and see if it will not be found greatly more defective. Every argument which right reason can require, offers itself in support of the christian system; and the man who requires more is certainly not reasonable. But if you will permit me, I may, perhaps, take some future occasion to examine the *evidences*, and shew the *excellency* of our holy faith.

I am, S I R,

Yours, &c.

M.

NUM.

NUMBER XXIX.

For lawyers, lest that bear defendant,
 And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't
 Do slave and tail with writs of error,
 Reverse of judgment and demurrer;
 To let 'em breath a while, and then,
 Cry whoop! and set 'em on again!
 Until with subtle cobweb cheats,
 They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets:
 In which when once they are imbrangled,
 The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
 And while their purses can dispute,
 There's no end of the immortal suit.

HUDIBRAS.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

THE humanity you discovered in your 23d
 Number gave me much pleasure; and I read,
 though not without a tear of sympathy, the un-
 happy man's case there related. *Non ignara mali
 miseris succurrere disco.* For alas, Sir, I am, in
 some degree a fellow-sufferer with him, and have
 felt all the mischiefs of the law: and surely may
 be allowed to hesitate a little in my assent to what
 you have advanced respecting "the happy and
 equal administration of justice;" when I tell you,
 that I have been ruined by a vexatious *chancery-*
suit, which at length is determined in my favour,
 after fifteen years of sorrow and anxiety, disquiet-
 tude and distress! let others admire the *hero* of the
 north, the illustrious *Prussian*, for his prowess in
 war,

war, and his amazing stand against enemies so infinitely superior; in my sight he appears far more worthy applause and wonder, for his attention to the welfare of his subjects, and for his removal especially of all those *demurs* which render the law so *unlawful*, and *justice* itself so *unjust*.

If you will permit me, I may, perhaps, hereafter send you all the afflicting circumstances of my case; but at present my intention is to request, that you would give a place in your excellent paper to the following dialogue from the Archbishop of Cambray; of whose dialogues in the general the amiable *author* * of those just published amongst us, observes, "that they breathe the pure spirit of virtue, of unaffected good sense, of just criticism, and of fine taste." This which I would recommend to you is between *Solon* the famous lawgiver of the *Athenians*, who was esteemed one of the seven wise men of Greece; and *Justinian*, the celebrated Roman Emperor, who, about the year of Christ 527, being at repose in his kingdom, chose out ten able lawgivers, at the head of whom was the famous *Tribonius*, to collect into one body the *Roman* laws, and ordered it to be called the *Justinian Code*. He then ordered them to extract the most noted decisions, which were contained in *two thousand* volumes of ancient law books, and to reduce them into a body, which was published in the year 533, under the name of *Digests*. It consists of 50 vols. The same year *Justinian* published his *Institutes*; a book which contains the elements and principles of the Roman Law. At last the Emperor had the laws collected together, which had been lately made; and the volume which contained them, he called the *New Code*.

DIALOGUE

* Lord Littleton.

DIALOGUE XII. by *Fenelon*, Archbishop of
Cambray, Author of *Telemachus*, &c.

SOLON, JUSTINIAN.

“ *A just idea of laws fit to make a people good and
happy.*”

Justinian. Nothing is equal to the majesty of the Roman laws: Amongst the Greeks you have been accounted a great legislator, but, had you lived amongst us, your glory would have been very much eclipsed.

Sol. Why so? Should I have been despised in your country?

Just. No, but the Romans have very much excelled the Grecians, both in the *number* and *perfection* of their laws.

Sol. In what have they excelled them?

Just. We have an infinite *number* of wondrous laws; and I shall be honourably recorded in all succeeding ages, for having compiled the whole body of laws in my *Code*.

Sol. I have often heard *Cicero* say, since his descent hither, that the law of the Twelve Tables was the most perfect that ever the Romans had; you'll allow me, I hope, to observe that these laws were transferred from the Greeks to the Romans; and that the greatest part of them came from *Lacedæmon*.

Just. They shall come from where you please; but they were too *plain* and too *short*, to be compared to our laws, which have foreseen, decided, and put every thing in order, with the greatest precision.

Sol.

Sol. For my part, I thought that good laws were to be *clear, plain, short*, and proportioned to the understanding of all people; who may easily comprehend, remember, love, and obey them, at all times, and in all places.

Just. But short, and plain laws, do not sufficiently shew the learning of *counsellors*, or afford matter for *intricate debates*.

Sol. I must confess, I thought that laws were made to avoid intricate questions; and only to preserve good morals, order, and peace among the people; but you tell me, that they ought to exercise the subtil wits of lawyers, and afford them matter for pleading.

Just. Rome has produced many learned counsellors; whereas, in Sparta, there was nothing but ignorant soldiers.

Sol. I should have thought that good laws were those where *no counsellors* were wanting; and under whose protection the most ignorant may live, without being forced to consult sophisters upon the sense of different texts, and the manner of reconciling them. I should infer that laws could be good for nothing, which stood in need of so many learned men to explain their meaning, when even they themselves could never agree in it.

Just. And therefore to reconcile them, I made my collection.

Sol. *Tribonius* was telling me yesterday, that he did it.

Just. True, but he did it by my orders; an Emperor never compiles such a work as that himself.

Sol. As for my part, who have reigned as well as you, I thought that the chief duty of him, who governed the people, was to give laws which should restrain both king and people, and
make

make both *honest* and *happy*. To command armies, and gain victories, is nothing in comparison of the glory of a legislator. But to return to *Tribonius*: he has compiled the laws of different ages, which have often been changed; but you had never a body of laws all framed at the same time, and upon the same plan, to mould the morals, and the entire government of a nation. It is a collection of private laws, to determine the reciprocal pretensions of private persons. The Greeks only have the honour of having framed laws to train up a people by the principles of philosophy, and by them to direct all their policy, and all their governments. The multitude of your laws, which you so much boast of, firmly persuade me, that either you had none that were good, or that you could not preserve them in their native simplicity. That a people may be well governed, they ought to have *few laws* and *few judges*: you seldom find men capable of judging. The multitude of judges corrupt every thing; nor are the multitude of the laws less pernicious. They are no longer understood or obeyed, when there are so many; people accustom themselves apparently to revere, and, at the same time, under frivolous pretences, to violate them. The vanity of men sets them upon making laws formally, and with pomp, but their avarice and other passions make them despise them, while subtle sophisters explain them just as they are fee'd to do it. From hence proceeds *cavilling*; a monster born to devour mankind. I judge of causes by their effects; the laws of no country appear good to me, but where there is no pleading, and where plain and short laws may be understood, without glosses and commentaries. I would have neither wills nor adoptions, disinheritions,

heritings, borrowing, selling, or exchanging. I would have a small tract of ground allotted to each family, which it should be in no-body's power to alienate, and the magistrate should equally divide this estate, according to law, amongst the children, after the father's death. When families multiply so fast, that the land is too little for them, I would send a colony of people into a desert island. This short and easy rule observed, there would be no need of all your codes; and I would only think of regulating men's manners, of educating youth soberly, patiently, laboriously, and courageously; and I would teach them to despise luxury, dangers, and death. This would be far better than drawing up bonds, and refining upon contracts.

Just. By such dry laws, you would totally destroy the *eloquence of counsellors*.

Sol. I should love dry and unpolished laws, far better than an eloquence which disturbs mankind, and, in the end, destroys their morals. Never were so many laws seen as in your time; never was the empire so soft, effeminate, degenerated, and unworthy of the antient Romans, who very much resembled the *Spartans*. For your own part, you was a deceitful, wicked, impious destroyer of good laws, always swelled with vanity and falsehood: and your *Tribonius* was as wicked a dissolute, double-dealing fellow as yourself.

But to return to the laws, they are such no longer than they are understood, beloved, and respected; and their goodness consists in making people good and happy. But your collection of them has made no one either *good* or *happy*; from whence I conclude, that they *deserve* to be *burned*.—You grow passionate, your *Imperial Majesty* believes itself above truth; but you are
a shadow

a shadow, to which, without running any risque, one may say any thing.—However, I'll leave you, and give you time to cool."

NUMBER XXX.

Hail, thou goddess, sage and holy!

Hail, divinest melancholy!

Whose saintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight!

MILTON.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

THE walks of *Lincoln's-Inn* afforded me t'other night, an opportunity of being present at an affecting scene, which I believe will be of service to me all my life. A moralizing genius would, I am sensible, have made much better use of the occurrence; yet I cannot help transmitting my thoughts to you, while the impression is fresh upon my mind, to show at least that it was not entirely lost on me.

I was enjoying on the terras the cool serenity of an evening, such as our climate but seldom affords; and observing with pleasure the swift decline of day, and the gradual evanescence of the stars, as the moon *rising in clouded Majesty, unveiled her light*. I was by no means an idle spectator; I reflected on the wisdom and goodness of that Supreme Being, who, 'tis more than probable, far from ordaining these lamps of the firmament to twinkle in vain, or glitter merely for our amusement; employs them to enlighten other worlds, and chear far distant systems with

the same powerful influence with which the sun enlivens ours : nor could I help, on this occasion, recollecting with rapture those beautiful lines of *Milton*, where *Adam* mentions his having often listened to the midnight sound of celestial harmony. As I attentively viewed the spangled canopy, I was fully convinced that God could never want praise, while Heaven had spectators.

These reflections naturally brought my mind into such a serious train of thinking, as properly disposed it to receive the impressions of an object that suddenly startled me from my reverie. In the shady walk of the lower garden, I discerned by the light of the moon, a tall and emaciated figure of a man shabbily fine ; his stockings ungartered, his waistcoat at once laced and ragged, and in short like *Romeo's* apothecary ; *nothing of a piece about him*. His behaviour, like his garb, was far from being uniform. Sometimes with a look, wildly attentive, he gazed upon the sky, as if he was reading his destiny among the stars ; then on a sudden recovering from his trance, he flew to a neighbouring tree, and catching hold of the trunk, swung himself round it till he was out of breath ; and immediately after seating himself on the grass,

—His head thrice shaking up and down,
He look'd alas ! unutterable anguish,
And rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being —

This interval gave me leisure to reflect on the miserable object ; an object, which as the *Spectator* justly observes, is a far more melancholy one than *Babylon in ruins* ; and I could not help saying

saying to myself, "How vain are all human pursuits, how weak our pretensions to greatness, wealth and power, when a disappointment in love or ambition, intense application, or even a slight and casual blow, may dethrone our reason, afflict the unhappy sufferer with the worst of evils, and reduce him to the wretched state of this man before me. This unhappy creature (continued I) may perhaps once have lived in affluence; and have viewed, with humane compassion, the distresses of others, little thinking that the same humanity would induce a stranger to extend the like compassion towards his misfortunes. In this calamity how are the rich and the needy; the wise and the great alike involved! Chiefs that have been followed by triumphant armies have at length been abandoned by their own faults; and most justly and feelingly does an ingenious cotemporary observe,

From *Marlb'rough's* eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And *Swift* expires, a driveller and a show."

While I was lost in these reflections my attention was again awakened by hearing the poor distracted sing with a pleasing plaintive voice the following words, which struck me so forcibly that I still remember them:

Hence all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights,
Wherein men take your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But sacred melancholy.
O sweetest melancholy!

Hail, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A look that piercing mortifies;
An eye that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moon-light haunts, when all the fowls
Are hous'd and still, save bats and owls;
A midnight bell a parting groan;
These are the sounds we feed upon!
Then stretch our limbs in a green shady valley;
Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy!

I returned to my chambers ruminating on what I had heard, and fully convinced of the shrewdness of *Nat. Lee*, who replied to one who told him, "How easy it was to write like a madman;" "That it was easy to write like a fool; but to write like a madman was a difficult task indeed!" And, in truth, the soothing softness of the song, and the pleasing melancholy in which I left the singer; almost made me credit the truth of the famous assertion, "That there is a pleasure in madness, which none but madmen know."

CRITO.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXXI.

Unanswer'd lest thou boast.

MILTON.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

AS you profess, and have thus far prov'd yourself a man of candour, and a friend to religion, I doubt not you will readily admit the following remarks, which occurred to me on a similar occasion, with that mentioned in the fifty-sixth letter of your *Chinese* friend. * I call him such, because you appear together in the same paper; a paper which hath hitherto been conducted with so much decency and propriety, that it cannot fail to attract, as it justly merits, the public attention; and in which it must give every friend to it pain to read any illiberal reflections, either upon the established modes of faith, or upon the body separated to teach that faith, and to minister in divine things to the people.

I will freely confess to you that I am neither a native of *England*, nor a professor of the christian religion. But I have lived long and happily in this land of liberty and peace, and have examined so much of the evidences in behalf of christianity, that I sometimes think the prejudices of my own belief will be compelled to give way. *A man in black* (to borrow *Altangi's* phrase) hath long been my friend and familiar; and I think myself happy

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in

* See the *Chinese Letters* in two Volumes.

in his friendship, as he is exceeded by few men either in learning or piety, in benevolence or candour. He takes every possible opportunity to recommend the religion of Christ to me in the fairest colours; wherever a preacher excels in eloquence, he never fails to make me an auditor; wherever works of charity and humanity are carried on, he never omits to make me a spectator, and to recommend these lovely fruits of genuine religion. The best treatises in defence of christianity have been laid before me, by this zealous and judicious instructor; and every means pursued to disciple me in the christian religion. Not long since he told me, that a *visitation* would be held in a neighbouring diocese, by the chief of the English clergy; and "as he is a man, said he, of the first character, as well as the first place, your attendance will be very well repaid by the favourable impressions you will receive."

I embraced with great readiness my friend's proposal, and under his protection attended the visitation. I was *not* introduced first to the *place* of dining, but to the *church*; for the *Chinese* should have told you, that the *English* priests assemble there upon these occasions to hear an instructive discourse from *one* of their order deputed to that service; together with a *charge* from their superior, whether *Bishop*, or other, appointed to visit in his place. I was much pleased with the becoming solemnity of the service, and with the sermon; in which with great freedom the preacher set forth the importance of the ministerial function, and the dreadful danger attending an unworthy discharge of it. But when the Archbishop arose to deliver his charge; silence was hushed in attention, and every ear drank in his instructive precepts. I never heard a discourse delivered with
greater

greater propriety, with more awakening solemnity, with more unaffected seriousness, or more earnest concern. *His* subject also was the duties of the clerical office. Upon each of which he expatiated, with judgment and candour; set forth their nature and necessity; and delivered the best rules for a due performance of them. And I can assure you with the utmost truth and satisfaction, that tho' he relaxed nothing of the arduous duty; yet the clergy were so far from being displeased with what he delivered, that they united in a common request for the publication of his *Charge*; that they might always have before them so excellent instructions, and so fine a rule of duty. And that this may not be conceived a request of mere compliment, I am bound to declare, that I heard every clergyman with whom I conversed (and I am persuaded it was the common sentiment) express the highest approbation of, and most sincere desire to possess his Grace's charge. A strict and serious scrutiny ensued into the conduct of the clergy of the diocese; every individual of whom I am told is well known, by character, to this watchful overseer; and he fails not to warn the unruly, to strengthen the weak, to encourage the zealous and laborious. Nor is there any doubt but the church will flourish under his inspection; and every man of real piety and abilities be called forth by him (far as his influence extends) to adorn and dignify the Christian profession. My friend informs me that he hath not yet sat long in this important and distinguished chair; and therefore cannot have had many opportunities to shew his attachment to the interests of religion, by preferring men of the brightest characters. But, from those already noticed by him, there is no doubt, that he will be as exemplary.

plary in this, which is the most considerable, as in the other branches of his high office. And truly did great men reflect upon it, nothing can be conceived more advantageous to their own present esteem, and future reputation, than the preferment of those who excel in virtue, abilities and learning.

The business of the church completed, we retired to the place of repast; but I saw neither gluttony nor folly set high *arbitres* of the feast; a proper and decent cheerfulness prevailed; great humanity and friendly intercourse was easily discernible; and the conversation was free, genteel, innocent, and pleasing. I know not what the *Chinese* may have found, but I freely confess, that I never yet visited any nation where the people were philosophers at dinner. This is a time, when the most rigid virtue is supposed to relax something of its austerity; and the best physicians have said, that *cheerfulness* united with *temperance* at our meals, contributes much to the preservation of that sound health of the body, which is so kindly to the soundness of the mind. However, I am bound in justice to the reverend body to tell you, that I heard much learned and instructive conversation; the merit of many late performances were candidly discussed; some criticisms were proposed, and many useful hints, respecting their several charges, offered. The great man at the head of the table (who as my friend informed me, has filled up every station wherein he hath been placed, with the greatest propriety; who is remarkable for his beneficence, insomuch that he lays up nothing from his very large revenues, but diffuseth his liberality with the most generous hand) he recommended to his clergy a proposal for collating the antient manuscripts of their holy scriptures,

tures, of which, it seems, he is a bountiful encourager; and another clergyman of distinction was as earnest in soliciting assistance for a distressed widow and her orphans. In short, I found many schemes of private and public benevolence proposed amongst them; and was entertained with as much humanity as I ever met with in *Asia* or in *Europe*.

When I returned home, and expressed my satisfaction to my friend, and the respectable opinion I had received of the *English* clergy; "Sir, said he, it may not perhaps become me to say so much, but it is the truth, and you will therefore admit it; the *English* clergy have at all times been distinguished for their *learning*, *virtue*, and *loyalty*. The best authors in our language prove the first; some of the most useful and beneficent undertakings in our nation, prove the second; and a perusal of our histories, will abundantly testify the last. That in so numerous a body there should be some of meaner character, and more exceptionable manners, is not to be marvelled. We lament that there are such; but surely it is very ungenerous to estimate the whole body from these, or for the defects of a few to stigmatize and abuse the whole. The *physicians* or *lawyers*, or any body of men, would judge it very illiberal to be censured as a set of *epicureans* and *atheists*, *fools* and *knaves*, because there may happen to be some of those characters amongst them. Without partiality, I believe it will be allowed, that there is *as much*, if not more, *virtue*, *benevolence*, *learning*, and *humanity* amongst the clergy, as amongst any other order of men of the same numbers: and it redounds very highly to their honour, that *their* most virulent enemies have generally been the most virulent enemies of *virtue*,
religion,

religion, and truth. For they are never so much reviled by any men as by the *ignorant and profane, the infidel and enthusiast.*"

I am,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

A M U R A T.

NUMBER XXXII.

Quâ quidem, haud scio, an quidquam melius homini sit a Diis immortalibus datum.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

IF the gentlemen who take upon them to oppose and villify the *Christian Religion*, had any thing better to offer in its stead: if they had any system to propose, which might be more beneficial to human society, or to individuals; were they able to give us more clear notions of the nature of the Deity; a more perfect rule of life; more powerful motives to persuade, or more awful sanctions to enforce obedience, than are found in the writings of *Christ* and his apostles; we might admit their pretensions, and with less admiration observe the zeal wherewith they endeavour to propagate their opinions. But when the case is perfectly different; when they would subvert the *best*; in order to introduce either *no religion* at all, or some wild incoherent doctrines; when,

when, contemning the authority of God, they would blindly follow fallible human instructors ; we stand astonished at the absurdity, and seek for the cause in the prevalence of corrupted passions.

I have shewn, in a former paper, that no rational excuse can be made for infidelity ; and that the sincere *Christian*, under *whatever* supposition, under *whatever* future event, must be safe, cannot but be accepted : it would be no difficult matter to shew, that every system then specified, is deficient in those criterions of truth, which are found on the side of christianity ; and this, perhaps, may occasionally engage our future attention. At present I proceed to observe the superlative *excellence* of the christian religion, which recommends itself to us by innumerable particulars, wherein every other mode of faith falls sadly short.

A celebrated writer remarks, in proof of the *excellency* of christianity, that it doth more clearly reveal to us the nature of God (which is the great foundation of all religion) than any other religion or institution in the world : — that it gives us a more certain and perfect law for the government of our lives ; — that it propounds to us more powerful arguments to persuade men to the obedience of this law : — and that it furnishes us with better motives and considerations, to patience and contentedness, under the evils and afflictions of this life. Now these are the greatest advantages which any religion can have, to give men right apprehensions of God ; a perfect rule of good life, with efficacious arguments to persuade them to be good, and patiently to bear the evils and sufferings of this life.

And these are advantages, we are bold to say, *only* to be had from the Christian religion. From
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the *beathens*, every man, the least acquainted with their theology, is well assured that no satisfaction can be attained. Ignorant of God, they wandered in the thickest darkness; and he who wants to be convinced of their perfect uncertainty, respecting this first principle in religion, may receive complete information from *Cicero's* treatise, *Of the Nature of the Gods*; one of the most useful remnants of antiquity. Nor will the *Koran* of *Mabomet* afford the rational searcher after truth a much better account of the Deity, or a more perfect rule of life, than the schools of the old heathen divinities. *Mabomet*, it is true, disclaims idolatry, and avows the unity of God; but he represents *him*, and his *attendants*, in so ridiculous a light; gives so childish an account of future punishments, so voluptuous and sensual a view of future pleasures, that no man who believes himself formed of a *rational* soul, as well as an animal frame, would even *wish* to pass eternity in gratifications so completely bestial.

The modern *infidel*, and refined *deist*, we know, will step in, and join issue with us in exploding at once the *beathen* and *mabometan*, and all pretenders to revelation and supernatural intercourse; while they will urge, that with themselves, and them only, truth is to be found; and that their system is the most rational, as possessing every mark of excellence which we mention. But be not too hasty; before we proceed to examine your claim, we must enquire, whence you obtained this excellent and rational system; how you came into possession of this valuable truth?—Why, verily, from your own reasoning powers, from the exertion of your own intellectual faculties!—This indeed is strange, and passing all belief: for surely you will not deny that human reason was as strong before the coming

ing of Christ, as it hath ever been since? Surely you will not deny that *Socrates*, and *Plato*, and *Cicero*, &c. &c. were men of parts as bright, of understandings as elevated as yourselves? How then — (untie the gordian knot we beseech you!) how then came it to pass, that they never arrived at this *wisdom*, at this *truth*? — How came it to pass, that no human reason *ever* arrived at it before the coming of Jesus Christ; that before his coming, no man was able to delineate with precision the religion of nature? — This question, difficult as it may be for the *Deist* to answer, is easy and obvious to the *Christian*; who rejects with the contempt it deserves the system proposed by those, who have robbed the sacred treasury of the gospel to enrich themselves; and with the most daring and sacrilegious impiety, oppose to the *ark* of the true God the idol, which they have robbed the sanctuary to make. — Their pretensions therefore merit no answer, and should claim no regard.

Much less should theirs, who, desirous to shake the foundation of a religion so excellent as the Christian, have nothing to offer in its stead, but *atheism* or *libertinism*; the doctrines of *Epicurus* or *Spinoza*. And while, the better to engage the attention of mankind, and to spread their poison, they are continually reviling the teachers of the established faith, as *wolves* and *deceivers*, as nuisances to society and enemies to mankind; it may be easy for the sober and thinking to try who are the *deceivers*, who *the true enemies to mankind* (to use a fine writer's words) — “*They* who teach a religion most worthy of God, most friendly to society, most helpful to government, and most beneficial to individuals, upon as great certainty at least, as men are wont to require before they engage in any important affair of life; or *they*, who on pretence of

little difficulties, incident to the nature of the doctrines, or upon some kinds of proofs, which they unreasonably aggravate, deny truth and certainty in all the rest, and would artfully conduct their followers into a state of distrust, fear, confusion and war; without leaving them the comfort of God's wise and good Providence, and the hope of his retribution hereafter to support them under it." *

For such a religion is the Christian. We challenge the wit and malice of its enemies to say, whether it be not most holy and pure in its precepts; and gives not the most exalted thoughts of God, and the most humiliating opinion of ourselves: whether it places perfection in any thing less than resembling God, and living up to the dignity of our beings; whether its worship be not a reasonable service, adapted to the spiritual nature of God, and the mixt composition of men; whether the Gospel terms of acceptance upon sincerity, and pardon upon repentance, be not suited to the present condition of human nature; and its rewards proportioned to men's innate strong desires of immortality: whether tranquility be to be had out of the way it recommends of restraining inordinate desires and ruffling passions, of following the dictates of conscience, of reconciling ourselves to God by amendment, after having acted amiss; and of living in dependance on God's protection, aid and favour, in well doing; whether by the practice of universal justice, equity, charity and other social and relative offices (all which are enjoined or enforced by christianity) the earth would not become a most joyful place; as it hath proved through ignorance or neglect of these doctrines

* Bishop Chandler.

trines and motives, to be the seat of contention, rapine and oppression!

And if these great ends be attainable, under and by means of the christian dispensation, it is not hard to determine to which side the true wisdom of mankind should determine them; whether to *Atbeism*, which must infallibly unsettle the happiness of individuals, and overturn the peace of the world; or to mere *Deism*, which hath never yet been tried in any country; or to the *Christian Religion*, which, were it obeyed, would establish the happiness that is attainable in this life; and to which (as little as it is practised) is however owing the quiet, the security, the order, which a great part of the world enjoys at present."

I am yours, &c.

M.

N U M B E R XXXIII.

Scribimus indocti doctique. —

IF a man might be allowed to judge of his own importance, the increase of correspondents would give a very favourable opinion of mine. From the gay and the grave, the alert, and the solemn, I am so happy as to have attracted notice; and a large packet of epistles, notes, cards, and so forth, is now before me, from various parts of the town. But, wisely for us weak mortals, vanity for the most part meets with some allay; so that mine may not rise to any extravagant height, I am sorry to confess that the abilities and discernment of the generality of my cor-

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respondent:

respondents are not such as would give much gratification. They do not manifest judgment sufficient to make censure painful, or commendation pleasing. And yet they all press for immediate notice: all desire to see their letters or papers inserted in the *very next* number; all betray very plain tokens of self-complacence; and all assume the arduous office of judging! In what are men more mistaken? How apt are we to over-rate or misjudge our faculties; and how blind to the defects of our brain-derived productions, which however weak, deformed, and worthless, we doat on, with the undistinguishing fondness of parental affection! The *Cacoethes Scribendi* is a disease which baffles all medical art; and which is not to be cured by the severest prescriptions; abuse, contempt, neglect, ridicule, serious counsel, or distant hints, are alike unavailing; and the only method to oblige a man troubled with the disorder "to hold his peace nine years," is to keep him for nine years, from those dangerous instruments of dulness, *pen, ink, and paper*.

After this introduction, my readers will not have very high expectations of the letters which may be produced; but I must beg leave to observe, that the Visitor hath also some very valuable correspondents, whose papers will always be admitted; while the less considerable will have the honour only to be read by *himself*. I cannot, however, refuse the following a place.

Mr. *Candid*.

S I R,

In a letter directed to you in the *Public Ledger* of this current month July, day the 10th, in the
year

year of our Lord 1760, No. 155 of the said *Ledger*, and No. 27 of said paper of yours, called the *Visitor*, I find, that the young lady, who writes it, and whose name is *Selima Seeker*, and whom I take to be a very understanding woman, and fit for business, if she was under prudent management;—she signs herself *Selima Seeker, Q. S. A.* Now, Sir, though I am in trade, I have had a pretty good school education, and went as far as *Justin* and *Ovid's Metamorphoses* in the Latin tongue, which I have never forgot so entirely; but that I could make a shift to find out the meaning of any of your Latin words; and as I never sold my *Littleton's Dictionary*, I am able, for the most part, to inform myself, by the help thereof. But these *letters*, which, I suppose, have some learned meaning I have not been able to explain; I have searched the said above-mentioned *Littleton*, where he sets forth the several abbreviations; and I consulted several other books, as *Calendars*, and so forth; but I can nowhere find out what *Q. S. A.* stands for. I wish the learned would deal less in these mystical letters.

My nephew brought home a book the other day, * wherein the author signs himself *L. L. D. F. R. and A. S. S. R. P. G. C. T. B. M. &c.*—Sir, I was near a week decyphering these mystical letters; and, as they abound at present, I humbly move, that the gentlemen give an explanation of them. And this, by the way, brings to my mind the great precaution and true understanding of a very worthy friend and fellow-citizen of mine (who is so charitably inclined, that he is always doing good) and who has lately printed an

R. 3

account

* See Dr. *Ward's System of Oratory, or Dissertations on the Scriptures.*

account of the proceedings of the society for the *British troops*; in the frontispiece of which he has very loyally given an head of his gracious Majesty king *George*, surrounded with these letters, S.B.I. A. W. U. C. O. R. P. M. L. F. G. D. K. R. T. N. Q. H. X. Y. Z. Now, as it might be difficult to understand the meaning of these letters, he tells us at the back of the title-page, that at a certain page referred to, they are explained. And by turning to that page I was highly delighted; nay, I was amused through—I believe—*sixteen* pages, with a most ingenious explanation of these letters; which you must know stand for the several victories gained in this war, tho', to be sure, nobody would ever have found it out, had not this gentleman been so civil as to tell us himself.

Now, Sir, this is what I request Miss *Seeker*, and the other person I mentioned, to do; for how should one know people's honours, and so forth, if they don't inform us? I have added, at the end of my name, several letters, expressive of my several appointments in life; for why may not I have the credit of the several offices and governorships which I enjoy, as well as your men of learning?—I perceive the quacks and venereal doctors add letters to the end of their names; pray, what do they mean; A man, once, in the quackery, signed himself *B. M.* and the college supposing him to usurp the dignity of *Bachelor of Medicine*, applied to him; and were told by the fellow, that they had no cause to be angry, seeing *B. M.* was only expressive of his profession, which was that of a *Bellows-Mender*. May not some of the letters now used signify something of the same sort? What is Miss *Selima's Q. S. A.* and Dr. *W—'s I. B. M.* Pray, resolve my doubts; and, at
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the same time, explain, if you can, what honours I bear ; who am, Sir, yours, to serve in the needful.

STEPHEN REGULAR.

H. M. F. C. L. D. P. W. B. D. D. R.
E. A. D. E. J. G. S. H. G. L. H. G.
M. H. G. B. H. G. L. L. H. G. St. L. H.
G. F. H. F. P. W. C. L. S. A. &c. &c.

P. S. I do assure you, these are all real offices and honours ; and, if your readers don't believe it, I can easily explain every letter—tho' the city gentlemen, I am sure, can easily decypher them. I did not think, I was so considerable a person ; men of learning are very short of me, you find ; and when I write a book, you perceive my name will be finely decorated ; and I think I may *dedicate* to myself, with as good a grace, as my friend before mentioned, who in the book I spoke of, has struck out a new way of dedicating, and has the honour to be the first, who seriously wrote a dedication to his respectable self.* I am much delighted with so excellent and singular a stroke.

O.

NUMBER XXXIV.

—*Dein Gnatia lymphis*
Iratis extructa dedit, risusque jocosque ;
Dum flammis sine thura liquefcere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit. HORATII, sat. v.

THERE was a paragraph in the papers, not long since, from *Naples*, wherein we were told, that “ the King was come thither on purpose

* See *Hanway's* Dedication to his account of the *Society for British Troops*.

pose to see the blood of St. *Januarius*, which *liquefied* on the spot this year to the great satisfaction of the people.—To please the multitude, the miracle must operate in the nick of time: if it fails, or proceeds but slowly, they always look upon it as an evil omen.”

As this *liquefaction* is esteemed a very eminent *miracle* in the Romish church, and is, we find, so considerable as to draw the attention of *kings*, we imagined it would be grateful to our readers, and satisfactory to all real *protestants*, to give them some account of this notable wonder, which the *papists* would fain have us look upon as an undoubted attestation to the truth of their faith, and an unanswerable argument of the *satubolicism* of their church.

This miracle did not escape the notice of Mr. *Addison*; he tells us, in his *Remarks on several parts of Italy*, p. 121, that “he saw at *Naples* a very splendid procession for the accession of the Duke of *Anjou* to the crown of *Spain*, in which the Viceroy bore his part—To grace the parade, they exposed, at the same time, the blood of St. *Januarius*, which liquefied at the approach of the saint’s head; though, as they say, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle; and must confess, that I think it so far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most *bungling tricks* I ever saw: yet it is this that makes as great a noise as any in the *Roman* church; and that M. *Paschall* has hinted at amongst the rest in his *Marks of the True Religion*—The modern *Neapolitans* seem to have copied it out from one which was shewn in a town in the kingdom of *Naples*, as long ago as in *Horace’s* time.

— *Dein Gnatia lymphis*

*Iratis extructa dedit, risusque jocosque ;
Dum flammis sine thura liquefcere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit—*

At *Gnatia* next arrived', we laugh'd to see
The superstitious crowd's simplicity,
That in the sacred temple needs wou'd try,
Without a fire, th' unheated gums to fry ;
Believe who will the solemn sham, not I. }

Thus far Mr. *Addison* ; and it is indeed very remarkable, that a *Pagan* miracle should be found thus correspondent to a *Papal* one. Dr. *Middleton*, in his excellent letter from *Rome*, has not omitted to mention this conformity of *Heathen*, with *Christian* superstition : he observes (p. 61. of his letter, 3d edit, quarto) that this melting of St. *Januarius's* blood at *Naples*, is one of the standing and most authentic miracles of *Italy*. *Mabillon's* own account of the miracle seems to solve it very naturally, without the help of a *miracle* ; for, during the time that a mass or two are celebrated in the church, the other priests are tampering with this phial of blood, which is suspended all the while in such a situation, that as soon as any part of it begins to melt by the heat of their hands, or other management, it drops of course into the lower side of the glass, which is empty : upon the discovery of which the priest proclaims the miracle aloud, to the great joy and edification of the people.—But, however, it may be effected, it is plainly nothing else but the copy of an old cheat of the same kind transacted near the same place, which *Horace* makes himself merry with, in his journey to *Brundisium* : telling us how the priests would have imposed upon him and his friends, at a town called *Gnatia*, by persuading them

them that the *frankincense in the temple used to dissolve and melt miraculously of itself without the help of fire.*"

The ingenious Dr. *Douglass*, author of the *Criterion*, hath proceeded farther than the two excellent writers above; and not only fully detected the *insipid* fraud, but given us a *recipe* whereby we may also turn *wonder-workers*, and *liquefy*, at the approach of his miraculous scull, the blood of St. *Januarius*: take the account in his own words.

"That a substance visibly dry and solid, having the appearance of coagulated blood, inclosed in a glass hermetically sealed, actually doth melt, while held by the priest in his hands, and brought near to the Saint's Head, which is placed on the altar, is a fact which thousands of spectators are eye-witnesses of every year. But however extraordinary this may seem, to suppose, as the Neapolitans do, that there is any miracle in the case, would be to make the experiments of the natural philosopher, and the transmutations of the chemist deserve that name; as some of them are far more surprising than the liquefaction of this Saint's pretended blood. The particular natural cause is not indeed absolutely agreed upon. Some have imagined, that the heat of the hands of the priests, who keep tampering with the phial of blood during the celebration of mass, will be sufficient to make it melt. Others again, have been inclined to believe that the liquefaction is effected by the heat of vast numbers of wax tapers of a most enormous size, with which the altar is decked out, and many of which are placed so conveniently, that the priest can, without any appearance of design, hold the glass so near to them as to make it hot, and consequently dispose the inclosed substance to melt.—

I should.

I should be inclined to subscribe to this opinion, had not I met with a more probable solution.

I am informed (for I never tried the experiment myself) that a composition of crocus martis, and cochineal, will perfectly resemble congealed blood; and by dropping the smallest quantity of aqua fortis amongst this composition, its dry particles will be put into a ferment, till at last an ebullition is excited, and the substance becometh liquid.

That a glass may be so contrived as to keep the aqua fortis separate from the dry substance, till the critical moment when the liquefaction is to be effected, may be easily conceived. And, in fact, the phial which containeth the pretended blood is so constituted. It is something like an hour glass, and the dry substance is lodged in the upper division. Now in the lower division of the glass, a few drops of aqua fortis may be lodged without furnishing any suspicion, as the colour will prevent its being distinguished.

All the attendant circumstances of this bungling trick (as Mr. Addison calls it) are perfectly well accounted for, by admitting this solution. Whenever the priest would have the miracle take effect, he need only invert the glass, and then the aqua fortis being uppermost, will drop down upon the dry substance, and excite an ebullition which resembleth melting; and upon restoring the glass to its former position, the spectator will see the substance; the particles of which have been separated by the aqua fortis, drop down to the bottom of the glass, in the same manner that the sand runneth through.

The Neapolitans (as fit subjects to be imposed upon as the most servile bigotry, and superstitious credulity can make them) esteem this annual miracle

racle as a mark of the protection of heaven ; and whenever the blood faileth to melt, a general panic ensueth.

Now, upon a supposition that I have assigned the real cause, the priests can prevent the success of the miracle whenever they please ; and accordingly we know that they actually do so, when they have any prospect of advancing their own interest, by infusing a notion into the minds of the Neapolitans, that Heaven is angry with their nation.*

The same author also observes,——

“ Whether or no I have succeeded in pointing out the real cause of this pretended miracle, I must leave to the few who have the honour of tampering with the sacred phial, and of conducting the annual show : it is enough to the many if I have assigned a cause, which will account for every thing that happens ; and that I have assigned such a cause every one may satisfy himself.

When I published my account of the liquefied blood, I had not, at that time, tried the experiment of the crocus martis and cochineal ; and therefore I could lay less weight on the solution of the trick, as mentioned to me by a friend. But now I can speak from my own knowledge, and consequently with greater confidence. Since I have lately mixed up some cochineal with a larger quantity of crocus martis, and this constitutes a hard lump, perfectly resembling coagulated blood, and which might well bear to be produced on St. Januarius's altar. Upon dropping some aqua fortis on this solid lump, instantly there was

* *Criterion of miracles examined, &c.* By John Douglass, D. D. p. 243, 246.

was excited a fermentation and bubbling of its parts, 'till by degrees the whole lump dissolved, and it became a liquid of about the consistence of thick blood—This experiment I performed (I ask pardon, I should have said miracle) in the presence of a physician of learning, who assures me, that besides aqua fortis, spirit of vitriol, or any other mineral acid, by being dropt upon the coagulated matter, will produce the desired effect. But spirit of vitriol which is as clear as water, will deceive the most curious spectator most effectually; and by the help of this and the other ingredients, any good Protestant may challenge the priests of Naples, to try which of them shall perform the miracle most dexterously.

NUMBER XXXV.

*No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?*

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are some dispositions so truly diabolic, that the whole relish of their nature seems inverted, and they appear to take pleasure only in such things as give the tenderest concern to the benevolent and humane. The joy of their life is to propagate dissatisfaction; and they live out of their element, when they are not busy in promoting uneasiness. Miserable themselves, they are solicitous that none should be happy, and the peace of their fellow-creatures is the utmost torment to their invidious and malevolent hearts. Hence they continually endeavour to blast their

reputation, to calumnize their virtues, to ruin their repose; and, like *Death* in *Milton*, on the success of their iniquitous scandals,

Grin horrible a ghastly smile!

Desirous, as I ever am, to survey human nature on the fairest side, 'tis with reluctance that I make these remarks; but I am almost compelled to make them by the behaviour of a— Shall I call her—a woman?—whom lately it was my fortune to meet at the house of a friend, and whose conduct I could not omit to hold forth, as its odious appearance may tend at once to terrify such as are prone to offend in the same way, and to give consolation to those *injured innocents*, who may be so unhappy as to fall under the merciless claws of such fell *barpies*.

I perceived immediately, upon entering the room, that this female had engrossed the attention. She soon engrossed mine; for her conversation was in a few moments directed to me. “ You see, Sir, said she, one of the most wretched women upon earth, reduced to the greatest sorrow by a vile and wicked *strumpet*, and a villain of a husband. Every body here knows my misfortunes; but, alas! what avails compassion in such distress as mine!” As there was nothing of the soft and plaintive tone of sorrow in what she delivered, her voice being loud, harsh and ungrateful; and as her countenance indicated rather dire vengeance and passion than heart-felt agony, fire flashing from her little sunken eyes, and her meagre and fallow cheeks being conscious of no blush, I cannot say, that I was much affected at this speech; my indignation was rather raised; and I could not help replying, “ I am
sorry,

sorry, Madam, if matters be as you say; but I am a whimsical sort of fellow, you must know, who never have any very favourable idea of the wife that can publicly abuse her husband without remorse."

Reader, didst thou ever visit that famous *tower*, built as antient legends say, by the *Great Roman* who first visited *Britain*, where our royal master feeds many wild beasts for the gratification of his curious subjects?—Didst thou e'er visit this repository of the savage kind; and there observe the untamed *lions* or the furious *byæna*; when enraged, they churn their foaming jaws, flash their livid eye-balls, and shake their dens with hideous roaring?—Then may'st thou have some faint idea of this *female*, and of her amazing agitation, in consequence of the few words which I delivered: Never do I remember that my imprudence and freedom of speech either raised such a storm about me, or put me in such peril! She raved; she wept; she deplored her own sad state; abused my incredulity, severity, barbarity; appealed to all present again and again for the truth of what she delivered; and nothing less than my declaring I meant no harm, but was willing to believe all she said, could sooth the *savage* into temper, or lay the wild beast asleep in the *den*.

The storm was scarcely appeased, when a person upon business called forth Mrs. *Turbulent Trouble-All* from the company; and you may imagine I was not either long without enquiry or information respecting so curious a personage. "She is almost a stranger to me and my family, said my friend; but lately she pushed herself upon us, as she does wherever she can get admittance to tell her tale, and to defame Mrs. *Amiable Spotless*, against whom she has conceived an inveterate

malice. You must know that her husband, and the husband of Mrs. *Spotless* are connected in trade together; they live in the next market-town: and as these connections necessarily occasion an intercourse of families, Mrs. *Turbulent* has taken into her head to conceive, and to spread universally her conceit, that she is a cuckold, and Mrs. *Spotless* a strumpet. Her temper never rendered her the most engaging of wives to her husband; always uneasy at home, he sought for satisfaction abroad.

The husband of Mrs. *Spotless*, delighted with the endearing affection of his wife, and always most blest when most in her company, seldom sought for pleasures abroad, because he found them in the highest perfection at home. Mrs. *Trouble-All* beheld this felicity of her neighbours with bitter envy: conscious of her own uneasiness, she knew not why they should be happier than herself: she never reflected on the cause: but growing every day more and more malevolent, she resolved to ruin their happiness; and accordingly she informed Mr. *Spotless* of his wife's wickedness, and by every artful method endeavoured to persuade him, that "*her husband* (a vile and abandoned wretch!) defiled his bed!"

It would be tedious to mention all the methods which this infernal agent made use of to give credit to her accursed tale: which, however, failed, in some measure, of its effect. Mr. *Spotless* had too good proof of his wife's virtue to believe such an aspersion: he rejected it with abhorrence. Mrs. *Turbulent's* husband was no less shocked; their disputes and quarrels encreased upon it; and at length finding it impossible to live together, they parted: and the principal business of her life

life now is, to go about from house to house, to search out new acquaintance, and to thrust herself into every company, that she may have fresh opportunities to defame Mrs. *Spotless*, and to curse her husband. Nay, she lives in this element of scandal, with so little remorse, that I assure you, she every hour blesses God that she is not such a vile wretch as Mrs. *Spotless*; nay, she frequents the church;—and, shocking to think, regularly attends the *feast of love*, the divine communion, with this foul malice, falsehood and enmity boiling in her breast!”

“Truly, said I, a creature of this cast should be shut up in a mad-house, or at least never be admitted into the society of rational creatures; for she is much more dangerous than a *bedlamite*: she is *mad* with the use of her *reason*.” “Alas, Sir, said a Lady, who sat by, she has been thus mad all the days of her life; all her joy has been to do evil, and diffuse distress: I am sure my dear mother felt her virulence most fatally; I fear too it may prove no less dangerous to poor Mrs. *Spotless*.” “How so, Madam, said I? surely Mrs. *Spotless* hath more understanding than to be affected by the reveries of a mad woman? Conscious virtue will always support itself, at least *should* always support itself; and no shield is so powerful to ward off the most envenomed darts of calumny, as self-approving *innocence*.” “Ah! Sir, said the Lady, we women are but weak creatures; we cannot boast of much fortitude. And think, can any anguish equal that of being traduced for a filthy *prostitute*, and rendered suspicious to the husband one tenderly loves? They are strangers to the delicacy of a virtuous female mind, who do not know that this is, of all afflictions, the most afflicting. Sickness, pains,

loss of children, loss of friends, are all severe; but they are light, they are insignificant, to a blasted reputation, and an injured virtue! and you would have thought so, if you had seen Mrs. *Spotless* in the agony of distress, in which I saw her. All consolation was vain; she sighed; she beat her breast; "Good God, she cried out, I false to my dear husband's bed!" which she scarcely uttered before she fell into strong convulsions, and thus continued long; 'till, at length, a dangerous disorder is brought upon her; and the nice delicacy of her temper will, perhaps, never permit her to be restored to perfect health." "Poor woman, replied I, how much do I sympathize with her! but as she has a tender husband, who must be nearly touched at this distress, she cannot want all the softest lenitives which the best affection can apply. And when reason and religion shall offer their kindly consolations; when she shall reflect, that no virtue is beyond the stroke of calumny, that no reasonable person can hear her enemy's tale, without abhorrence, she will recover her wonted vivacity; and her innocence and virtue will shine the brighter and the more valued, as they have suffered so unjustly, and been so cruelly injured."

"This Lady's case, said a Gentleman who sat by, brings to my mind that of poor *Imogen* in Shakespear's play of *Cymbeline*; she, you know, was traduced to her husband, tho' on another account; and her expostulation on the occasion, is extremely beautiful and affecting;

False to his bed! What is it to be false;
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?

Te

To weep 'twixt clock, and clock? if sleep
 charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake?—That false to's bed!

“ Now you have mentioned this passage; can you recollect, Sir (said a Lady) another, in that same tragedy, and a very fine one, on *slander*, it will be perfectly *apropos* to the subject of our conversation.”

“ You mean the following, Madam, he replied :

—No, 'tis *slander*
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
 tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose
 breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth *belye*
 All corners of the world! Kings, Queens, and
 states,
 Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters !”

N U M B E R XXXVI.

*In faith and hope, the world may disagree ;
 But all mankind's concern is charity ;
 All must be false, that thwart this one great end ;
 And all of God, that blest mankind or mend.*

POPE.

IT is a pleasing reflection to every sincere *christian*, that the characteristic doctrine of his religion, is approved by the best *reason*, as it is productive of the highest happiness. Let whatever system

system be embraced, whatever mode of faith be approved, the benign and gentle sway of *benevolence* must be admitted; and *love to each other* will still be a distinguishing duty of humanity. It must be confessed, that no religion so absolutely commands, so strongly enforces; urges by such motives, or encourages by such hopes, this amiable principle, as the religion of *Christ*; whose commandment it is, a commandment peculiarly *his*, that "his disciples should love one another, *even as he hath loved them.*" And can love be carried higher than we see it in his blest example! *Greater* love than this hath *no man*, that a man lay down his life for his friends! But the adorable Redeemer advanced still farther.—*He* laid down *his* life for *his* enemies! By this shall all men know that we are his disciples, if after his precept and pattern, we *love one another*!

As it is pleasing to the *Christian* to contemplate this mark of excellence in the faith which he embraceth; so, let me add, that it must be pleasing to the *Englishman* to observe the happy prevalence of this divine and god-like principle in the present times. We see works of charity and benevolence flourishing on all sides around us; we see the hearts and the hands of our generous countrymen open to the relief of affliction and woe; we see the children of sorrow and pain, of distress and suffering, welcomed to houses of mercy, and tended by the assiduous care of pity and gentleness. We see the helpless orphan sheltered, the weeping penitent snatched from imminent destruction. We see the lenient hand of mercy held forth for the support of every unfortunate, even from the infant down to the hoary head.—Nay, we see, to the particular praise of our national benevolence, of our true christianity, the *enemy* fed and cloathed, and *bless-*
ings

ings poured upon the heads of those whom heaven hath made our prisoners, as it were to favour us with an occasion of the noblest bounty.

I care not that some assign ungenerous motives to these excellent acts; I care not that some, whose narrow hearts cause them to clinch close their griping hands, would deny this laudable spirit, and debase these honourable efforts of benevolence:—blessed be God that such a spirit prevails! Blessed be God that such excellent acts are performed! Blessed be God that so many sufferers are relieved; so many tears wiped from the eye of anguish; so many joyful songs of thanksgiving heard from the lips of the comforted and restored!—That some may happen to contribute to such works from illiberal motives, is neither to be doubted or denied: but that the heart which proposeth, that the hands in general which execute, can be deficient in the truest *Philanthropy*, no man can assert; no good man would even suspect. Nay, were not a real spirit of christian love and humanity diffused largely amongst us, it would be impossible to carry into execution such undertakings as we daily behold thriving with the utmost success, and assisted with the largest—I had almost said—*unbounded* liberality!

The writer of this too takes a peculiar pleasure in observing, that he is happy in the knowledge and acquaintance of many, whom he could easily point out,—but their *works* point them out better—whom, he is assured, no narrow and worthless motives urge to the constant exercise of benevolence; from whom the wretched incitements of vanity and pride, are far removed, and whose souls the tender touches of Christian affection so nobly influence, that ever attentive to the well-being of their fellow-creatures, they are never more blest,
than

than when they can contribute to it; when they can bring relief to *individuals*, when they can add honour and happiness to their country!—For that these works of humanity add *honour* to our country, is indisputable; and we may be allowed to rejoice, that no age can be found in the British annals more distinguished for such works of Love. That they add, that they will continue to add *happiness* to our country, may also be presumed with due humility; since the happiness of nations, as well as of individuals, depends upon the favourable protection of *providence*; and we are well assured, that with works of this sort the Almighty ruler of the world is *well pleased*.

“Go on, then, my countrymen, go on with your usual zeal, alacrity, and beneficence; go on to consider (as you do) with attention, wisdom and compassion, the wants and sufferings of your fellow-creatures; yield cheerfully to the benevolent impulses of humanity! And may every labour of love prosper in your hands! May every desirable blessing from Heaven fall upon your own heads.”

While I was indulging, with the utmost satisfaction, this train of thought in my arbour, shaded from the intense heat which we have lately felt, sleep stole insensibly upon me; and Fancy, still pursuing the same ideas, presented to me in vision the *Genius* of our country; her countenance shone with unusual vivacity, and she walked forward towards a temple, which was so bright, that I could not look upon it; and from whence, methought, was heard the most enchanting sound of music, that ever ravished human ear. “Blest *Genius* of our favoured island, said I, whose is that temple, and why art thou hastening thither?” “Behold that train, replied she, and ask no more.” When turning round, I saw a number of radiant personages,
each,

each bearing in their hands an emblematical device, as it seemed; but which, upon approaching nearer, I found to be the *plan* or *account* of the several public *hospitals*, and other *charities* which at present are known in our nation. One of the radiant company informed me, that as the Great Ruler of the world was pleased to employ the ministration of *Angels*, so had he delegated each of them to be the *guardians* and protectors of the several good *works* whose names they bore in their hands. And now (the celestial minister went on) at the request of *Britannia*, we are advancing to the place of God's peculiar residence, to offer up to him, with these works of love, our prayers more grateful than incense; beseeching that he would vouchsafe his blessing upon the island over which *Britannia* presides; that he would defend it from danger, crown it with glory, and fill it with his knowledge and love." As visions are not always consistent, so it happened with mine; for, methought, all of a sudden, these bright *guardians* of our *charities*, together with the *genius* of our island, were withdrawn from sight; and whilst I was regretting the loss, a voice, as of a trumpet, sounded forth,—and I heard—"Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God: They shall be had in everlasting remembrance." This was all I could distinguish; for my heart was troubled within me, and my countenance changed. When, lo! *Britannia* came forth from the temple; on her right hand was the Angel of Wisdom, on her left the Angel of Courage. Behind her followed the celestial minister of *Plenty*, and the guardian of *Commerce*; I saw the lovely Angel of *Benevolence*, smiling as he passed, with ineffable sweetness on the *guardians* of *Britannia's* charities, and applauding them to an Angel, brighter and fairer than

than all the rest, whose name I found was PIETY.
—Struck with the divine form, I was about to fall down and adore, when the attempt awakened me from my sleep; and though I regretted the loss of so pleasing a *vision*, I could not help indulging a hope, that there might be more than meer imagination in it.

N U M B E R XXXVII.

Great, good, wise, wonderful, eternal King!

Who looks down

On all that soars, and spans immensity.

YOUNG.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

ONE excellence of the Christian religion, I observed in a former paper, is, that “it reveals to us the nature of God more clearly than any other religion in the world.” Now as a right knowledge of God is the foundation of all religion; (for as our notions of God are, such will our worship and our practice be :) so, if we consider what God is, we shall immediately discern, that without revelation, we could never have any just idea of him; while the revelation which gives us just ideas of him, thus far recommends itself to our attention, and has one criterion of truth and excellence.

It is mentioned as a mark of the wisdom of Simonides, that he *hesitated* to deliver his sentiments, respecting the Deity. Cicero, in his treatise of the *Nature of the Gods*, thus introduces the story.

story. "Should you ask me, says that elegant Roman, to define what God is," I should adopt the procedure of Simonides, who, when the same task was imposed upon him by the King of Syracuse, desired *one* day to consider of it. The next day, when the same question was again put to him, he requested *two* days more: after this he desired *four*, and so on for a considerable time, doubling always his demand. At length, when the King, with surprise, demanded the reason of this, he replied, *That the more he meditated on it, the more incomprehensible it appeared to him!* For I suppose, continues Cicero, that Simonides, who was not only an excellent poet, but also a man of extensive knowledge and wisdom, was bewildered in a variety of opinions, each more subtle and abstracted than the other; and being uncertain which of them came nearest to truth, he despaired of finding that truth at all."—By the way, one cannot help commiserating the situation of these thoughtful and inquisitive men in the heathen world, who were unable to arrive at any degree of certainty respecting that, whereupon all religion depends; whose understandings were too *capacious* to suffer them to rest in the popular opinions; and yet too *limited* to reach the heights, and to attain satisfactory notions, of the divine nature.

Unenlightened human understanding can never attain such notions. Consider only that God is a pure spirit, and can never be represented to the gross senses of men; that men have no conception at all of pure spirit, how it exists, or what it is; and you will not wonder that imagination wandered so widely; that every thing was deemed to be God, but that which really is so. The senses are to us the only inlets of ideas; they are

the foundation of all our knowledge ; we can therefore have no *direct* conception of any thing, which is not introduced to our knowledge by one or other of the senses ; and if the senses make no report from without, we are all blind and ignorant within.

Hence it came to pass, that in the *heathen* world there was not even the most distant suspicion of that true and rational nature of God, which the Christian revelation hath brought to our knowledge. They never dreamt of a spiritual incorporeal being, existing from all time, filling all space, almighty in power, all-wise in his doings, perfect in goodness, and unbiassed in justice. Nay, such is the light which Christianity hath diffused, that the meanest mechanic, and the most unlettered herdsman amongst Christians, will give you a more rational and solid account of the nature of God, than the very wisest of the heathen world, than Socrates or Plato, than Cicero or Aristotle, after all their most elaborate investigations, could have done.

It is indeed melancholy to observe them disputing, whether the *world* or the *air*, or the *sky*, were *Goa* ; and more melancholy still to see them paying worship to a legion of deities, whose infamous actions would have done disgrace to the most contemptible of mortals ! Who can help lamenting to see men offer up the most valuable gifts — (sometimes even their own *children*) to cruel, lustful, drunken, thievish, quarrelsome gods ; who, so far from being allowed to quaff nectar, and eat Ambrosia, on Olympus, ought to have been degraded for their crimes to the most afflictive punishments in the gloomy territories of Pluto ! — How could it be expected, that the worshippers of such deities should ever excel in the
practice

practice of morality? Why should they feel remorse or reluctance upon the perpetration of the grossest iniquities: Could the votary of a Venus be chaste? Could the worshipper of a Bacchus be sober? Why should he, who offered an human sacrifice on the altar of a Saturn, be merciful; or he be honest, who attended the temple of a Mercury?

Let it not be said, that these were the opinions of the vulgar; while the wiser thought better, and contemned these fables. — The wiser did not think better, they could not think better; their most philosophical speculations were not a whit more rational; and they all, with one consent, bowed the knee, and did homage to the acknowledged deities of their country. The son of Syrach hath amply declared the whole truth. “Surely vain are *all men* by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not, out of the good things that are seen, know him that is; neither by considering the works did they acknowledge the work-master; but deemed either *fire*, or *wind*, or the *swift air*, or the *circle of the stars*, or the *violent water*, or the *lights of heaven*, to be the *Gods* that govern the world, &c.”

Nay, to shew that human nature is still, and at all times the same, look only to those nations who at present sit *in darkness and the shadow of death* (to use the scripture phrase) who are under the bondage of *idolatry and ignorance*, and you will find, that their conceptions of the deity are as gross, absurd, ridiculous, and abominable, as the most abject of the heathen world. And it cannot fail peculiarly to strike an attentive observer, that this deep ignorance of the deity is discernible amongst those, who otherwise excel in arts and understanding, and who are deficient

in no branch of civil policy. For a proof, let your observations be turned to one of the greatest nations perhaps in the world, to the Chinese; and while you admire their elegance, you will deplore their ignorance in the things of God, and behold them with concern prostrated in the temple of the foulest and most detestable idols.

The truth is, God is too far distant, and the human faculties are too confined, ever to be able to search him out, or to trace his adorable perfections; and, therefore, so long as mere imagination paints him, he will always appear as the creature of such imagination; and the man who bows down to a *garlick* or *onion*, will bow down to as reasonable a God, as he that adores *Feretrian Jove*, *Dagon*, or *Vitzliputzli*.

How great, how inestimable a blessing then is that divine *revelation* to mankind; and how strong an argument of its truth, is, the amiable and elevated idea, which it gives of the Deity; which, though reason, unaided, could never discover; yet reason, in its best cultivation, perfectly approves! Here we are taught to worship no local or subordinate God, whose agency is confined to certain limits, and whose power is restrained, by the dread of Tartarus. Ours is a God, who from eternity to eternity is the same; who, present throughout all his works, seeth every thought, noteth every word, observeth every action; whose Almighty *fiat* spoke all this wonderful system into existence; and whose unerring wisdom hath preserved it from the beginning! Watchful in his fatherly providence, the minutest concerns of his creatures are open to his view; and a sparrow falleth not to the ground unnoticed by him. Glorious in holiness, no mixture of imperfection sullies the untarnished purity of his nature. He is
Light,

Light. He is *Love*! Infinite in goodness, every creature drinks of his exhaustless bounty; angels, men, and all created things live in the fulness of his undiminished grace and benignity. Nor are his attributes and perfections in any degree of opposition: though he is boundless *Mercy* and *Love*, he is also strict and unbiassed *Justice*! Willing to impart blessings to his creatures, he wooes them by all means to that which is the sole fountain of bliss, to a similitude with himself; but if they chuse not that similitude, *just* and *holy*, as he is, they deprive him of the power of being gracious and good. For it is an eternal and unshaken truth, that to be happy *with*, we must, in some measure, be *like* God.

And as he is a *Being* of all imaginable *Moral* perfections, so are his glory and greatness represented in the Christian system, as the most exalted, and as far beyond the most elevated conceptions of mankind. He dwelleth in light unapproachable. Thousand thousands of the noblest spirits, angels and archangels, minister unto him! And ten thousand times ten thousand stand before him! But, alas, language is faint to express his glory! In one word, our God is an eternal, pure, and blessed spirit; perfect in happiness; consummate in holiness; the fountain of mercy; the father of comfort; the God of love; and the just rewarder or punisher of the whole human race!

But for the clearest and fullest ideas of his nature, which our present condition is capable of comprehending, let me refer to that book in which these things are so graciously revealed to us. The more we study it, the more elevated will be our conceptions of the Deity; and we shall acknowledge that it is one criterion of the

truth of Christianity, that no religion gives us so just and clear notions of God, as we receive from it.—I know that there are not wanting some who will object, that “the doctrine of the Trinity, which is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, is *not* agreeable to reason; and that consequently the Christian religion gives us not either a *just* or *clear* notion of God.”—As I do not care to repeat what I have said; for a full answer to this objection, I refer to my 20th number, where I have fully considered this point; and, as I have had the pleasure to be informed, to the satisfaction of several of my readers.

Give me leave only to remark in conclusion, that if the notions, which the *heathens* entertained of their gods, render them in some degree inexcusable, when deficient in the practice of virtue; how much will the knowledge of the *Christian*, and his perfect information on this subject, serve to condemn him, if he be wanting in that virtue, which the nature of God so forcibly recommends; if he be a slave to that vice, which is so absolutely contradictory to every representation, which the Christian religion gives of God? How can we expect to escape punishment, if we do not endeavour to be holy as God is holy; pure as he is pure; merciful as he is merciful! Nay, what can we have to plead for ourselves, and in behalf of our deviation from purity and rectitude; when not only the nature, but all the laws of God propose heaven to us, on the terms of our abhorring and avoiding all that is contrary to the *holiness* of God, and consequently to our own *happiness*. Let me add; How can we suppose ourselves entitled to any of the promises and privileges of Christianity, if we neglect to conform ourselves to the pattern of *Jesus Christ*, God manifest

fest in the flesh ; therein to give us the fairest and fullest display of the most amiable and endearing perfections of the deity, and to engage us to an imitation of them, by every motive of gratitude and love. If then we expect the rewards, purchased by his meritorious sufferings, let us contemplate the duties proposed by his gracious wisdom, and enforced by his own bright example ; never doubting of his peculiar favour, while we tread in the steps of his *humility* and *devotion*, his perfect *resignation* and universal *charity*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

M.

NUMBER XXXVIII.

*Pallida mors æquo
Pulsat pede, pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.*

HOR.

IT has often been remarked, that nothing more engages our attention than historical accounts of the last moments of great men. The Czar *Peter*, certainly deserves the title of *Great* ; and I doubt not, but the following relation of his death, drawn up in the *Russian* language, by *Theophanes* Bishop of *Novogrod*, will be acceptable to our readers in an *English* dress. We shall leave them to moralize upon the subject, and upon the impartiality of that universal leveller, who advances with his victorious dart, as intrepidly to the bed of the mightiest monarch, as to the pallet of the humblest peasant.

“ The

“ The importance of the person, says my author, exacts from us a just and faithful relation of the decease of our sovereign, whose death we can never sufficiently lament. We naturally wish to know the manner of their exit, whose lives and examples we so much admired : nor indeed without reason, since as one has well said, *To go off the stage of life decently, is equal to acting the greatest part upon it.*

The disease, which deprived us of *Peter the Great*, a prince above all others deserving immortality, was the strangury : he was first seized with it about the end of the year 1723. To get some relief from the extreme pain of the disorder, he repaired the spring following to the spaw waters of *Olonetes*, as he had often done ; but that remedy was less powerful than the disease ; from which indeed it procured a little respite, but did not work a perfect cure.

Hearing at *Moscow*, where he intended to crown *Catbarina*, his most august spouse, that a discovery was made of waters in *Muller's* iron works of the like quality, he went thither also in the beginning of summer ; and having drank these waters a few days, he seemed to be so well recovered, as to think the cause of his disease quite removed. But the event has proved, that he was mistaken in his apprehension.

For he was no sooner come from *Moscow* to *Petersburgh*, than the malady returned ; although in intervals it was respited, and the prince seemed now and then to be in better health. But the disease sometime abating, and again increasing, at length proved fatal, by a total stoppage of urine, and an ulcer in the bladder. And such a difficulty of urine came upon him, that in the stranguary, which was very frequent, he

was

was miserably racked with pain : and, though a man of the firmest patience at other times, would cry out outrageously under his torture. He intimated the excess of his pain, by a philosophical saying to the standers by, namely, *That he was a striking instance, how miserable a creature mortal man is.*

His sickness was soon discovered to be incurable : but he himself was the first of all apprehensive of his approaching fate ; finding his pains to continue and grow upon him, and by his skill in anatomy, perceiving the distemper to work in his very bowels, he did not conceal his apprehension : for a few days after he began to lie on his sick bed, he commanded the chapel, in the great hall of the palace, to be adorned in the accustomed manner for the celebration of the eucharist, and after confession, he devoutly refreshed himself with the mystic supper of our Saviour.

In the mean time, all the physicians in *Petersburgh*, save one laid up in the gout, being called to a consultation, enquired into the case with the greatest diligence, whether there was any hope of a recovery, or any help to be had from their art : who, though they made no declaration of the case being desperate, yet their confusion and despair was not to be concealed. But the clearest indication of what was to be expected, was the state of the patient ; his strength being so much impaired and broken, that notwithstanding the violence of the distemper increased more and more, his shrieks were fainter and fainter ; and in making water, he vented himself in hoarse accents, or in continued and heavy groans.—Then, through the whole palace, nothing but lamentations was to be seen or heard.—Hitherto three or four senators only were in waiting night and day, but at this time all were
come

come together : The bishops and Archimandrites (or abbots) attending to solace and strengthen him in his last hours, together with two generals of the first rank, several lieutenant generals, colonels, captains, and the chief of the nobility. In a word, a great concourse of people, besides domestics, filled the palace ; nor in so great a multitude was there one but expressed his sorrow in some way or other. Some could hardly suppress their tears, others weeped and sobbed, others walked or sat down silently, but as it were languid and dejected. The face of sorrow was different, not as I suppose from any difference of affection, but disposition ; and I truly believe, the affliction was general at the instant fate of so great a king and hero, and of such a father.

But the distress and grief of her majesty no representation can possibly equal. In her we saw sorrow in all its shapes, tears gushing out, an awful silence and amazement, and presently groans and sighs ; sometimes she vented herself in doleful, but affectionate and becoming cries ; sometimes she seemed to swoon away.

Thus miserably and variously distressed, she sat day and night by the bed of her royal spouse, nor would she retire, till he required her to take her rest, lest she should destroy herself : whereby this best of princes testified in his last moments his conjugal affection to the best of wives ; and which was a proof of his prudence and tenderness, often commanding the princesses his daughters to withdraw, when they would come into the room where he lay, to prevent, as is supposed, too frequent occasions of grief in himself, and a total dejection of spirits in them.

We are obliged further to relate, but in few words, what care was taken in a christian way,
of

of the soul of this dying person, and how religiously he died. As soon as it was notified that his majesty was dangerously ill, the synods appointed public prayers for his recovery in all the churches of the city and neighbouring villages. His majesty, to engage more people to pray that God would be gracious to him, issued out through his empire a general act of grace for malefactors condemned for treason, for embezzlement of the public stock, and for other crimes to be released from prison (debtors to private persons excepted) and to be set free from punishment, and absolved from mulcts and fines.

On the 26th of January, 1724-5, when the danger he was in was yet more flagrant, the bishops and archimandrites then present, offered up the usual prayers for the sick, and anointed him with the holy oil.

On the 27th, at two o'clock in the morning, it was visible that the prince was quite spent, and near his end; then were called in the bishops of Pleskow and Twere, and the archimandrite of Czudow monastery, who approached to exhort him as a dying person: and here the prince, under the anguish of the most excessive and incredible pains, and when he could scarce with signs express his assent to their admonitions, display'd an impression on his mind of the most holy piety; for when one of them made mention of the death of Christ, and of the divine blessings which are procured by it, and admonished Peter that it was now the time to think of nothing else; and that he should for his own support, meditate on that which he had frequently inculcated to others, (for in common discourse he many times copiously and learnedly had discussed the question concerning free justification of a sinner through the merits
of

of Christ Jesus) he presently sprang up and endeavoured to support himself; and being a little raised by his attendants, with eyes and hands lifted up as high as he could, through faulting in his speech, he broke out into these words, *That it is, which at length can quench my thirst, that alone which can refresh me.*

Just before the admonition he had moistened his mouth with julep (as he was obliged to do very often) and, by way of allusion, he uttered these words, and again and again repeated them. —The monitor further exhorting, that he should, without any diffidence, confide in the mercy of God; that he should believe his sins to be forgiven through the merits of Christ, and that the grace of eternal life was near at hand. 'To this he doubled his reply, I believe and I trust. When again the monitor exhorted him to a prayer of faith, and produced these words, which they recite, who with us come to the Lord's supper, *I believe Lord and confess, that thou art Christ the Son of the living God, who camest into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief*; he added, *I believe Lord and confess, help thou mine unbelief!* All this, which was admirable, he uttered feelingly, and with a chearful countenance. And now fainting away and sinking, he reply'd to many other points suggested to him by a nod, by lifting up his hand, or applying it to his breast.

And now he seemed to give up the ghost; at the news of which the senators and chief officers of the army, with crowds of people, entered the apartments, and with tears and lamentations pressed the hand of the prince. He lay a while speechless, saluting every one with his looks; and then with great difficulty said, Hereafter. Whether by that he would have a vacant place

to himself free from molestation (for his little apartment was thronged with people) or he spoke of the time after death is doubtful.—So all retired—

But such was his strength of body yet, that notwithstanding he seemed every moment about to expire, he continued fifteen hours in the agonies of death, and though he did nothing but groan continually, and beat his side with his right hand. (for his left was seized with the palsy and motionless) yet whenever the monitor came near him, (which he did now and then) and put him in mind of the vanity of the world, of eternal joys just at hand, and the price of the blood of the son of God, whereby he should obtain them, he would make fresh efforts to rise up and form a sign of a cross with his hand, or lift it towards heaven. And what was yet more strange, he laboured even to modulate his groans into accents of praise, and to clear up his countenance, and would have embraced his monitor. At this time came in the Archimandrite of Trinity monastery, and addressed his majesty, whether he would please to have the Lord's Supper administered to him a second time; if this was his pleasure, to signify it by holding up his hand; he instantly held up his hand, and so repeated his reception of the Lord's Supper. Neither after this did the monitors cease in their turns to comfort and confirm him: nor did he himself omit, by signs and gestures, to express his assent to them, till about four in the morning he was almost motionless, and seemed to faint away. Then the bishop of Twere uttered some pious admonitions in his ear, and prayed to God in the usual forms of prayer to be merciful to him. But all perception was soon gone, and he could not groan nor even pant any longer; and while all about him were doubt-

ful, whether he was alive or dead, before they could be well assured that breath was gone out of him, he expired Jan. 28, at four o'clock in the morning.

Now were heard the cries of all there present, the empress shrieked out aloud, being half dead, and ready to fall, had she not been supported; in an instant every apartment was filled with lamentation; the whole palace seemed to echo with complaints, and the grief of every one was excessive.—Thus died Peter the father of Russia, and one of the greatest princes of Europe.

G.

NUMBER XXXIX.

Quanquam animus meminisse horret.

VIRG.

WHEN a man narrowly scrutinizes into his own heart, how little satisfaction arises from such an inspection! His goodness many times extends no further than to languid and impotent resolutions; whence he hath the mortification to see, that his virtue is daily perishing in its blossoms; while vice deeply roots itself in the corruption of his nature, derives additional strength from the luxuriance of the soil, and is hourly making bold advances to maturity. At the same time that prepossessions and prejudices enthrall his mind, they likewise enervate the powers of exertion, and thereby preclude to the captive all prospect of enlargement. Passions are clamorous, temptations are numerous, and reason too frequently is of insufficient force to silence the former, and to repel the latter. Thus his breast resembles a chaos, where disorder

cord, darkness, and confusion maintain their empire, and triumph over the boasted authority of man. Disappointed, and displeased with the picture, which his own bosom exhibits of himself, he is naturally led to enquire into the cause of this involuntary deformity. Some writers have endeavoured to solve all difficulties by affirming, that the creation of such a strange compound as man, was necessary, to preserve a due scale and gradation of Beings. Others ascribe all our errors and defects to the *fall*, and thereby impute to the first parents of mankind, the moral evil discoverable in the species. But without entering upon a discussion of these subjects, I would observe that the human mind in its present state wears the appearance of an ancient superb structure, which hath formerly been injured, and defaced by hostile fury. There still remain strong marks of its primitive grandeur, although several of its noblest apartments are so miserably maimed and neglected, that they are now become, as it were, *an heritage for the dragons of the wilderness*.

It is a common observation, that neither the best of men are exempt from faults and follies, nor the worst altogether destitute of worth and virtue. But sometimes there is such a mixture of good and bad qualities, so great a contrariety both of sentiment and conduct in the same individual; that when we ourselves sit upon the trial of such a character, we are even constrained to suspend our sentence, and our judgment is not only embarrassed by the interspersion of slighter crimes; but it is also frequently perplexed and obstructed in its decisions, when actions of the blackest turpitude have been perpetrated by men, whose general behaviour hath corresponded with the strictest rules of virtue and benevolence. History, sacred and profane,

furnishes us with striking Instances of the brightest excellencies, and the foulest blemishes, concentrated in the same person. Oftentimes that predominant passion, which constitutes the very heroism of goodness, shall aggravate every feature of vice, if once it be enlisted under the banner of wickedness. That natural warmth of St. Peter's temper, which rendered his zeal for his injured master so conspicuous, betrayed him into the most horrid oaths and execrations. But there is no necessity of a recourse to such distant examples, we shall find sufficient scope for reflection upon topics of this nature amidst the occurrences of our own times : Nor will the subsequent story be a bad comment upon the hints already advanced ; or too faint an illustration of the deplorable consequences, which now and then follow upon an unlimited indulgence even of the best of human passions.

An inn-keeper at a town in Normandy had eight children. His wife, whom he loved with the utmost tenderness, died of a fever, after fourteen years cohabitation. He was inconsolable for a while ; but at length he emerged from his grief, and transferred all his affection to the fruits of his marriage-bed. The income arising from the profits of his business, was an incompetent maintenance for his family. Hence several of his sons and daughters, when they had attained to a proper age, quitted their father's house, and entered into servitude. So strong was the inn-holder's attachment to his children, that he regarded their departure in the light of a temporary banishment. However, there yet remained at home his eldest and his youngest son, who practised every filial duty to supply the deficiency of his absent comforts. Prior to this period commenced the last war between France and Great Britain : In the progress
whereof

whereof the French compelled into the service a multitude of young fellows, who were averse to the profession of arms. It unhappily fell out, that the inn-keeper's youngest boy, a lad about sixteen years of age, was seized upon by a recruiting party, and hurried into Flanders. The distress of the poor father at this melancholy incident, would probably have been insupportable, if his brother, who was the minister of the parish, had not used every argument, which reason and religion suggested, to alleviate the pangs of the bereaved parent. But although a course of time had assuaged the severity of his sufferings, yet his sorrows were occasionally quickened by the piteous tales the youth transmitted to him of the many hardships he underwent abroad; by repeated applications of this necessitous son for money; and by the inability of the father to gratify the pressing requests of a starving child.

After some years were elapsed, there rode an officer into the yard of the inn; who alighting from his horse, called aloud for the landlord. The master of the house observing, that his guest by his apparel was a man of rank, approached him with deference. At which time the officer, fixing his eyes stedfastly upon his host, acquainted him, that he was just then arrived from Tournay, and had been desired to inform him of his son's health. The landlord's fond heart bounded at the mention of a person so exceedingly dear to him, and he was urgent with the gentleman to perpetuate his conversation upon this engaging theme. But the soldier replied, that he was necessitated to pay a few visits in the town, and would take a more favourable opportunity to satisfy every enquiry of his host.

About ten o'clock at night the gentleman returned to his inn, and told the landlord, that he had invited several friends to dinner the next day. Wherefore he directed a plentiful and elegant entertainment to be provided. At this protracted stay of his guest the inn-holder secretly rejoiced, hoping thereby to hear many particulars about his boy in the Netherlands. The officer complaining of fatigue, and desiring to be conducted to his bed-chamber, the man of the house snatched up a candle, and lighted him to his apartment. No sooner were they both entered, but the gentleman drew a purse of gold from his pocket, and gave it to the landlord, with a charge to take care of so valuable a deposit. Then wishing him a good night, and reminding him of the morrow's engagements, he shut the door, and hastened into bed.

N.

NUMBER XL.

Quaquam animus meminisse horret.

VIRG.

THE following day the Abbe called upon his brother, and with great complacency in his countenance, enquired after the Officer's health. The inn-keeper told him, that the Officer was well, and had set out early in the morning on his return to the army. It is impossible, rejoined the Abbe with a smile. That very Officer will most assuredly dine with you to day, and give you such a history of your son, as must be productive to you of a degree of joy, very little inferior to rapture. The landlord was astonished at these mysterious words, and asked his brother, if he was formerly acquainted with the gentleman.

man. To which the minister made answer in the affirmative. Who is he? said the inn-keeper with great emotion. The whole secret, returned the Abbe, shall be revealed to you at dinner. Hereupon the inn-holder appeared extremely agitated, and peremptorily asserted the departure of his guest at break of day. Indeed it cannot be so, replied the Priest. There is a happiness in reserve for you, my dear brother, which my heart struggles to disclose. But the obligations I am under of secrecy, will not permit me to unfold this interesting riddle.

The master of the inn, whose face abundantly bespoke the perturbation of his breast, stared upon the minister with a peculiar wildness in his eyes, and seemed entirely deprived of all power of utterance. Ah! my brother, cried the Abbe, this is too, too much. I cannot any longer keep you in this painful state of suspense. I beseech you to recollect the features of the military gentleman. Pray tell me, if you cannot trace out the lineaments of your darling son, under the badge of distinguished merit. This eclairsissement had nearly proved fatal to the landlord, who turned very pale, trembled in every joint, and immediately sunk down in a swoon. The aged churchman blamed himself for the temerity of his proceedings, and wished a thousand times, that he had suppressed this affecting part of his narrative. But since he could not retract his story, he cherished hopes, that a fuller explanation of every circumstance might deliver his brother's mind from this distraction of contending passions. Wherefore when the unhappy man was recovered from his fits, the minister tenderly intreated him to compose the turbulency of his thoughts; and further informed him, that his son, by a late signal display

play of valour, had been rewarded with an hundred louis d'ores and a lieutenancy. That the dear youth, noticing the officious assiduity of his father, presently inferred from thence his parent's ignorance of him; now disguised, as it were, by his improved stature, and the superiority of his attire. That pleased with this uncommon adventure, he had apprized his friends thereof, and appointed them to dine with him, that they might share the joys of the family upon his discovery of himself. To all which the Abbe subjoined, that this worthy and amiable child had brought his indigent father a purse of money, to obviate his present necessities, and to prevent future anxieties.

Scarce had the uncle mentioned this superlative instance of filial goodness, before the inn-keeper dropped to the ground, writhed with frightful convulsions, while the ecclesiastic looked with inconceivable surprize upon the servants, who stood speechless round their seemingly dying master. Amidst these scenes of confusion, the maid recollected, that there was a vial of hartshorn drops in a closet pertaining to the bed-chamber, where the officer had lain the preceding night. As she was running up stairs for the medicine, she was pursued by the minister, who endeavoured to arrest her in her flight, that he might learn from her, if it was possible, the true cause of these strange and formidable occurrences.

With thoughts more disturbed and embroiled than the stormy deep, he entered the chamber; where, finding that his strength and spirits were hastily departing from him, he threw himself upon a couch, which was accidentally at hand. After he had continued a few minutes in this fainting state, he opened his eyes, and thought that

that he saw something like an human form lying under the bed. The figure powerfully attracted his sight for a while. But when the Abbe had gazed long enough to ascertain the reality of the object, he started up from his recumbent posture, and collecting all his shattered powers into one effort, eagerly dragged the body from its concealment. To his inexpressible consternation, horror, and anguish, the mangled corps proved to be the remains of the military stranger. The pious clergyman, penetrated through his very soul at this shocking spectacle, fetched a deep groan, and instantly fell dead upon his murdered nephew.

By this time the inn-holder was restored from those dreadful contorsions, which had threatened his immediate dissolution. Raising himself out of the chair, in which his domestics had seated him, he desired to be taken before a magistrate, to whom he confessed every particular of this bloody tragedy. It seemed that the eldest son was the first who proposed the destruction of the officer. The father heard the overture with detestation; but the young man having bound himself in a joint bond with his father for the payment of a large sum of money, and hourly expecting his parent and himself to be thrown into a jail, urged the necessity of making the soldier's purse their own property, as the only expedient to secure themselves from the miseries of confinement. The father warmly remonstrated against the pursuit of such impious measures; and likewise observed, that the guilt thereof would be highly inflamed by the extraordinary confidence which his guest had reposed in him. The son intimated that he thought it cruel usage to be made subject to the penalties of a bond, for which
he

he had received no pecuniary consideration, and which he had entered into upon no other motive than the preservation of his father from the resentments of his creditors. The parent bewailed their complicated misfortunes; but persisted in suffering the utmost extremities, rather than embue their hands in blood. When the young fellow noticed, that his arguments made no impression, he then artfully enumerated the sore afflictions which his youngest brother endured in Flanders from cold, penury, and toil. Nor did he fail to insinuate, that now an occasion presented itself of succouring the wretched youth, who was daily surrounded with famine, disease, and death. The pitiable father burst into a torrent of tears, and hastily said, Whatever we are to do, let us do it immediately.

Thus the lacerated heart, although it had resolutely maintained its ground against the piercing solicitations of poverty, the approaching terrors of a prison, and the importunate clamours of an undone child, nevertheless fell a sudden sacrifice to the inordinate transports of parental affection.

N.

NUMBER XLI.

*Ye harvests wave to HIM,
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart
As home he goes, beneath the joyous moon.*

THOMPSON.

MY heart felt the highest satisfaction, as I journeyed lately through one of the most fruitful counties of our kingdom, to behold the ground

ground covered with such rich crops of ripened corn; and to see so many parties of laborious rustics, occupied in the delightful task of gathering in the copious harvest. "The *rye*, white and hoary as it were with age, waved its bearded billows, and gave a dry husky rustle before the breeze.—The *wheat* laden with plenty, and beautifully brown, hung the heavy head; and invited by its bending posture the reapers hand.—Plats of *barley*, and acres of *oats*, stood white or whitening in the sun. Upright and perfectly even, as though the gardener's shears had clipped them at the top, they gratified the spectator's eye, but gladdened the farmer's heart.—*Beans* partly clad in native green, partly transformed and tawny with the parching ray, were preparing the last employ for the crooked weapon.—Some of the grain lay flat, in regular rows on the new made stubble. Some was erected in graceful shocks, along the bristly ridges. Some conveyed homewards, on the loaded waggon, nodded over the groaning axle;—and to finish the prospect of plenty, amidst the brown fields rose verdant groves of *bops*, which hung in profusion, from the bending *poles*, and seemed to court the hand of the gatherer.

The villages, as I passed through, appeared almost to be empty, and their inhabitants poured into the plains. Here were persons of each sex, and of every age.—The lusty *youths* stooping to their work, plied the sickle, or swept with their scythes the falling ranks. The blythe *damsels* followed, binding the handfuls into sheaves; or piling the swarths into hasty cocks.—Dispersed up and down were the *children* of the needy, gleaning the scattered ears, and picking their scanty harvest.—Nor were the *old* people absent; but

but crawling into the sun, or sitting on a shady eminence, they beheld the toils,—the pleasing toils they once sustained.

This is the most joyful period of the countryman's life: the long expected crown of all his labours;—for this he broke the stubborn glebe, and manured the impoverished soil; for this he bore the sultry beams of summer, and shrunk not from the pinching blasts of winter. For this he toiled away the year in a round of ceaseless, but willing activity: *Knowing that the husbandman must labour before he partakes of the fruits.*—And will not the blessed hope of everlasting life; will not the bright expectation of consummate bliss, animate us with an equally chearful resolution both to resist the temptations, and discharge the duties of our present state?" *

But this is not by any means the only lesson of religion or morality, which a serious and contemplative mind may learn from a view of the fields, when white to the harvest. Our Saviour, who generally drew instruction from, and formed his sacred parables upon objects the most near and familiar, has applied this to one of the most awful occasions, which the human thought can ever consider. *The harvest*, says he, in explaining one of these parables, *is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels!* Who then that beholds the wheat fall beneath the stroke of the sickle; carefully gathered by the hands of the reapers into sheaves, and prepared for the garner;—can fail to contemplate, that great, that important day; when he that sowed the seed, the Son of Man, the dread Lord of the harvest shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom

* See Hervey's *Theron and Aspasio*.

kingdom all things that offend, and them who do iniquity ; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire ; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth ! The righteous too shall then be gathered—gathered as precious seed into the celestial garner—and then shall they shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father !

Against the terrors of that day, we either solace or delude ourselves with the opinion of its distance. It is yet afar off, and therefore we will not provide for it. But had the farmer, during the season of sowing, indolently sat down, and forbore to labour, under the opinion, that it was yet a long time to the harvest ; that yet many months would intervene, before the in-gathering would come : in vain would he have lamented his folly in the months of harvest, and cursed his neglect of the proper season. Wiser than to act thus absurdly, he breaks up the glebe with his toilsome plough, commits the grain to the faithful soil in its appointed time, and performing all the necessary acts of husbandry, waits for the produce with patience, and reasonable expectation ; and by the goodness of providence, he is but rarely disappointed in such expectation. Desire we to reap a happy harvest in that day ; desire we rather as good seed to be gathered into the garner of God ; we must be careful not to omit this precious seed time ; this season of mercy and grace ; repentance must break up our fallow ground ; the word, the seed of life, must be sown in our hearts ; we must be careful to root up every evil and noxious weed ; and to procure a plentiful supply of the dew of grace, and the light of life to nourish the young and tender plants, and to raise them up to perfect ripeness, for the approaching harvest.

It may be proper just to remark, that as neither the farmer's toil, without the benediction of heaven, fostering rains, and invigorating heat; nor the benediction of heaven, without the farmer's toil, would have produced this copious plenty, which crowns the smiling vallies, and enriches the rejoicing hills; so neither can the christian expect to produce a crop of graces and virtues acceptable to the great Judge, either by his own endeavours, without the assisting grace of God, and the indulgent mercies of Jesus Christ; or thro' those mercies and by that grace alone, without any co-operating endeavours of his own,

And methinks, this fine image, held out to us, in the book of Nature, serves abundantly to silence all those noisy disputants, who have talked so much, and so absurdly, on one hand, of the irresistibility of Divine Grace, and on the other, of the self-sufficiency of the human powers: That Grace is absolutely necessary to our performance of works pleasing to the most high, that without it we can do nothing, we can bring forth no fruit; let the vanity of the farmer's labours ever teach us, who plougheth and soweth, but reapeth no increase, if the hand of Heaven withhold the warm influence of the sun, and the fattening gifts of the clouds. On the other side, let the folly of a weak reliance on Grace, and on Christ, without suitable efforts of our own, without a zealous and uniform attention to duty, be ever obvious to our reflection, while we behold the farmer anxious for his harvest, and using every proper method to secure it. Without labour and diligence on his part, without kindly seasons on the part of Heaven, he would never reap into his garner the wish'd for increase: and let the Christian be well assured, that, as without the Grace of Christ,

Christ, he can do nothing, so that Grace will never be with him, unless he works with it, using every means appointed, and observant of every duty enjoined. Then may he expect also to reap at the final harvest, and to appear there with joy, bringing his precious sheaves with him!

And is there indeed such a day approaching! A day when every work shall be brought into Judgment: a day, when every man shall be rewarded according to his deeds; and that by a sentence the most alarming;—for it is irreversable, and it is everlasting! Of how small estimation appears every earthly pursuit or possession, when the soul, in secret meditation, seriously contemplates this interesting scene; in which every human creature is concerned; for *we shall all stand before the judgment seat of God!* Concerned in the nearest degree; for our chief, our sole happiness or misery is at stake—happiness or misery, that shall know neither change nor end! Let us not expect to appear with comfort and boldness at that hour, if unmindful of it, and inattentive to it; we tread in the paths of vice, of folly and dissipation; the husbandman who sows tares only, and pernicious weeds in his fields, can never expect to fill his barns with rich sheaves of wheat. And while we are so fondly courting the unsubstantial shadows of this world; let us only indulge one moment to silent reflection, and suppose that hour was present, when we shall look, “*and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sitting like unto the son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle. When it shall be said, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap; for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe.*

And he that sitteth in the clouds shall thrust in his sickle : and reap the earth. Let us only imagine ourselves present—as present we shall assuredly be—and ask our hearts, which part we would then choose to bear, that of the *Tares*, condemned to burning; or that of the *good Seed*, gathered into the house of God; whether we would wish to stand in the character of guilty, self-condemned, and miserable outcasts, or of happy and approved sons, welcomed by all the host of Heaven, into the realms of felicity?—As no man can hesitate a moment in his choice; let no man preposterously enhance his own condemnation by practices, which as much oppose his happy appearance hereafter, as they contradict his sober and best judgment here.

As I presume many of my readers may do my papers the honour to take them on a party with them, in their several excursions, during this fine season into the country; I hope these reflections will neither be unpleasing, or unprofitable; I shall therefore beg leave to resume them, as there are various other particulars, which we may learn from a survey of the *fields*, where the *goodness and wisdom* of God are written in very legible characters.

NUMBER XLII.

*Thou tho' invisible, art ever seen!
 And seen in all! the great and the minute.
 Each globe above with its gigantic race,
 Each flow'r, each leaf, with its small people
 swarm'd,
 To the first thought, that asks, "from whence,"
 declare
 Their common source.*

YOUNG.

THE evening was calm and serene. All nature was hushed in pleasing silence, save that the *sea*, at the feet of the neighbouring cliffs, rolled in its restless foamy billows, and sent forth its continued murmurs from the shore: — When to pursue my contemplations on the *harvest*, I walked into the fields, beneath the modest lustre of the silver *moon*, who shed an unusual splendor, as she *walked in brightness* and majesty through the skies. There is a peculiar grandeur in the scripture images. I never behold the moon, but I am charmed with that expression which I have just now used, and which is an expression of *Job's*. "*The moon walking in brightness!*" But if the expression charms, shall we fail to be delighted with that gracious designation of providence, which has ordained the *moon* a longer continuance, and a fuller light, in the season of *harvest*; when the laborious countrymen, willing to secure the golden store, extend their toils to a later hour, and of consequence longer want, and more rejoice in the favourable attendance of the *harvest moon*.

We will leave philosophers to account for this extraordinary *phænomenon* in nature ; it shall be enough for us to acknowledge, that it is undoubtedly the wise and benign disposal of nature's God, a God ever regardful of his creatures welfare.

Not long since these hills and vales all around me, which look so rich and joyful with their plenteous *sheaves*, were barren and brown ; but see the shining plough-share turns the stubborn glebe ; see the sower stalks over the plains, and casts forth his liberal handfuls : See, " the harrow follows harsh and shuts the scene ! " And thus man hath done his part ; for the rest he relies, confidently relies on the favour of heaven ; and doubts not to convey to his garner, in its season full *shecks* for single *grains*, loads that will make the bending axle crack, for his liberal handfuls ! — How amazing is the work of vegetation ! who would conceive that life, that beauty, that increase should spring from corruption and death. But we have unerring truth to prove this, as well as constant experience ; *nothing is quickened except it die !* The wheat fomenting corrupts, before it shoots downward its *radicle*, or rears upwards its tender and green *bead* to the sun ! How expressive as well as beautiful an emblem of that capital truth in the christian revelation, " the resurrection of the body." Which as a seed is sown in the grave, sown in corruption, to be raised in incorruption ; sown in dishonour to be raised in glory. For we must observe, that as it is not the same *seed*, the same in form, appearance, &c. which was sown, that springs up ; but a plant far exceeding it in beauty and elegance ; so will it be with our future bodies : these which we now wear, in this mortal state, are but the seeds

feeds of those which we shall put on at the resurrection: and we are allowed to gather, from this allusion of St. *Paul's*, that the latter will as much exceed the former in glory and beauty, as the lovely and flourishing *plant*, in its perfect verdure exceeds the coarse and comparatively inelegant seed. *Our vile body*, says the scripture, *shall be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to his mighty working*.—And when nature holds forth to us so striking an emblem of this great and important concern to mortals, are we not ashamed to profess a *doubt*, much more a *disbelief* of so interesting an article?

The warmth of the sun, and the dews of heaven, whatever else may be necessary, are absolutely so, to the work of vegetation. It cannot be carried on without them. And if either be withheld, or given in too great proportions, the languid plant withers, and the disappointed husbandman mourns!

What a lesson of dependance upon God, doth this teach us; and how much should it lead us to adore his exuberant goodness! He blesteth us with fruitful seasons, and abundance of increase. But, if he pleased, how easily could he withhold from us the bread of life; and cause pale famine to lay waste our land! Should he hide his life-giving sun behind the thick clouds; and commission, in wrath, those clouds to disembody their immense treasures on our plains;—or should he command that sun to flame forth with intolerable ardor, and to dart forth his rays intense, upon the parched and thirsty earth, to which every supply from above was denied, and all whose fountains in consequence were drying up—how soon should we feel the malignant effects; how forcible should we be compelled to confess our
OWN

own impotence, and *Jehova's* power! Let us be careful to confess it properly; and to engage its beneficent regard, by a grateful remembrance of the hand which feeds us; and by a lowly ascription of all to him, when we receive that all in the most copious profusion. Services of fear, are the services of slaves, love and gratitude are expected from sons.

The word of God is compared to seed: the work of grace, to the growth of plants. Plants, as we have seen, cannot flourish without the *sun* and the *rain*. The influences of *Christ* and of the *Spirit*, upon the soul, are compared to these. *Christ* is, in every sense, the *light* of the world—the *sun* of righteousness. The *holy Spirit*, is as *water*, as *dew*, to the mind. It is finely said by the prophet, in reference hereto, *I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lilly, and cast forth his root as Lebanon*. From hence we are pleasingly taught, of how great necessity it is for us to secure the influences of these, if we wish the word of God, the seed of life, to flourish and bring forth fruit in our souls. Their influences are to be secured, by a diligent attendance upon those means which are appointed to convey those supplies; and by a cautious and conscientious observance of those duties, which we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourselves. Thus shall we bring forth abundantly, some *thirty*, some *sixty*, and some an *hundred fold*.

Thirty, *sixty*, or an *hundred fold*, great as it may seem, is no marvellous or very extraordinary increase for that grain, which at present we consider, more especially; the *wheat*, I mean, which is, perhaps, as prolific, if not more so, than any other production of the same nature. An abundant proof of the wise and fatherly care
of

of God; who hath made that, which is most useful to man, most abundant. An observation which by no means terminates in the object of our present reflection. We read, from unquestioned authority, of *three and four hundred ears from one seed.* * And truly, when we remark the prodigious quantity of seed, disseminated through every department of nature, we cannot wonder at this prodigious, though, to us, incomprehensible liberality of the bounteous Creator's hand. How truly,—and, at the same time, how beautifully, is it said, *He openeth his hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness!*—And how much should this astonishing fertility in nature stimulate us to an increase in every good word and work! We see the mighty ruler of the universe, glorious in all his operations, contemns the niggard coldness of illiberal parsimony; and rejoices in the boundless profusion of generous plenty! In whatever we are sparing, let it not be in virtue: let us go on from grace to grace, from strength to strength, from excellence to excellence; adding continually to that treasury, where every work of faith, and labour of love, is safely lodged,—and whence they shall hereafter be drawn, to our endless and unspeakable felicity. For he who now travels along the road of this life, bearing his precious *seed* with him, shall *doubtless*, (we are informed) *shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him!*

There

* Two instances of this kind were seen at Rome in the days of Augustus and Nero. But they are trifling to what the author of “Nature displayed,” tells us of the Maize, one grain of which he assures us will yield an increase of two thousand.

There is another particular in the *wheat*, which must not be passed over, as it serves to display the care of that *providence*, which the observant eye cannot fail to trace in the minutest instances; that is, its capability of enduring all the hardships, the frosts and severities, the storms and tempests, of the winter. As it is necessary to its maturity and perfection, that it be sown early, and continue all the winter months in the ground; this certainly is a proof of a superintending governor and director; since no other cause, than that of unerring wisdom can be found adequate to such an effect.—Observe we too, that though the grain appears above the earth, not long after it is sown, yet it rises to no great height, till the danger of the wintry blasts is over; very slow and almost imperceptible is its increase, till the milder zephyrs breathe gently upon it, and only wave its yielding stems, not roughly level it with the plain, or tear it from the root. Indeed we are told, that the *frost* and *snows* are peculiarly serviceable to the crop; so far from harming the tender grain, they serve to promote its fertility, to feed it with their *nutritive* particles, and to wrap it up with their *white* and *vivifying* mantle.—But though slow in its increase, till the approach of summer, equally quick are its steps to maturation, when the time of harvest advances: Insomuch that it then ripens more in two or three days, than otherwise in two or three weeks.

Learn we from these particulars, not to be too much discouraged, if we perceive the growth of our graces, and our progress in holiness to be slow and almost imperceptible. This may be a source of discontent to the soul, anxious to approve itself in the sight of God; but is in reality no foundation for uneasiness and despondency. It is
enough

enough for us, if the true seed is sown, if we are careful to perform our parts, and live under the influence of those heavenly supplies, which alone can bring our graces to maturity and perfection; and which will undoubtedly bring them to perfection, if we wait, and patiently endure: *Endure* even the chilling storms of affliction, and the howling blasts of trial and trouble; which so far from harming our spiritual growth, shall rather tend to promote and forward it. For afflictions are to virtue, what *frost* and *snow* are to the grain; *profitable*, and, in some cases, *necessary*, and when we have weathered out the winter, the, nearer we approach to that great day of harvest, on which the sovereign husbandman shall reap us into his garner, we may hope, that we shall *ripen* with greater celerity; shall hasten more and more to perfection, the more hastily we speed towards the place of universal rest; and shall come, (to use the fine words of the sacred writer) *to our grave, in a full age, an age full of years, and full of fruits, as a shock of corn cometh in its season.* —For.

*The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new lights, thro' chinks, that time has
made;*

*Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.*

*Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.*

WALLER.

NUMBER XLIII.

*Tunc omnia rebar
Consilio firmata Dei.*

CLAUDIAN.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

I Believe that many serious and contemplative minds have been frequently embarrass'd, in their reflections upon the hurtful animals of the creation. But I am thoroughly persuaded, that all the difficulties which occur in such speculations, arise from the imperfection of our knowledge. We know very little of the system around us : Whence it is no wonder that we are lost and confounded, amidst the various exhibitions of Almighty Power. Anatomists assure us, that there are, in the human structure, many appearances, which are inexplicable. The uses of that considerable organ, the *Spleen*, are by no means satisfactorily ascertained, even at this period. I have learnt, by incidental conversations with the *faculty*, that there are still numberless doubts resting upon the designs and secretions of the most important *Viscera*. I am told that the *brain* is such a complicated piece of divine workmanship, as to puzzle the most curious and diligent enquirers into this stupendous fabric. If we are so poorly acquainted with *ourselves*, how cautious and modest ought we to be in our strictures upon subjects, which are of a more extrinsic and foreign nature ?

But,

But, with your permission, I will endeavour to give an air of novelty to my further sentiments, by cloathing them in the dress of a Fable, which, perhaps, may not be altogether unacceptable to the younger part of your readers.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

The folly of passing an hasty and derogatory judgment upon the noxious Animals of the Creation.

A FABLE.

The BEAU and the VIPER.

A Beau imported fresh from *France*,
Whose study was to dress and dance;
Who had betimes in *Gallia's* school,
Grafted the coxcomb on the fool;
Approach'd a Grove one summer's day,
To shade him from the scorching ray:
When strait a Viper's folds were seen,
Sparkling with azure gold and green.
The beau indignant, vain, and proud,
Repress'd his steps, and cry'd aloud:
Detested fiend! forego the light,
Avaunt, thou torture to my sight;
To every reptile a disgrace,
And fatal to the human race.
'Tis strange philosophers maintain,
Nature created nought in vain;
For what emoluments can spring
From the fell scorpions deadly sting?
Or, what avail the viperine bands,
Marshall'd on *Libya's* burning sands?
What ills arise, when locusts reign,
Whose armies desolate the plain?

Well may their legions scatter fear,
 When famine follows in their rear!
 What herds bewail the tyger's jaw?
 What flocks the wolf's insatiate maw?
 How many feather'd tyrants share
 The spacious empire of the air?
 Rivers destructive hosts contain,
 Devouring myriads crowd the main:
 Thus when we view this nether sphere,
 Nor goodness nor design appear.

The Viper rais'd his angry crest,
 An honest warmth inspir'd his breast:
 His hissings struck the fopling's ear,
 And shook his dastard soul with fear.

Inglorious wretch! the Viper cries,
 How dare you broach infernal lies!
 If ought's defective in the plan,
 'Tis that ungrateful reptile, man.
 Come, lay your haughty airs aside,
 For emptiness suits ill with pride;
 Science and worth disclaim all part,
 When levities engross the heart.
 What, tho' in borrow'd gold you shine,
 Pale is your gold, compar'd with mine:
 Your vestments boast a garter-blue,
 My azure is my native hue:
 You to your Taylor owe success;
 A Viper scorns fictitious dress.

You call me fatal to your race—
 Was ever charge so false and base?
 You can't in all your annals find,
 Uninjur'd Vipers hurt mankind.
 Uninjur'd men in mischief deal,
 We only bite the hostile heel.

Do not we yield our lives to feed,*
 And save your vile distemper'd breed?

* Upon some occasions Vipers are dressed and served to table like eels.

When leprosy pollutes your veins,
Do not we purge the loathsome strains?
When riot and excess prevail,
And health, and strength, and spirits fail,
Doctors from us their aids derive,
Hence penitential Rakes revive;
We bleed to make the caitiffs dine,
Or drown to medicate their wine.

You ask, my poison to what end?
Minute philosopher, attend.
Nature munificent and wise,
To all our wants adapts supplies.
Our frames are suited to our need,
Hence grey-hounds are endued with speed.
But, sceptick—doth not speed imply
Or legs to run, or wings to fly?
These are by birds and beasts engross,
Speed cannot be the Viper's boast.
Lions by force their prey subdue,
From force their regal pow'r they drew;
But strength, altho' the Lion's fame,
Was never known the Viper's claim:
Observe, when I unrol my length—
Say, is my structure made for strength?
My jaws are form'd by nature weak,
Hence poison lurks within my cheek:
As lightning, quick my fangs convey
This liquid to my wounded prey:
The venom thus insures my bite,
For wounds preclude the victim's flight.

But whence this painful juice, you cry,
To make the wretched captive dye?
Why not possess'd of stronger jaws?
Or arm'd like savage brutes with claws?
Can such weak arguments persuade?
Ask rather, why were Vipers made?

My

My frame compleat in every part,
Proclaims aloud my Maker's art.
I ne'er at birds, or beasts repine,
Nor wish their different talents mine.
To me my poison's power and wealth;
To thankless man 'tis partial health.
In this benevolent design
My various organs all combine,
'Tis to the same important end,
That all my purple currents tend,
From streams, which gave my venom birth,
My healing pow'rs derive their worth.
Thus by the same mysterious tide,
Health and destruction are supply'd.
Strike out the poison from my frame,
My system were no more the same.
Were I deny'd the means to kill,
Wou'd not my prey elude my skill?
Death must await the viper's brood,
Precluded all returns of food.
Were our extinction to ensue,
Your species wou'd be sufferers too.
For to our family and merit
Physicians owes their fees and credit.
Now learn, 'tis arrogance in man
To censure what he cannot scan,
Nor dare to charge God's works, with ill;
Since Vipers kind designs fulfil:
But give injurious scruples o'er;
Be still, be humble, and adore.

The END of VOL. I.



